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ART. I. — *Histoire de la Louisiane.* Par CHARLES GAYARRÉ. Nouvelle-Orléans. Imprimé par Magne et Weisse. 1847. 2 vols. 8vo.

REPUBLICAN institutions seem to have great power in fusing together and assimilating to each other the most heterogeneous elements of national character. Nearly all the nations of Europe have furnished their quota for making up the population of the United States, so that if each stock had preserved its original characteristics, the aggregate of the inhabitants of this country would have resembled the conglomerate or pudding-stone formation in geology, in which angular and rounded pebbles, with every variety of size, shape, and internal composition, are merely held together by a rocky cement,—united by juxtaposition, but by no chemical affinities. A monarchical government, which has extended its dominions by conquest, and holds the greater portion of them merely by the sword, causes only this imperfect and unnatural union among the several classes of its subjects; — the mortar which binds them may be more or less indurated, according to its degree of native strength, or to the lapse of time during which it has been exposed to the action of elemental forces; but the pebbles imbedded in it continue unchanged; their form remains as it was determined by mutual attrition, when they were free to roll over each other under the impulse of the waves and the resistance of the beach. But political freedom acts like a common solvent in chemistry; the powerful acid takes up the most refractory and dissimilar

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bases, and converts them into neutral salts. The particles, as in a state of comminution or perfect solvency, are free to act on each other, and the beautiful laws of affinity come into play, forming compounds in which no trace of the original character of the ingredients can be discerned. The action is not always immediate, it is true; some time may be necessary to allow the solution to be completed and the new crystallizations to take place. But when the process is ended, the change of qualities is complete; it is nature's handiwork contrasted with the imperfect joinery and forced combinations effected by human art, when man attempts to violate or overrule the laws of God.

The history and present condition of Belgium, Italy, Poland, and other countries in Europe which have long been subject to the dominion of foreigners, show how difficult it is to amalgamate two races into one, when they are brought together only by an external force, and are both subject to arbitrary rule. A principle of mutual repulsion exists between the conquerors and the enslaved, the effects of which are continued to distant generations. After the exasperated feelings caused by the original subjugation of the country have subsided, their place is supplied by the distinctions of caste founded upon the same event, which are still more capable than the former of perpetuating the disunion. The miseries of Ireland at the present time may be attributed in great part to the entire separation from each other of the two races by which it is inhabited; the Erse and the Anglo-Saxon blood will never mingle in the country where they were first brought together; mutual and continued irritation is the only consequence of holding them in contact. The forcible measure of a legislative union of the two nations did not create the difficulty; a repeal of that union will not remove it. The disorder is wholly internal; the Irish serf quarrels with his English landlord, and not with the English government, which is a better one than he would probably frame for himself. Yet the descendants of these two hostile nations live harmoniously by each other's side in our own land, and but few generations elapse before they look back upon a common ancestry.

Crossing the breed promotes the excellence of the stock of domestic animals. There is no reason why the same law of nature should not hold good with respect to man, and

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the experiment which will establish it is certainly going on upon a large scale in the United States. The descendants of the Dutch in New York, the Germans in Pennsylvania and Ohio, the Spaniards in Florida, and the French in Louisiana, are rapidly amalgamating with the English, who have established themselves in overwhelming numbers in every corner of the land. The process is more or less complete according to the length of time since it commenced. In the instance first named, it is nearly finished, for the Dutch and the English have been intermarrying for two centuries, and both have consequently given way in a great degree to what may be called the native New York breed. In Louisiana it is hardly begun, for little more than one generation has passed away since the country was freed from Transatlantic rule, and annexed, as the phrase now goes, to the "area of freedom." But how much more rapidly are the two currents of human life there already flowing into one than in the similar case of Canada, though the opportunity for union was open in the latter case half a century earlier than in the former! To judge from present appearances, Louisiana will have a homogeneous population, excepting the blacks, long before the mutual jealousy of the two races on the St. Lawrence will so far have died out as to allow the transfusion of blood even to begin.

These remarks have been suggested by a review of the colonial history of Louisiana, to which we were directed by the publication of M. Gayarré's work. His volumes are written in French, and embody some valuable documents, now first published, which throw light on the curious vicissitudes of fortune that this colony underwent in the course of the eighteenth century. It appears from the Preface, that M. Magne, one of the editors of the New Orleans Bee, made a careful examination, while at Paris, of the papers of the marine department of France, and selected from them all which related to the history of Louisiana. These documents were carefully transcribed, and the copies were subsequently purchased by Governor Mouton, in behalf of the State, and deposited in the government archives. They include all the original reports and despatches sent by the authorities of Louisiana to the home government during the whole period of the French dominion in the colony. The letters of Bienville, D'Artaguette, Vaudreuil, and others,

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who had an active share in the early administration of Louisiana, are interesting and valuable when combined with other materials of history; but they contain many repetitions, criminations, and profitless disputes, and, when taken alone, they furnish but a meagre record of the progress of affairs. M. Gayarré seems to have published them almost entire, with no principle of selection or abridgment, and to have made but little use of the earlier historians, Du Pratz and Dumont, who wrote from personal experience and observation, and whose works, therefore, are quite as trustworthy as the one-sided reports of selfish and disappointed officials. The volumes now before us are of oppressive dimensions, and might with more propriety be considered as a collection of state papers and other historical materials, than as a finished history. Several documents of considerable length, like the earliest *Code Noir* of Louisiana, have no right to be incorporated into the text of such a book, though they might have found a place in the Appendix. The author is now Secretary of State for Louisiana, and he appears to have drawn the materials of his book almost at random from the shelves of his office. He promises, however, to rewrite the history in English, with great curtailments, and to cast the materials into an entirely new mould. We commend him for this judicious design, and hope it will be executed with diligence and a careful study of the earlier writers upon the same topic.

Frenchmen have been more fortunate generally in the career of exploration and discovery than in their attempts at permanent colonization. Brave, enterprising, and hardy, fond of adventure and quick in the command of their resources, they have been excellent pioneers for the more slow and stubborn race who came after them, both in Canada and the valley of the Mississippi, and who by superior industry and patience have robbed them of the fairest fruits of their labors. In their intercourse with savage nations, they have uniformly shown great tact, and have been eminently successful. Their missionaries have been more fortunate than those of any other nation in planting the cross among the Indian tribes of this continent, though perhaps without establishing much Christianity along with it. The influence which the Jesuit and Recollect missionaries so fairly acquired over their wild converts was skilfully turned by the

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French governors to political purposes, and in all their contests with the English for the possession of Canada and the Western territory, the Indians were their faithful and efficient allies. But many of the early French colonists, instead of contributing to the civilization of the red men, were led to adopt their habits, and to introduce among them only the peculiar vices of the whites. The *coureurs de bois* and the *voyageurs* were often hardly distinguishable from the native children of the woods among whom they spent most of their lives. Their more sober countrymen formed settlements in the wilderness, and labored to introduce the arts and comforts of civilized life, and to lay the foundations of a permanent colony. But they were generally careless, indolent, and unambitious ; they preferred meagre fare and insufficient accommodations to the incessant toil which was necessary to procure a more generous subsistence. The settlement continued, but did not flourish. The forest did not fall, the earth did not bring forth its harvests, with that magical celerity which rewarded the more patient efforts of the hardy English emigrant. The infant colony had but a precarious existence, though carefully nursed by the ambitious policy of the home government, and often recruited by fresh bands of adventurers from France.

The early history of Louisiana affords a striking contrast with the rapid progress, under far more unfavorable circumstances, of the primitive settlements in New England. The lower region of the Mississippi valley seems a paradise of natural advantages, in comparison with the inclement sky, the rock-bound shores, and the thin and stony soil of Plymouth and Massachusetts. In view of the sunny climate and luxuriant vegetation of the former place, it seems hardly credible that the early settlers of it should have suffered for many years from famine, or that they were preserved from it only by continued and gratuitous supplies of food from France and the West Indies. But the management of the colony was a blunder from beginning to end. It originated in ideas of political advantage and commercial speculation. The favor of the home government was extended towards it to an almost unlimited extent ; the colony nearly perished, not from inattention or hostility, but from unskilful nursing. Money was lavished upon it, at first from the royal treasury, then from the coffers of the most opulent merchant in France ;

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and when he was made nearly bankrupt by the expenditure, the funds of a gigantic financial association, prodigal in the use of its almost unbounded means, were brought to the rescue. And yet, more than twenty years after the colony was founded, Du Pratz, an eyewitness, speaking of the principal settlement at Biloxi, says that the famine there was so great, "that more than five hundred people died of *hunger.*" *He adds,* — "*The great plenty of oysters found* upon the coast saved the lives of some, though they were obliged to wade almost up to their thighs for them, a gunshot from the shore."

"It is inconceivable," says M. Gayarré, "that the colony, after twenty-four years' existence upon a soil as fertile as that of Louisiana, should have been reduced, in 1723, to such a degree of misery and famine, that the chief council thought itself obliged to inform the French government, by a despatch of the 24th of January, that 'the inhabitants absolutely cannot subsist, if the company do not send hither by every vessel some salt provisions.' It is evident that the infancy of this unhappy colony was but a prolonged agony; the principle of life seemed to be wanting to it." — Vol. I. p. 195.

At the time of which our author here writes, the seat of government had just been transferred to New Orleans, which then contained about a hundred huts, and somewhat more than two hundred inhabitants. And this city is now one of the great provision-markets of the world! In 1723, its population were prevented from starving by supplies received from France; in 1847, a considerable portion of famishing Europe is fed from its abundance.

The first chapter of M. Gayarré's work is devoted to the apocryphal story of Hernando de Soto's overland expedition to the lower Mississippi, which he discovered in 1541, of his death the following year, and of a remnant of his followers descending the river to its mouth, and thence returning along the shores of the Gulf in safety to Mexico. All this is a romantic and interesting tale; but for how large a portion of it we are indebted only to the vivid fancy of the Spanish historian, it is impossible to say; exaggerations and imaginative details may easily be detected in it by internal evidence. Spain made no attempt to take possession of the country to which this expedition, if real, had given it a valid claim, nor did any of its subjects venture to follow

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the track of De Soto's discoveries. More than a hundred and thirty years afterwards, the voyages of Joliet and Marquette first revealed with certainty the existence and direction of the great Western river, which seems, up to their time, to have been known to Europeans only through the vague reports of the Indians. In 1682, the heroic La Salle actually sailed down the whole length of the stream, from the Illinois country, and at its opening into the Gulf of Mexico, challenging to himself the honors of undoubted first discovery, took formal possession of the country on both banks in the name of his sovereign, and called it Louisiana. The vanity of the *Grand Monarque* was flattered by this event, and as he was then still in the heyday of a successful reign, his ambition slumbered not till measures were taken for following up discovery by colonization, and making an immense addition to the foreign possessions of France.

Here was the original fault in the scheme of the Louisiana colony, and the cause of its subsequent feebleness and languid growth. Its establishment was a mere freak of vanity on the part of the grandiloquent Louis the Fourteenth, who was always quite as much puffed up in his own conceit as was seemly for a great king. He essayed by the mere force of his royal will to create for France a colonial dominion on the banks of the great Father of Waters, which should rival or eclipse the flourishing colonies of England on the Atlantic coast, that had been established for her, in their penury and homelessness, by the hard hands and stout hearts of her political and religious exiles. But a great colony cannot be improvised like a copy of verses. Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay were settled by the grace of God, and by the determination of English Puritanism; and the infant establishments grew vigorously to man's estate, amid all the hardships and perils of that wilderness home. Louisiana was colonized at the gracious pleasure and under the special favor and protection of "the very high, very powerful, very invincible and victorious prince, Louis the Great, king of France and Navarre, the fourteenth of that name"; and it was a sickly bantling from its birth, hardly worth the trouble of nursing. It was colonized by involuntary emigrants, sent thither in ships of war, under a military guard, or by those who had been lured from their homes under deceptive representations of the profitable traffic that might be held with the

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Indians and Spaniards, or of the gold and silver mines to be found on the banks of the Mississippi. However induced to come to the promised El Dorado, they found it no easy matter, after their expectations had been disappointed, to return to their native land. The governor of the colony, nine years after its establishment, wrote to the minister of marine affairs in France, — "I have ordered a watch to be kept over several inhabitants of La Rochelle, who have formed a design of leaving the country. They are persons who have become rich by keeping drinking-shops. Consequently, it seems to me just to oblige them to remain here." It was a poor mode, as M. Gayarré remarks, of attracting colonists thither, to proclaim to the world that Louisiana was a prison, the doors of which were closed upon all who entered, and were opened only with great difficulty for those who desired to get out.

On his return to France, after his grand discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi, La Salle was received with well merited honors. He was caressed and flattered at court, and his eloquent recital of his adventures, with glowing descriptions of the yet unappropriated region of the New World that he had just visited, kindled the excitable imaginations of the French, and raised glorious visions of an indefinite increase of their colonial dominions. The king ordered his ministers to fit out immediately at La Rochelle a naval expedition, provided with all the necessary tools and supplies, to transport a troop of French emigrants to Louisiana, under the command of La Salle. The fleet was composed of four vessels, one of which was a frigate, the command of the naval part of the enterprise being given to the Chevalier de Beaujeu. Twelve young men of good families went on board as volunteers. A company of fifty soldiers was added by the government, and a liberal offer of money, provisions, and farming tools induced a small number of agriculturists with their families to join the expedition. Laborers also were hired to expatriate themselves, and five priests, one of whom was a brother of La Salle, were to minister to the spiritual wants of the new colony. The fleet left France on the 4th of July, 1684, and was steered towards St. Domingo, where it arrived after a tempestuous voyage, and with the loss of one of the vessels, which was captured by a Spanish privateer.

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We need not repeat here a story so well known as that of the unhappy end of this enterprise, and the assassination of its heroic leader. If he had succeeded in finding again the mouth of the Mississippi, and entering it with his ships, so as to meet his old companion, the veteran Tonti, who had descended the river from the Illinois country to join him, he would probably have found an eligible position for the new colony, and under his skilful and energetic guidance, it might have flourished from the outset. But it was ordered otherwise, and the attempt to colonize Louisiana was not soon renewed. He perished in the brave attempt to reach the Illinois by an overland journey, and the body of the emigrants, whom he had left behind at Fort St. Louis, on the coast of Texas, receiving no succour from France, and having exhausted their supplies, were not long able to resist the Indians, by whom they were all massacred. As a great part of this unfortunate band was composed of soldiers and hired laborers, it is evident that the number of those who left France of their own accord, with a view of finding a permanent home in the newly discovered region, must have been very small. There were few temptations then for the French to emigrate; satisfied with their own beautiful land, indolent and careless, few would volunteer for so hazardous an enterprise as that of colonizing the swamps and forests in the interior of America. If the project had been started some years earlier, while the persecution of the Huguenots was going on, particularly at the time that the edict of Nantes was revoked, the ships might have been crowded with voluntary emigrants.

After the failure of La Salle's expedition, as Louis the Fourteenth was at war with half the powers of Europe, he had no leisure to think of the projected colony, and the plan seemed to be given up. After the peace of Ryswick, however, a French officer named Iberville, who had gained much distinction in the war with England, made a proposition to the ministry to renew the trial, and his offer was accepted. The opportunity was a favorable one, for the peace had caused some regiments to be disbanded in which a number of Canadians were enrolled, who had come over to join in the European war, and were now ready to return to any part of America. Including these, with the women and children, about two hundred persons were collected to form the nucleus

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of the new establishment. Four vessels, two of which were frigates of thirty guns each, were fitted out for the undertaking, and at St. Domingo another large man-of-war joined the fleet. They arrived at Pensacola in January, 1699, and the Spanish governor of that place not being willing to admit so powerful a squadron into the harbour, they made sail again to the southwest till they reached the Chandeleur islands, where the vessels anchored. Some of the emigrants landed, and constructed huts on the shore, where they were kindly received by the Indians, who belonged to the Biloxi tribe.

The first object was to discover the mouth of the Mississippi, and as Father Anastasius was with them, who had accompanied La Salle in his memorable voyage down the river, and was with him also at his death, there was good hope that the search would be successful. Taking this father as a guide, Iberville embarked with a small party in a boat, and attended by his youngest brother, Bienville, who had charge of a second boat, set off to explore the coast. Three days after leaving the fleet, they entered a river, the waters of which being turbid and the bed very deep, Anastasius declared that it must be the object of their search. Iberville was still doubtful; but having painfully worked their way up the stream for eight or ten days, they arrived at a village of the Bayagoula Indians, who showed them great kindness, and informed them that they were actually on the Mississippi. These Indians also showed Iberville a prayer-book, in which was written the name of one of La Salle's companions, and gave him a letter from the Chevalier de Tonti, dated at the village of the Quinipissas, on the 20th of April, 1685. In this letter Tonti informed La Salle, that he had descended the stream with twenty Canadians and thirty savages, in order to rejoin his old commander, and expressed his sorrow that this hope had been frustrated. The letter, of course, had been carefully preserved by the Indians for fourteen years. It was now March, 1699, a date which deserves to be remembered as that of the first discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi from the sea, an event hardly less important than the first descent of the river by La Salle, seventeen years before.

The party continued their exploration of the stream as far up as the mouth of Red river, where they turned about and

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floated down the current again to bayou Manchac. Here Iberville and Bienville separated, the latter continuing to descend the river to its opening into the Gulf, while the former entered the bayou, and passing through lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain, arrived at a bay which he called St. Louis, and thence returned to the fleet. Bienville arrived a few days after him.

Having now acquired a sufficient knowledge of the localities, it appears strange that Iberville did not choose a site for the new settlement somewhere on the fertile banks of the Mississippi, at least as high up as the spot where New Orleans was founded more than twenty years afterwards. Convenience of intercourse with the shipping, to which they looked for receiving supplies from France and the West Indies, was the chief reason for the unfortunate choice of a position on the sandy and barren shore and islands of the Gulf, a locality to which much of the subsequent distress of the colony is to be attributed. The long and tortuous course of the Mississippi through the flat and swampy country below New Orleans must necessarily render the ascent of the stream difficult and tedious for ships. Most of the emigrants thought not at all of agriculture, but only of mining and trade with the Indians, so that a ready access of vessels with supplies was essential for their subsistence. Others did not expect to labor at all for themselves, but to live on the bounty of the government, which was liberally dispensed under the form of high salaries to the chief officers of the establishment; and these persons preferred a position that would enable them to communicate most easily with France.

After holding a council, it was determined to establish the chief settlement at the eastern extremity of Biloxi bay, about the middle of the southern coast of what is now the State of Mississippi. We quote the description that Du Pratz gives of this place, as it appeared to him when he arrived there, about eighteen years after the colony was founded.

"I never could guess the reason why the principal settlement was made at this place, nor why the capital should be built at it; as nothing could be more repugnant to good sense. Vessels were not able to come within four leagues of it; and, what was worse, nothing could be brought from them but by changing the boats three several times, from a smaller size to

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another still smaller; after which, they had to go upwards of a hundred paces with small carts through the water to unload the smallest boats. And what ought to have been a still greater discouragement to making a settlement at Biloxi, the land is the most barren of any to be found thereabouts, being nothing but a fine sand as white and shining as snow, on which no kind of green thing can be raised. It was, moreover, extremely incommoded with rats, which swarm there in the sand, and at that time gnawed even the stocks of the guns, the famine being very great.

"The distress of which I was a witness at Biloxi determined me to make an excursion of a few leagues along the coast, in order to pass some days with a friend, who received me with pleasure. We mounted our horses to visit the interior part of the country, a few leagues from the sea. I found the plains pleasant enough, though less fertile than those along the Mississippi, as they had some resemblance to the neighbouring coast, which supports nothing but pine-trees, that extend a great way, and a few red and white cedars."

Having established the main body of the emigrants on this promising spot, Iberville caused a fort to be erected for their protection against the Indians, on which he mounted twelve pieces of artillery. He appointed his brother, Sauvolle, to command this fort, and Bienville, the youngest of the three brothers, was to act as his lieutenant. Iberville then returned to France with the ships of war, leaving the other vessels for the service of the colony. One of these was immediately despatched by Sauvolle to St. Domingo, in order to procure a cargo of provisions. Another equally indispensable measure for the safety of the colony was to conciliate the good-will of the neighbouring tribes of Indians; and for this purpose, Bienville was sent out with a small party, attended by a chief of the Bayagoula nation, that had always manifested great friendship for the French. He first visited the Colapissas, who inhabited the northern bank of lake Pontchartrain, and were numerous enough to send into the field three hundred warriors. They assumed a hostile attitude when Bienville's party first approached, as they had recently been attacked by the Chickasaws, who had in their company two Englishmen from Carolina, and the Colapissas supposed that this party of whites were also English. But the Bayagoula chief undeceived them, and said that these strangers were enemies of the English; whereupon

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they laid down their arms, and received the French with great kindness. After cementing a union with this tribe by the interchange of presents, Bienville visited some smaller tribes on the Pascagoula river, and even penetrated the country of the Mobilians, meeting everywhere with a friendly reception, and arranging terms of future intercourse with the savages.

Early in July, 1699, Sauvolle received an unexpected visit from two French missionaries, Montigny and Davion, who had come from Canada, in the track of La Salle, to teach Christianity to the Oumas tribe, on the banks of the Mississippi. Hearing from the Indians that a new French colony was established on the sea-coast, they descended the river and came to Biloxi. One of them had established his dwelling on a little eminence upon the left bank of the great river, which was called after him Davion's Rock. Fort Adams was afterwards built upon this spot, which is about half-way between St. Francisville and Natchez. Davion labored with great success in his vocation among the savages, baptizing many of them in the rapid waters of the old Meschacébé, as it was then called; and after his death, his memory was held in so great veneration among them, that Indian mothers brought their infant children to his Rock, in order to draw down upon them the benediction of Heaven.

The great success of the Catholic missionaries among savage tribes is easy to be accounted for; their doctrine is perhaps the purest form of Christianity which entirely uncivilized men are capable of receiving. The ceremonies and implements of the Romish faith, — the altar, the crucifix, and the rosary, the invocation of saints and the burning of incense, the sign of the cross and the great importance attributed to baptism and extreme unction, — are things addressed to the outward senses, and likely to produce a vivid effect on the simple imaginations of savages; they may be received with awe, or practised with fervor, long before any glimpse of their symbolical import can reach the ignorant understanding. A faith thus made evident to sense is a kind of natural transition state from gross fetichism to an entirely spiritual religion. The savage will readily give up his amulet, if he can receive a crucifix in its place, which he probably regards with the same feelings; the brutish rites of idolatry may easily be renounced, if the sign of the cross, and

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the imposing ceremonies of baptism in the running stream and of extreme unction, are offered as their substitutes. The visit of the Indian mother with her new-born babe to Davion's Rock is an affecting circumstance ; but performed as a religious rite, and with a view to avert the vengeance of Heaven, it does not say much for the thoroughness of her instruction in the Christian faith. This distinction between the observance of a few forms and a knowledge of the true faith appears simple and obvious enough ; but we fear it is sometimes lost sight of, even by the Protestant missionaries of our own day.

But to return to the history of Louisiana. The English did not disregard the opportunity for further colonization which was afforded by the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi from the sea. On his return to the lower portion of the river from an expedition to explore some of its bayous, Bienville found there an English man-of-war, of sixteen guns, commanded by Captain Bar, who informed him that he had left another ship of equal force at the mouth of the river, and that the object of the voyage was to take soundings and explore the bed of the stream, in order to ascertain what advantages there were for establishing an English colony on its banks. The worthy captain, moreover, with great simplicity, considering that the party interrogated was French, asked if he was then really on the great river that he was in search of, and which he had been instructed to explore. Bienville gravely answered that he was not, that the Mississippi was much farther to the west, that the place where they then were was a dependence of the Canadian provinces, and that the French had already a fort and many other settlements in its immediate neighbourhood. Captain Bar thanked him for his courtesy in communicating this information, and immediately tacked ship, and made the best of his way down the stream. This is the story told to explain the name of *Détour Anglais*, or English Reach, which is given to a great bend in the river about eighteen miles below New Orleans, the place where the French party encountered the English captain.

While Bienville was giving this remarkable specimen of his adherence to truth, a French engineer who was employed on board the English ship handed to him a memorial, with a request that he would transmit it to the court of France. It

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was signed by four hundred Huguenot families, who had taken refuge in Carolina after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. They asked leave of the government to establish themselves in Louisiana, on condition of enjoying while there full liberty of conscience. The Count de Pontchartrain answered them, that the Most Christian king, his master, had not driven the Protestants out of his kingdom in Europe in order that they might form a republic in his American dominions. Never did the spirit of religious intolerance manifest itself more unseasonably, or redound more to the prejudice of the bigot's own interests. Had this modest and affecting request been granted, there can hardly be a doubt that the whole destiny of Louisiana would have been altered, and its early history have exhibited as steady and rapid a growth from its own resources as that which is displayed in the colonial annals of Massachusetts or Pennsylvania. Four hundred families, already inured to hardship, exile, and toil, would have removed to the fertile banks of the Mississippi, with the honest purpose of making a permanent home for themselves and their children. Brought thither without costing a *sous* to the royal treasury, compelled, instead of hunting out illusory indications of gold or silver mines, to devote themselves at once to agriculture, because they could not depend for supplies on the mother country that had already cast them out from her bosom, the earth would have yielded to them her stores in abundance, and the gaunt spectres of penury and famine, which the wealth of all France could not banish without their aid, would never have visited that fair land. Rejecting them, the colony was left to consist of a miserable aggregation of Canadian hunters, vagrant speculators, intent only upon cheating the Indians out of their peltry and upon a wild search for the precious metals, and indolent office-holders who cared for nothing but their salaries. Such was the policy of the *Grand Monarque.* No wonder that his successors were eager to get rid of the province by ceding it to Spain in 1762, and to the United States in 1803 ; for it was never any thing but a drain upon the resources of France from the date of its establishment.

Iberville, who had returned to the colony with a fleet, resolved to anticipate the English in their design of forming a settlement on the banks of the lower Mississippi, and fitted out an exploring party for this purpose in January, 1700.

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He took fifty Canadians with him, to go round by the mouth of the river, while Bienville was directed to take the shorter route by the lakes, and obtain guides from the Bayagoula tribe, who could point out to him some spot on the river's banks, the nearest to its mouth, which was not exposed to inundations. They directed him to a strip of land sufficiently elevated for this end, about fifty-four miles from the sea, where he was soon joined by Iberville, who ordered a fort to be built there. About the middle of February, they were agreeably surprised by the appearance of old Tonti among them, the veteran companion of La Salle, who had come down the river with seven men to see what progress the new colony was making. After reposing for some days, the two brothers slowly wended their way up stream with him, and after making some stay with the Bayagoula and Oumas Indians, they came at last to the country of the Natchez. St. Come, a French missionary, had come down from Canada a short time before, and had taken up his abode with this tribe. Here Iberville was so much delighted with the aspect of the country, that he resolved to make one of the chief settlements there; and selecting for this purpose a fine bluff on the left bank, he traced out a plan for a city and fort, to which he gave the name of Rosalie, in honor of the Countess de Pontchartrain. On the site of Fort Rosalie now stands the city of Natchez. Leaving Bienville to continue his explorations, which he did as far as the country of the Washitas, and even to Natchitoches, Iberville returned again to France to seek further supplies.

The three brothers were now dissatisfied enough with the spot first chosen for the establishment of the colony, and if they could have had their will, they would have removed all to the banks of the Mississippi. But the vanity and egotism of Louis the Fourteenth infected the whole course of his administration; the home government retained the direction of affairs entirely in its own hands, and would trust nothing to the discretion of the colonial authorities. The king had conceit enough to believe, that his subjects in America had not sufficient judgment to select a proper spot for their own dwellings except under his wise direction. In his letters to the minister, Sauvolle represented in the strongest terms the unfitness of the place for residence; "I can do nothing here at Biloxi," he wrote, "the environs are so unpromising."

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The climate was as little favorable to the colonists as the soil. On this burning sand, even in the month of April, it was so hot, that they could work in the open air only for two hours in the morning, and as much in the evening; and in winter it was very bleak and cold. The dysentery was also very prevalent among the French, as well as other diseases. The Indian traffic amounted to nothing, for the neighbouring tribes were too poor to keep up a brisk trade. "The more I become acquainted with these savages," said Sauvolle, "the more I see of their misery. If the hope of discovering a mine does not succeed, the court will never be repaid the money which it is necessary to expend here, unless it permits the traffic in beaver-skins to come this way, which will not be ruinous to Canada." But the court thought this measure would ruin the Canadians, and so this most profitable branch of the fur trade continued to have its only outlet by the St. Lawrence. Monopoly was the great feature of the old colonial system, even with respect to the intercourse with each other of different provinces which owed the same allegiance.

"Iberville left for France," says M. Gayarré, "to obtain additional supplies, and confided to Bienville the command of the fort which he had caused to be built on the Mississippi. The progress of the colony threatened to be extremely slow; the people thought of extending their discoveries only in the hope of finding some mine of gold or silver; the earth was not cultivated, and it was from St. Domingo that the people received their means of subsistence. Consequently, they were often afflicted by a most dreadful famine; disease added to their misery; and their number diminished so rapidly, that in December, 1701, there were hardly a hundred and fifty persons in the province.

"Sauvolle himself could not survive so many misfortunes. He died on the 22d of July, and Bienville succeeded him as governor of the colony. This was its sad situation when Iberville returned with two ships of the line and a brig, which brought troops and a quantity of provisions. According to the king's commands, which he transmitted to his brother, Bienville left twenty men under the orders of Boisbriant at Fort Biloxi, and removed the head-quarters of the colony to the west side of Mobile river, very near where the city of Mobile now stands. Besides this new establishment, they made another on an island not far off, where, at the time of its first discovery, they

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had found a great number of human bones, and for this reason had called it Massacre island. This name, which was one of ill omen and not agreeable to the ear, was changed for that of Isle Dauphine. Iberville, seeing that it was necessary to cultivate the ground, if they would prevent the recurrence of a dearth like that which had already afflicted the colony, wrote to the French government asking urgently for laborers. 'Means must be found,' said he, 'for sending laborers to Louisiana, for people who are well off in France do not willingly go thither. Frenchmen are not at all inclined to leave their homes, when they are in easy circumstances there, to remove to so distant a country. The reason why our colonies make so little progress is, that they send thither only beggars who wish to get rich, and who pass their lives there before they are able to undertake any thing, and meanwhile the colony languishes.'" — Vol. I. pp. 74, 75.

Isle Dauphine is one of a line of narrow islands which runs parallel with the coast, and at a short distance from it, along nearly the whole northern shore of the Gulf of Mexico. According to the accounts given of it by Dumont and Du Pratz, the colonists did not gain much by being transported thither from Biloxi. It is very flat, and composed only of sand, which is so fine and white, especially upon the sea-shore, as to be very injurious to the eyes. Upon this parched soil, and under the burning sun of that region, the French succeeded with great difficulty in raising salads and a few other vegetables of trifling nutriment. The cattle that were brought thither suffered greatly for want of sufficient fodder, and the soldiers and other inhabitants lived on fish and rations of salt provisions that were served out to them by the authorities. There had been a tolerably good harbour on the south side of the island; but this was choked up with sand by a high sea just after the colonists arrived there, so that the settlement was formed at the east end, where vessels were obliged to anchor at two leagues' distance from the shore. The coast of the desert of Sahara would have been as proper a place for the establishment of a European colony. Political reasons probably made the French government adhere so long and obstinately to the settlements near the eastern limits of Louisiana; the Spaniards had established themselves at Pensacola, and Louis wished to prevent them from spreading farther westward. The only recommendation of Isle Dauphine over other localities on the same

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coast was, that fresh water could be had there in abundance, in immediate proximity to the sea.

In 1704, Chateaugné, another brother of Iberville and Bienville, arrived in a ship loaded with provisions, which came very opportunely, as the colonists were again suffering terribly from famine. They had been obliged to wander along the shore for a great distance to pick up shell-fish, and many were saved from perishing only by the aid that was charitably sent them by the governor of Pensacola. The ship also brought seventeen new emigrants, with a great quantity of farming tools, that were much needed ; so it appears that the representations of Iberville had produced some effect.

About this time, also, twenty unmarried women were sent over in one vessel to join the colony, which hitherto had consisted almost entirely of males ; only a few Canadians had brought their wives with them from the north. The minister wrote to Bienville, that these women had been virtuously and piously educated, and that they knew how to work, which would make them very useful to the colony, as they could teach the female Indians how to be good housewives. "In order that no one might be sent who was not acknowledged to be pure and irreproachable in character, his Majesty had commissioned the bishop of Quebec to select them in places that could not be suspected of any licentiousness. You will take care to establish them in as eligible a manner as possible, and to marry them to men who can give them a comfortable livelihood."

M. Gayarré plumes himself very much upon bringing to light this letter, as it serves to refute a tradition, which he admits to be very common, that the ladies first sent over to Louisiana were remarkable for any thing rather than for the purity of their past lives. He forgets to notice a little circumstance which is incautiously divulged by Dumont, that these women, with but one exception, were made to emigrate against their will, and that this brave girl was appropriately called *la demoiselle de bonne volonté*. As soon as they had disembarked, they were all lodged in one house, and a sentinel was placed at the door. No entrance was permitted at improper hours, but during the daytime they received visits, and the eager suitors were permitted to select wives according to their fancies, on the old principle of

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"first come, first served." Dumont tells us, that they were all provided for and married without delay, and that the demand much exceeded the supply; for the last who remained was the means of exciting a very serious quarrel between her two suitors, who were about to settle their respective pretensions by single combat, "although this Helen was any thing rather than beautiful, and had more the air of a soldier of the guard than of a timid female." The commandant interfered, however, and obliged them to end the dispute by drawing lots. "It is certain that if, at this time, there had arrived as many unmarried females as there were soldiers and laborers upon the island, not one of them would have been left without a husband."

This first adventure having succeeded so well, the ministry sent over another supply the next year, consisting of twenty-three. But Dumont writes, that the rage for getting married had now subsided a little, so that the maidens were not incommoded by the number of their suitors. The governor was obliged to exhibit his wares before he could find a market for them; he sent a number of them in boats to Ship island, old Biloxi, and other stations, where at last they were all happily married. But they were not without their share of this world's troubles, even after they had become established in life. A great dearth was experienced before they had been twelve months in the colony, and Bienville wrote to the home government, that they were again dependent upon the Spaniards, who could furnish them with nothing but Indian corn. "The men who are in Louisiana," he adds, "have become accustomed to this kind of food; but the women, who are for the most part from Paris, eat it very unwillingly, and scold roundly against the bishop of Quebec, who had given them to understand that they were emigrating to the land of promise." The worthy governor himself did not escape scot-free from these feminine objurgations. M. Gayarré finds a letter written by the superintendent of this cargo of females, in which she complains to the minister, that M. de Boisbriant, recently promoted to the rank of major at Mobile, had intended to marry her, but that Bienville and his brother had prevented him from executing his purpose; upon which she indignantly remarks, "It is evident that M. de Bienville has not the necessary qualifications for governing a colony."

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Though our historian prides himself, as we have seen, on the unspotted character of the early female emigrants to Louisiana, it appears from one letter which he publishes, that the ungrateful colonists would have been better satisfied, if the home government had paid a little more attention to the personal appearance of the women who were sent out to become their wives. Judging from the tone of this document, the ministry must have thought that the only incontrovertible proof of purity of life was the possession of a face and figure which under ordinary circumstances would never encounter any temptation. It was the chief commissary of the colony, Duclos, who wrote to the minister in 1713, complaining about the twelve women that M. de Clérembault had caused to embark at Port Louis, and "who were so homely and ill-shaped, that the inhabitants of this country, especially the Canadians, had very little inclination for them."

"Still," he adds, "two of them are now married; but I have great fears that the others will remain a long time on our hands. It appears to me that in making such a selection, M. de Clérembault ought to have regard rather to the external appearance than to the character of the women. The Canadians, and particularly the *voyageurs*, of whom we have found a great number here, who are all good-looking men, are not very scrupulous as to what the deportment of the women may have been before they take them; and if they had found any who were comely and to their liking, perhaps some of these *voyageurs* would have remained to marry them and establish themselves here. This would have augmented the colony. Instead of this, they have all gone back, saying that they preferred the Indian women, whom many of them have married, especially of the Illinois tribe, by the aid of the Jesuit missionaries there. We shall endeavour, however, to get the others married as soon as possible. If all the *voyageurs* and the *coureurs de bois* could establish themselves here, it would be more suitable to send over unmarried women than men, as the latter are already far more numerous than the former." — Vol. I. pp. 99, 100.

In 1707, the colony suffered the irreparable loss of its founder and indefatigable friend, Iberville, who died at St. Domingo of yellow fever. All the benefits which they had received from him and his family did not prevent a portion of the Louisianians from making the grossest and most unfounded charges against the three brothers, especially against

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Bienville, who was unquestionably the most active and useful man among them. There is reason to believe, however, that most of these ingrates were inferior officers in the administration who wanted his place, or who found that his authority and watchfulness operated to check their own habits of license and fraud. A year before, the chief commissary, as he was called, who appears to have been the treasurer and accountant of the colony, and in some sort independent of the governor, wrote to the minister, — "The three brothers, Iberville, Bienville, and Chateaugné, are guilty of all sorts of misdeeds, and are mere thieves and cheats, who are squandering his Majesty's property." An ecclesiastic, M. de la Vente, the curate of Mobile, put himself at the head of this discontented faction, and endeavoured to persuade his people that all the misery which they suffered was the governor's fault, who had not informed the king how necessary it was to send them ships frequently with provisions. Bienville was too high-spirited to defend himself at any length against charges so absurd, and the consequence was, that the home government issued an order superseding him in office, and commanding his successor to investigate the matter of these complaints, and if they were well founded, to arrest him and send him to France as a prisoner. Luckily for the colony, which could ill have spared his services at this time, M. de Muys, the person appointed to succeed him, died on his passage out, and Bienville remained in office.

Famine and internal dissensions were not the only evils under which this unhappy colony suffered ; the great heat of summer and the marshy borders of the rivers generated fevers, which reappeared every year, and made great ravages. Intemperate and inattentive to cleanliness, most of the whites fell an easy prey to the terrible malady which still scourges the low country of Louisiana during the hot months, though the native and acclimated part of the population have ceased to fear it. We are not surprised, therefore, to find, from an official report made to the ministry, that the colonists in 1708 hardly equalled in number those who had accompanied Iberville on his first voyage, though a fresh band of emigrants had joined them nearly every year. According to this report, the whole number in the colony was two hundred and seventy-nine, of whom one hundred and twenty-two were soldiers, sailors, or other persons in the pay of gov-

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ernment, and eighty were Indian slaves. There were also about sixty vagrant Canadians, who had established themselves among the Indians on the borders of the Mississippi, and were hardly more civilized than their hosts. The natives who had been reduced to slavery were of little use; Bienville complains that they followed the example of their indolent masters, and refused to work upon the soil. If coercion was attempted, they fled to the forests, and perished in the attempt to regain their distant homes through the line of the neighbouring tribes, who were at amity with the French. The governor proposed to exchange them for black slaves with the inhabitants of the West Indies. "We will give," he said, "three Indians for two negroes. The Indians when on the islands cannot escape, being expatriated; and the blacks cannot take to the woods and become bandits in Louisiana, as the savages would kill them." This proposition was examined by the ministry, and rejected, on the ground that the West Indians were not willing to part with their serviceable negroes. The only way to obtain black slaves, they said, who would really be very useful to the colony, was to import them expressly from the Guinea coast, or to purchase them from the importers.

The government was at last convinced, that Bienville had not sufficient means at his command to render Louisiana an important possession for France. The factitious glory and prosperity of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth were now on the wane; the king himself was on the verge of the tomb, and the energies of the country had been entirely exhausted by his long and, of late, disastrous wars. It was thought best to grant the exclusive right of trade with Louisiana, with other high privileges, to some wealthy company or individual, who, in return for such advantages, would defray all the expenses of the colony. Antoine Crozat, an opulent merchant, undertook this hazardous speculation, and received the charter in September, 1712. The grant comprised all the territory belonging to France, from the Carolinas to Mexico, comprising Isle Dauphine, and all the country watered by the Mississippi, the Ohio (then called the Wabash), and the Missouri.

"The territory thus vaguely described was to bear the name of Louisiana, and to be a dependence of the government of New France. The commercial monopoly granted to Crozat was at-

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tended by many other privileges, among which was a right to possess and work all the mines of precious metals on condition of reserving one fourth of their products for the king, and to send a ship once a year to Guinea to obtain negroes. All these privileges were to continue for fifteen years, on condition that Crozat should fulfil certain obligations that were imposed on him, and particularly that he should send from France every year two ships loaded with a certain number of emigrants." — Vol. I. p. 95.

The government undertook to pay an annual sum of fifty thousand livres for the salaries of the officers of the king in Louisiana for nine years, after which the whole expense of maintaining the garrison and the administration was to devolve on Crozat. Lamothe Cadillac was made governor in place of Bienville, who was allowed, however, to retain an inferior office. His services were admitted to be of great value in maintaining amicable relations with the Indian tribes, over whom he had acquired vast influence by his generosity and scrupulous adherence to his word, as well as by the firm and equitable manner in which he acted when he was chosen arbitrator to settle disputes among them. Above all, he conciliated their esteem by punishing with great severity any of his own countrymen who wronged them, and compelling full compensation to be made to them for every injury. The new governor had sense enough to leave this department of the administration entirely in his hands, and to devote himself entirely to the search for mines, and to writing long despatches to the government containing the most doleful accounts of the poverty of the country and the weakness of the settlements. At this time, there were only about three hundred whites in Louisiana, more than half of whom were soldiers and other persons in the pay of the king.

Crozat hoped to open an overland intercourse with the Spaniards of New Mexico, and thus to find a market for the products of Louisiana. The jealous disposition and strict revenue laws of the Spanish government formed an insurmountable obstacle to any traffic by sea between the two colonies ; but it was thought that a contraband trade through the interior would be connived at by the authorities. For this purpose, and to prevent the Spaniards from establishing themselves at Natchitoches, an officer named St. Denis was sent from Louisiana in 1714, attended by a small party of

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Indians and Canadians, with instructions to form a settlement at Natchitoches, and then to find his way through the wilderness to the Spanish towns on the Rio Bravo. He executed this hazardous commission with great bravery and perseverance, though the expedition had not the desired result. After establishing a small post at the appointed spot on the Red river, he took with him a select party of twelve Canadians and a few Indians, and struck off boldly to the westward, into a wild and unknown region. After travelling twenty days, he arrived at a village of the Assinais, near the place where La Salle had been murdered, twenty-seven years before. Here he obtained guides, who conducted him to Presidio del Norte, the nearest settlement of the Spaniards on the Rio Bravo. Its governor, Don Pedro de Villescas, received him with great courtesy, and St. Denis announced that the object of his expedition was to make arrangements for commercial intercourse between the two colonies, which would be equally advantageous to the French and the Spaniards. As Don Pedro had no power to conclude such an arrangement, St. Denis was obliged to push on to Caouis, a hundred and eighty miles farther, where a superior officer resided. Here he was detained on various pretexts till the beginning of 1715, when the governor said that he must send him under an escort to the viceroy at Mexico. Accordingly, having directed his companions to return to Natchitoches, St. Denis set forward to the capital.

On his arrival, after a fatiguing journey of three months, he was immediately thrown into prison by the viceroy, and languished there for many weeks. He was then released, at the solicitation of some French officers in the Mexican service, and the viceroy, appreciating his merits, sought to induce him to remain there, and accept office under the Spaniards. He refused, and the viceroy then presented him with one of the finest horses in his stables, furnished him with money, and sent him back to Presidio del Norte. Here he was fortunate enough to render some service to his old friend Don Pedro, by negotiating a peace for him with a neighbouring tribe of Indians, and then remained some time under his hospitable roof. During this time, he fell in love with the daughter of his host, and having obtained her consent and that of her father, they were married. After tarrying some months longer with his wife, he bethought himself that it was

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necessary to render an account of the expedition with which he had been charged, and accordingly set out upon his return, and arrived at Mobile in August, 1716, accompanied by the uncle of his wife. His report was, that he had failed to make a commercial arrangement, but had effected a matrimonial alliance between the French and Spaniards.

Notwithstanding this failure, Crozat recommended that the attempt should be renewed, and three Canadians were accordingly furnished with merchandise, and sent off by way of the Red river towards the province of New Leon. They were soon overtaken by the indefatigable St. Denis, who accompanied them as far as the village of the Assinais. There they stopped awhile to refresh themselves, while he, being in haste to see his wife, who had remained with her father, pushed forward with a portion of the goods to Presidio del Norte. The three Canadians soon followed him, but ascertained on their arrival, that his wares had been confiscated, and that he had gone to the city of Mexico in the hope of obtaining their restoration. Fearing a like seizure of their own goods, they hurriedly retraced their steps, and returned in safety to Mobile, after a fatiguing and perilous journey. Some months afterwards, St. Denis returned also. On his arrival in Mexico, he found a new viceroy in office, who received him with the usual measure of hospitality in the Spanish colonies towards foreigners, by throwing him again into prison. After a time, his wife's relations obtained his release, and a restoration of his goods, which he sold at a very high price. Unluckily, however, an unfaithful agent cheated him out of the whole proceeds of the sale, and discouraged by his continued misfortunes, St. Denis returned to Louisiana with a report that it was idle to think of maintaining any traffic with the Spaniards.

Crozat himself had already arrived at the same conclusion. During the absence of this land expedition, he had resolved to risk an adventure by sea, hoping that the Spaniards on the coast would be more favorably inclined to trade than those in the interior. He sent a ship, therefore, with a rich cargo to Vera Cruz, having selected the goods with a particular reference to the Mexican market; but the viceroy, deaf to all representations, would not allow the vessel even to enter the port, and it was obliged to return to Louisiana, where the merchandise was all wasted or spoiled. Disheartened

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by these losses, by the enormous expenses of the colony, and by the pitiful returns from the meagre traffic with the Indians, Crozat resolved to return to the government its burdensome grant, and to renounce the profitless ambition of owning a vast province in the New World.

The surrender of his charter was accepted at a council of the ministry held in August, 1717, and it was then determined that the management of Louisiana was too considerable a charge for a private individual, that the king could not undertake it, seeing that his majesty could not enter into all the commercial details that were necessary, and consequently that the best course was to create a company with sufficient capital to carry on the enterprise. The monopoly of Crozat had continued for five years, during which time the colony had made no progress in commerce or agriculture, though its population had somewhat increased, as he had faithfully executed his contract by sending fresh bands of emigrants thither every year. Including the soldiers, the French in Louisiana now numbered seven hundred souls.

The new company formed to take charge of the province was the main feature in the famous Mississippi scheme of the notorious John Law. This daring adventurer in finance, a Scotchman by birth, had cunning enough to gain the favor of the regent Duke of Orleans, by whom the affairs of France were then mismanaged, and under his auspices to carry into effect one of the most stupendous schemes of fraud that the world has ever witnessed. The kingdom itself was to be renovated through a tide of wealth which should flow in upon it from all quarters, under the wonder-working agency of a new bank, with immense capital, that had already been established with Law at the head of it, and of this new commercial association, which was to draw immeasurable riches from the hitherto feeble and sickly colony of Louisiana. It is difficult to tell whether this impudent projector was the dupe of his own schemes, or whether he had his eyes open all the time, and really meant to gain wealth and power for himself by duping and ruining a whole nation. The former is the more probable hypothesis, as it seems incredible that a conscious swindler should have recommended his project with so much zeal and earnestness as to deceive alike the prince, the ministry, the merchants, and the people. A factitious appearance of wealth was easily created at the

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outset by issuing a vast quantity of certificates of stock, which through the eagerness of the infatuated purchasers rose to an enormous value, and by sending forth bank-notes without stint to supply the frantic demand for means to purchase. Fictitious values being thus manufactured to an immense extent, every thing wore for a time the aspect of the greatest prosperity; money was abundant, prices rose, the value of the stock was enhanced from day to day. Any question about the basis on which this vast paper fabric rested was met by a reference to the undiscovered mines, the boundless unsettled lands, and the yet unexplored commercial facilities of Louisiana. The excited imaginations of the French supplied all the rest; impudence could not frame fictions that the public credulity would not tolerate.

Law ruined half France, but the consequences of his scheme were beneficial to Louisiana. The new company, of which he was the chief director, in return for the monopoly of trade with the province, and for its right to all the land on which it should cause settlements to be established, was bound to transport to Louisiana, during the term of its charter, at least six thousand whites, and three thousand negro slaves. The bubble burst and the company was destroyed before this plan was wholly carried into effect, but not till its lavish expenditures and the abundant means it had provided for bringing emigrants and slaves into the colony had given strength and confidence to the settlers, and enabled them to rely in some measure on their own efforts. As one of their first measures, the directors reinstated Bienville in office, and he determined at once to seek a proper location on the banks of the Mississippi for the chief settlement. He selected the spot where New Orleans now stands, and sent fifty laborers to clear the ground, though the city was not properly founded and made the seat of government for some years afterwards. The company made extensive grants of lands, on condition that the proprietors should send over a sufficient number of emigrants to form the necessary establishments for cultivating the soil. Law himself took a grant of four square leagues on the Arkansas, and as he could not find Frenchmen enough who were willing to emigrate, he sent thither two hundred Germans, who were soon followed by five hundred slaves from the African coast. A company, among whom were some ministers of the crown, accepted a

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large tract upon the Yazoo river, and Hubert, the chief commissary of the colony, with some merchants at St. Malo, undertook to settle an extensive district near Natchez. The emigrants arrived before sufficient preparations could be made for them, so that many perished from famine and the peculiar diseases of the country ; but enough remained, with the aid of the negroes, to clear large tracts of ground, on which tobacco, rice, and indigo began to be cultivated, and Louisiana at last had promise of better days.

Among the Germans who came to occupy Law's grant was a woman who had excited considerable attention in Europe, and of whom we find occasional mention in the memoirs of those times.

"It was said that she was the wife of the Czarowitz Alexis, the son of Peter the Great, and it is certain that she bore a striking resemblance to this princess. The report was, that in order to escape her husband's bad treatment, as he beat her cruelly, she had recourse to a feigned death, and came out of the tomb to take refuge in a distant country. This woman married in Louisiana the Chevalier d'Aubant, who had seen the princess at St. Petersburg, and thought he recognized her under the *incognita* which she had taken, and which she apparently wished to preserve. After a long residence in Louisiana, she followed her husband to Paris and to Isle Bourbon, whither he was sent with the rank of major. Becoming a widow in 1754, she returned to Paris with a daughter whom she had had by her marriage. She died there in great poverty in 1771." — Vol. I. p. 182.

In June, 1722, news was brought to Louisiana, that the royal bank had failed, that Law himself, preserved with difficulty from the popular fury, had become a fugitive and an exile, while consternation and bankruptcy pervaded France. The shock was fatal, also, to the private fortunes of many individuals in the colony, but did not materially impede the general prosperity of the settlements. They had now fairly taken root in the soil, the few years during which they had been under the management of the company having greatly augmented their numbers and resources. Great fears were entertained lest they should be entirely forgotten, amid the general distress that agitated the mother country ; but the India Company was still in being, though with miserably crippled means and credit, and the directors were able even in this disastrous year to send some feeble aid to their prov-

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ince in America. The condition of the emigrants, who had most recently arrived to colonize the extensive land grants made by the company, was the most pitiable. The bankruptcy of the great proprietors who had transported them to this country left them suddenly without tools, habitations, or present means of subsistence. Most of Law's German colonists abandoned his lands on the Arkansas, and came in a body to New Orleans, seeking to find passage to France, whence they might regain their native land. Unable or unwilling to assist them to return, the colonial government offered them a tract of land on both sides of the river, about twenty miles from New Orleans, which they accepted, and applied themselves with characteristic patience and frugality to cultivating the soil on their own account. The Chevalier d'Arensbourg, a Swedish officer, was made commandant of this new post. This was the origin of the establishment on that part of the river which is yet known by the name of the *Côte des Allemands*, or German Shore; its industrious inhabitants long supplied the market of New Orleans with every species of vegetables.

The history of Louisiana from this time forward is complicated with Indian wars and European diplomacy, and cannot be made intelligible here without far exceeding our limits. We have followed the accounts of its infancy and its slow and feeble growth with much interest, because they are so unlike the annals of English colonization in America, and show the curious contrast between the characters and actions of the Gauls and the Anglo-Saxons when they attempt to subdue the wilderness, and extend the borders of civilization. We have said that M. Gayarré's work can hardly be called a history; but it furnishes much useful material for the future historian, and we cannot close without expressing our gratitude to him for the zeal and diligence with which he has illustrated the annals of his native State. The two volumes already published bring down the history of the province only to the year 1770; but a continuation is promised which will extend to the present time.

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ART. II. — *Cyclopædia of English Literature: a Selection of the Choicest Productions of English Authors, from the Earliest to the Present Time, connected by a Critical and Biographical History.* Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. Boston: Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 2 vols. 8vo.

WE hail with peculiar pleasure the appearance of this work, and more especially its republication in this country at a price which places it within the reach of a great number of readers. We have been inundated by a stream of cheap reprints, tending to corrupt the morals and vitiate the taste of our community; and are pleased that the publishers have still sufficient faith in the purity of both, to induce them to incur the large outlay which the production of the work before us must have occasioned, and for which they can expect to be remunerated only by a very extensive sale. In England, where the price is yet lower, no less than forty thousand copies of it have been sold. A strong desire has for some years been manifesting itself there for an enlarged acquaintance with the choice writings of the early English authors. Not only is the study of the language and literature of our ancestors diligently pursued by individuals, but several societies, such as the Aelfric, and the Camden, have been formed, which have reproduced the more valuable works of Anglo-Saxon and early English writers, and have thus greatly facilitated the pursuit of these studies. We hope that at no distant period the people of the United States will manifest a similar taste, and that at some of our colleges professorships of the Anglo-Saxon language will be founded, and will dispel the extraordinary and lamentable ignorance which so universally exists respecting the early history of the English language, and the highly interesting and valuable literature of our forefathers.

On this account, we regret that Mr. Chambers has given so meagre a portion of his space to that part of the work which treats of the origin of our language. The opening paragraph contains all that is said upon the subject.

"The English language is essentially a branch of the Teutonic, the language spoken by the inhabitants of central Europe immediately before the dawn of history, and which constitutes the foundation of the modern German, Danish, and Dutch. In-

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troduced by the Anglo-Saxons in the fifth century, it gradually spread, with the people who spoke it, over nearly the whole of England; the Celtic, which had been the language of the aboriginal people, shrinking before it into Wales, Cornwall, and other remote parts of the island, as the Indian tongues are now retiring before the advance of the British settlers in North America."

Our readers may desire somewhat more accurate information, and we therefore proceed to lay before them a brief sketch of the early history of our language. It appears marvellous that so little has yet been done in this department of literature; that in England, at least, where the minutest shades of difference between the dialects of two petty states of ancient Greece have been investigated with the most patient and careful labor, where these investigations have occupied the time and attention of the most learned and accomplished persons, and have been rewarded with wealth and honor, the origin and formation, the laws, corruptions, and anomalies of the English language should so long have been condemned to almost universal neglect. Surely it must be with languages as it is with nations; the history of a people becomes important in exact proportion to the influence which they exercise upon the fate of the bulk of mankind; a language becomes worthy of study in proportion to its effect on the moral destiny of the human race, and their general advancement in refinement, civilization, the arts and sciences, and religious knowledge. And what language in these respects ever had the power which our own exercises at this moment, and which yet is as nothing when compared with that which is reserved for it? The empire of England and of the United States encircles the earth; the former stretching out her giant arms, and embracing within her powerful grasp countless colonies, which minister to her riches and honor, and to whom she gives in return the blessings of civilization and knowledge; the latter just entering upon a career the probable limits of which exceed all calculation.

The history of nations is naturally connected with that of languages; they throw light upon each other, and a link which is wanting in the one may frequently be supplied from the other. Their united testimony furnishes us with the following account of the origin of those tribes from whom the

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greater part of the present inhabitants of Europe are descended.

One great division of the human race, which may be called the Indo-Germanic, moved from the birthplace of man, the highlands of Asia, in a northwesterly direction. This large body separated, however, upon the confines of Europe; one branch, the Pelasgic, from which are descended the Greeks and Romans, colonized the southern peninsulas; another, the Celtic, took possession of central and western Europe, and Great Britain; while a third, consisting of the Teutonic tribes, followed in their footsteps, dislodged them from all but their most western settlements, and occupied the whole country extending from the middle of Scandinavia and the Gulf of Riga to the Rhine, the Alps, and the junction of the Theiss with the Danube. These again were followed by the Slavonic tribes, which were less successful in conquest, and, penetrating only as far as the Elbe and the Saale, were afterwards beaten back, and settled in the countries which are now called Russia, Poland, and Bohemia. Distinct from all these, probably, was the Finnish race, whose early history is involved in much obscurity; their modern descendants are the Laplanders, Finns, and some nearly savage tribes on the shores of the Northern Ocean. The Avares, or Hungarians, have also, but with doubtful propriety, been classed in this division. With these last two races we have no further concern; their languages prove them to be connected with the great Indo-Germanic family; but all their intercourse with this family must have ceased at a very early period, and they did not subsequently exercise any direct influence upon the formation of the English language.

From the Pelasgic race are descended the Greeks and Romans; but we must not suppose that the latter were a colony from the former. Their languages bear a striking similarity to each other in many remarkable features, but not such a similarity as would subsist between two languages one of which was immediately derived from the other. It seems probable, that both these nations are descended from the ancient inhabitants of Thessaly; but that the language of the Romans was much modified by admixture with that of the Etruscans, who were doubtless of Celtic origin. When the conquering legions of Rome began to extend the limits

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of her empire, they found the Celts in possession of the western extremities of Europe. This race consisted of two divisions, the Gaels and the Cymri. The former had probably been the first inhabitants of Gaul, Spain, and the British islands, but had gradually been dispossessed by the latter, whom the Romans found in possession of western Gaul and Britain. The Irish and the Highlanders of Scotland are the descendants of the Gaels, the Welch of the Cymri.

The Celtic race had been driven to the western borders of Europe by the gradual advance of the Teutonic tribes, from whom the greater part of the modern nations of Europe and their descendants in America derive their origin. These tribes were at an early period divided into those which belonged, and those which did not belong, to the great Suevian confederation. To this division several broad marks of distinction may be traced. The Suevi were all nomadic tribes; they had nobles, freemen, and slaves, and when they were converted to Christianity, they adopted the Arian doctrines. The Non-Suevi were the first to build fixed dwellings and towns, and to cultivate the soil; their tribes consisted of freemen, feudal vassals (*lazzi*, *lati*), and slaves (*sclaven*), who were probably prisoners of war taken from the neighbouring Slavonic race; upon their conversion they all became Catholics. But there is yet another mark of distinction, and one which for our present purpose is of great importance; namely, a difference of dialect. The German language, from the remotest ages down to the present time, has been divided into High and Low German; the Suevi were all speakers of High German, the Non-Suevi of Low German. Among the former were the Alemans, Bavarians, Burgundians, Goths, Vandals, Alans, and Gepidæ; among the latter the principal were the Franks, Saxons, Longobards, Thuringians, and Friesians. In process of time, some of the smaller tribes became extinct; the Suevian confederation was broken up, and others were formed, and the names of the smaller tribes were gradually lost in the more general appellations. Among the most powerful of these later confederations were the Franks, the Alemans, the Saxons, and the Goths.

The language of all these tribes was, however, essentially the same; differences there were, and still are,* between

* A valuable collection of specimens of the popular dialects of Germany

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the dialects spoken in different parts of the country ; but the evidence of language and history shows, that an embassy from the Marcomanni on the borders of Hungary might have been delivered, in the dialect peculiar to the tribe who sent it, on the banks of the Elbe and Oder, without the necessity of interpretation. And there is the same testimony to prove, that, during a long succession of ages, this widely-spread language was subjected to but few changes. Two hundred and seventy-eight years before the Christian era, some Teutonic tribes sent forth an army which invaded Greece. After they had been defeated at Delphi, the remnant pressed forward into Asia Minor, and settled in Galatia. Some of the Crusaders, who visited that province after a lapse of fourteen centuries, discovered with surprise that the inhabitants could converse with them in the dialect of their own Bavaria.

Of all the Teutonic tribes, the Goths appear to have been the most distinguished for a noble character and great capabilities. We first become acquainted with them toward the close of the second century after the birth of Christ. From Scandinavia, where a considerable district still bears the name of Gothland, they crossed the Baltic, and pursuing at first an easterly course, afterwards ascended the Vistula, and reached the shores of the Black Sea. Here they increased in numbers and power, and soon became involved in a contest with the Roman empire. Some Gothic princes graced as captives the triumphal procession of the Emperor Aurelian. But the Goths also captured many Romans, among whom were a considerable number of Christians. By these, in process of time, they were converted, and were the first Teutonic tribe which acknowledged the faith of Christ.

This event, interesting in every point of view, is peculiarly so with reference to the history of language. Christianity could not long exist before its disciples would seek to possess the Holy Scriptures. The Teutonic tribes, until this period, had been acquainted with no other written language than the Runic characters, employed chiefly for inscriptions upon monumental or other stones, some of which are still in existence. But the desire of possessing a version of the

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has lately appeared under the title of *Germanien's Völkerstimmen*. The Platt-Deutsch of Holstein and Angeln possesses peculiar interest for English readers.

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Bible in their own language involved the necessity of providing themselves with a more perfect alphabet. To Ulphilas, Bishop of the Mœso-Goths, belongs the honor of inventing the one, or at least of adapting to his own language the Greek and Roman characters, and of executing the other. A portion of his work has fortunately been preserved,* almost the sole remaining monument of the Gothic language, and separated by an interval of nearly three centuries from any other composition in any dialect of the great Teutonic race. Its value in a philological point of view is very great, as it resolves innumerable difficulties in the study of the history of the European languages, and by its assistance we can account for the appearance which they gradually assumed. As a specimen, we subjoin the Lord's prayer, adding an interlinear translation.

"Atta unsar thu in himinam. veihnai namo thein.
Father our, thou in heaven, be hallowed name thine;
qvimai thiudinassus theins. vairthai vilja theins sve in himina
come kingdom thine; be done will thine as in heaven,
jah ana airthai. hlaif unsarana thana sinteinan gif uns
so on earth; bread (loaf) our the daily give us
himma daga. jah aflet uns thatei skulans sijaima svasve
this day; and let off us that debtors we should be, as
jah veis afletam thaim skulam unsaraim. jah ni briggais uns
also we let off the debtors ours: and not bring us
in fraistubnjai. ak lausei uns af thamma ubilin. unte theina
into temptation; but loose us from the evil: for thine
ist thiudangardi jah mahts jah vulthus in aivins.
is the kingdom, and the might, and the glory, for generations.
Amen.
Amen.

Even a cursory examination of these few lines will suffice to show, that this must have been a vigorous and original lan-

* The imperfect manuscript copy of this work was found in the abbey of Werden in Westphalia, and is now preserved in the university of Upsala, in Sweden. It is a manuscript of singular beauty; the letters are all silver, except the initials, which are of gold, upon vellum of a violet color. Besides this, a small portion of a commentary on the Gospel of St. John, in the Gothic language, in palimpsest manuscript, has been discovered, and published under the title of *Skeireins aivaggêljôns thairh Jôhannên;* it is appended to the edition of Ulphilas published by Gabelentz and Loebe at Leipsic in 1836–1843.

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guage, for it possessed all the inflections of the Greek and Latin, and all their facilities for the composition and transposition of words.

We have already stated, that the version of Ulphilas is nearly three centuries older than any other composition now extant in any Teutonic dialect. The next in order of time are the Anglo-Saxon poems of Caedmon; the poem of Beowulf was indeed composed at an earlier period, but the most ancient manuscript of it is of later date, and bears internal evidence that it has received alterations and additions from its transcribers.

It has excited no less surprise than regret, that no remains of the literature of this long period should have been handed down to us; the version of Ulphilas was made between A. D. 360 and 380; Caedmon died in 680, and the earliest compositions extant in the dialects of Germany are of still later date. But our surprise at this fact will vanish, if we consider the changes which were taking place during this period. The entire population of Europe was in an unsettled state; the Teutonic tribes, especially, were seeking new habitations, and ejecting their former possessors. This general migration was unfavorable to the production of literary works, and there is sufficient evidence to show that no advance whatever was made in civilization. War was the sole business of mankind, and their sole recreation was the chase. Only one kind of composition would flourish under such circumstances; every literary pursuit would fall into neglect, except the creation of poems which should encourage the warrior in battle, and rehearse the valiant deeds of the hero who returned victorious from the fight. How comes it, then, it will naturally be asked, that we are not in possession of any such poems? The explanation of this fact must be found in another great phenomenon that was taking place during the same period; namely, the spread of Christianity.

The Western Goths were converted to the Christian faith about the year 375, and the Eastern Goths and Vandals soon afterwards; the Burgundians at the commencement, and the Franks towards the close, of the fifth century; the Alemans and the Longobards in the sixth; the Bavarians towards the close of the seventh, and the Thuringians and Friesians in the eighth. The Saxons were the last to abandon their old religion, and became Christians only on their final subjection

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to the Franks, at the commencement of the ninth century. The ancient Britons had accepted the Christian religion at a much earlier date ; harassed and threatened with annihilation by their neighbours the Picts and Scots, they implored, during the reign of Vortigern, the aid of the tribes who inhabited the north of Germany. The first who came to Britain were Jutes, under the command of Hengist and Horsa ; it is worthy of remark, however, that Hengist is said by Maerland to have been a Friesian :

> " Een hiet Engistus, een vries, een sas,
> Die uten lande verdreuen was."

They were rewarded for their services by a grant of the Isle of Thanet, but soon made themselves masters of a considerable part of the southern coast of England and the Isle of Wight. Next came the Saxons, and founded the kingdom of Sussex, under Ella, in 491 ; of Wessex, under Cerdic, in 494 ; and of Essex, in 527. About this time, the Angles began to arrive ; they inhabited a district in Schleswig, which still bears the name of Angeln, and, sending forth successive colonies from 527 until 586, they finally became the most numerous and powerful of the emigrants, and gave their name to the country and the people. The Christian Britons had been obliged to retreat before the invaders into the mountain fastnesses of Wales and Cornwall, and heathenism was once more the prevailing religion of England. In the year 597, St. Augustine arrived at Canterbury, and devoted himself to the noble project of effecting the conversion of our Saxon ancestors.

It is, as we have observed, in the spread of Christianity that we find an explanation of the fact, that scarcely a vestige of the poetry of older times has been preserved. That poetry was doubtless intimately connected with the existing religious system ; it has always, and, it would seem, necessarily, been so among rude nations. We must therefore take into consideration the circumstances in which the first preachers of Christianity must have found themselves placed. We have, it is true, but little positive knowledge respecting the religion of the Teutonic tribes ; but there is sufficient evidence to prove that their heathenism was what may be termed a somewhat developed form of natural religion ; much more like that pure religion which was first given to man, —

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much less corrupted, less artificial, less untrue, — than the professed belief of the philosophical Greek or the learned Roman, who looked down with contempt upon the ignorant barbarians, and made it a reproach to them that "they worshipped only those deities whom they saw, and from whose power they received visible aid, and that of any others they had not even heard." * Our Germanic ancestors had forgotten Him who alone is God; but still they worshipped Him in the manifestations of his power, and they worshipped with faith.

> "They worshipped Nature in the hill and valley,
> Not knowing what they loved."

The sun and moon, through which He dispenses light and warmth; the fruitful earth, which He blesses with increase; the mysterious elements of fire and water and air, — these were the objects of their worship, and not idols of wood or stone, the work of men's hands. In the source of stream and river, in the womb of the mountain teeming with metals, in the dark cave and ancient tree, they imagined the dwelling-places of their inferior deities. In the stillness of untrodden forests were the fitting temples of such a religion; prayer and sacrifice were still, as in purer times, its observances.

It must be obvious, that the conversion of such a people from such a religion; of a people rude and uncultivated, but highly poetical and imaginative in disposition, from a religion which was simple but striking, which presented itself to their memory in every object that met their eyes, and appealed to their hearts in every solemn tradition of the past, — it is obvious, we say, that such a conversion must have been a far more difficult task than any which the preachers of Christianity, unaided by the power of working visible miracles, had yet been called to perform. And this accounts for the fact which we have under consideration. The zealous men who labored for their conversion could alone have committed to writing and preserved for future generations the legends and songs which were current among the Teutonic tribes; but so far from desiring to perpetuate this poetry, they were, by the nature of their undertaking, compelled to labor for its utter destruction; they had no hope of succeeding, unless they could eradicate all recollection of the false deities, the

* Cæsar's *Commentaries.*

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demigods and heroes, in whose honor most of those wild songs had been composed. The existence of such poems, however, is a matter of certainty, as they are mentioned by the historians* who recorded the lives of some of those early missionaries, and were probably in their possession.

And there is yet another circumstance which deserves to be mentioned, as it doubtless stimulated the exertions which were made to destroy all traces of the old religion, and with it the poetry which served for its transmission from one generation to another. The Christians of that early age were tinged with a degree of superstition, which we cannot be surprised to find existing at a period when the supposed demoniacal influences that manifested themselves during the time of our Saviour's sojourning on earth were still the subjects of vivid tradition. Accordingly, they did not look upon the heathen deities of our forefathers as the creations of an ignorant or diseased fancy, but as really existing evil spirits, who had obtained, and, if possible, would still exercise, a spiritual dominion over their worshippers. Every object, therefore, which in any way had reference to this worship, was regarded as unholy and to be dreaded; and this was peculiarly the case with regard to songs and legends, which, if they did not all profess to be charms, were supposed to have the same nature, and therefore to increase and perpetuate the power of the Devil and his angels over the souls of those who used them. The council of Lestines promulgated a formula, according to which the converts were to abjure their old religion; this formula has fortunately been preserved, and it not only proves this fact, but also possesses peculiar interest, as it records the names of two of the heathen deities, of which we should otherwise have been ignorant. The former of these, in all Teutonic languages, gives a name to the fifth day of the week,† and the latter appears as Saxneat, the son of Woden, in the Anglo-Saxon genealogy of the kings of Essex. As this document is one of the earliest extant in the German language, and illustrates the origin of the Anglo-Saxon, we here give it, with a literal translation:—

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* Jornandes, Paulus Diaconus, and Widukind.

† In early German, *Donarestac*, *Donrestac;* modern German, *Donnerstag;* Dutch, *Donderdag;* Friesian, *Tongersdei;* old Norwegian, *Thôrsdagr;* Anglo-Saxon, *Thunoresdäg;* English, *Thursday.*

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" Forsachistu diabolæ ?
dost thou renounce the devil?
Et resp: ec forsacho diabolæ.
Answer: *I renounce the devil.*
end allum diabol geldæ ?
and all the devil's gains?
Respon: end ec forsacho all diabol geldæ.
Answer: *and I renounce all the devil's gains.*
end allum diaboles uuercum ?
and all the devil's works?
Resp: end ec forsacho allum diaboles uuercum end
Answer: *and I renounce all the devil's works and*
uuordum, thunaer ende uuoden ende saxnote ende allum them
words, Thunar and Wodan and Saxnot, and all the
unholdum, the hira genotas sint.
evil spirits which here noted are."

The converts pledged themselves, therefore, to renounce and forsake all the works and *words* of the Devil, by which are undoubtedly meant all the songs and legends, the entire poetry, by which the influence of heathenism was in a great measure sustained. And so successful were the efforts of the missionaries, that, in England, no relics whatever of heathen poetry have survived; and in Germany, all that is known to exist consists of two short incantations or charms, discovered by Jacob Grimm in 1841,* the former for breaking the fetters of a captive, the latter for curing the sprain of a horse's foot.

Having thus accounted for the fact, that we possess no earlier specimens of the language of our forefathers, we now return to Caedmon, the first Anglo-Saxon writer of whom we have any certain information. Eight kingdoms were founded in Britain before the year 586; namely, one Jute, three Saxon, and four Angle. These tribes all spoke Low-German, and their dialects differed but little from each other. The unimportant varieties which existed have continued probably to the present time, and may be traced in the provincial dialects which are still peculiar to different parts of England. Caedmon was a native of Whitby, and wrote

* *Ueber zwei entdeckte Gedichte aus der Zeit des deutschen Heidenthums.* Berlin, 1842.

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therefore in the dialect of the Angles. He is said to have been in a dream inspired with the first verses which he composed, and which are in honor of the Creator of the world. These verses have been preserved, and are given in the work which we are reviewing; but the editor is mistaken in presenting them as the earliest specimen of Anglo-Saxon, when he cites them, not in their original form, or as they appear in the most ancient manuscript, but in the translation of King Alfred, which was made at least a century and a half later. He should certainly have informed his readers, that they are reading the verses of Caedmon in the dialect of another age, and of another part of the country. We subjoin the passage as it is given by Mr. Chambers, and with it the older form, which is preserved in a manuscript of the year 737, in order that our readers may be able to mark the difference of the two dialects.

Caedmon, A. D. 680. MS. A. D. 737.	Alfred, A. D. 885.	English: Literal Version.
Nu scylun hergan	Nu we sceolan herian.	Now we shall praise
hefaen ricaes uard	heofon-rices weard.	the guardian of heaven's kingdom,
metudaes maecti	metodes mihte.	the creator's might,
end his mod gidanc	and his mod-gethonc.	and his mind's thought,
uerc uuldur fadur	wera wuldor-faeder.	glorious father of men!
sue he uundra gihuaes	swa he wundra gehwaes.	as of every wonder he,
eci drictin	ece dryhten.	Lord eternal,
or astelidae.	oord onstealde.	formed the beginning.
He aerist scop	he aerest gesceop.	He first framed
elda barnum	eorthan bearnum.	for the children of men
heben til hrofe	heofon to hrofe.	the heavens as a roof;
haleg scepen	halig scyppend.	holy Creator!
tha middun geard	tha middan geard.	then mid-earth
mon cynnaes uard	mon cynnes weard	the guardian of mankind,
eci dryctin	ece dryhten.	the eternal Lord
aeftar tiadae	aefter teode	afterwards produced;
firum foldu	firum foldan.	the earth for men
frea allmectig.	frea aelmihtig.	Lord Almighty!

The Danes established numerous settlements on the coasts of England, and even made themselves masters of the kingdom, which was afterwards wrested from them by Alfred. But the influence of these Northern adventurers upon the language of the country was much less than might perhaps

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have been expected, and was limited to the Dano-Saxon, or Northumbrian dialect, in which the noble fragment of a paraphrase of the book of Judith is composed.

The enlightened and amiable Alfred translated several Latin works into the Anglo-Saxon tongue, and thus gave to the West Saxon dialect the same preponderance over the others which Luther, by his version of the Bible, secured for the High-German of modern times. But the most distinguished name in Anglo-Saxon literature is that of Aelfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died A. D. 1006. In order that he might be understood by unlettered people, he wrote, as he himself informs us, in the purest Anglo-Saxon, avoiding the use of all obscure words.

Edward the Confessor, who, during the reigns of Cnut, Harold, and Hardicnut, had been an exile in Normandy, returned to England in the year 1042, and brought with him many of the customs, manners, and expressions of the Norman nobles; and thus commenced the formation of that mixed language which is known under the name of English. Before we proceed to describe the changes which were effected by the introduction of a new element, we must briefly revert to the history of the peculiar language which is called the Norman-French.

The confederation of the Franks (freemen) was chiefly composed of the Chatti, Cherusci, and other tribes originally dwelling on the banks of the lower Rhine, and between that river and the Weser, who during the fourth century made themselves masters of a great part of Gaul. At the commencement of the fifth century, they had acquired a considerable degree of importance, and were divided into Ripuarii and Salii; the latter first chose a king in the year 420, and at the same time established a written code, the famous Salic laws. The third king was Merovig, the founder of the Merovingian dynasty, which reigned until 771, and is noted for its strange imbecility, and for the great power which the Frankish nation acquired under the able government of their ministers, who were styled mayors of the palace.

The Franks were among the Low-German tribes; but except a few proper names, we have but scanty remains of their original dialect. That which is called the Franco-

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Theotistic * was the language of the High-German tribes whom they conquered. In this dialect there are some very valuable and beautiful remains, among which may be mentioned translations of a Latin homily by Isidore, Bishop of Seville, of the hymns of St. Ambrose, and of the Gospel of St. Matthew; but above all, a poetical harmony of the Gospels, written at the commencement of the ninth century, by Otfrid, a Benedictine monk, in the convent of Weissenburg. The Franks from the time of their entering Gaul had held a close connection with the Romans, whose allies they had generally been, and in whose armies great numbers of them had repeatedly fought. So intimate was this connection, that the Franks gradually assumed the use of the Roman language, and the Salic laws themselves were written in corrupted Latin.

Upon the death of Ludwig (Louis), son of Charlemagne, A. D. 840, his three sons divided the empire between them; Charles, the youngest, took France; Ludwig had Germany; and Lotharius, the eldest, received Italy, Burgundy, and Lorraine, with the imperial dignity. Two years afterwards, the two younger brothers formed an alliance, and in a solemn assembly held at Strassburg they and their subjects took oaths of mutual fidelity, on one side in the Franco-Theotistic dialect, and on the other in the so-called Romance, from which the modern French and a considerable part of the English language derive their origin. It may be interesting to see a few lines of this document, which exhibits very clearly the change that the language was undergoing.

"Pro deo amur et pro christian poblo [1] et nostro commun salvament, dist [2] di in avant,[3] in quant deus savir et podir [4] me dunat,[5] si salvarai eo cist [6] meon fradre Karlo et in adjudha [7] et in cadhuna [8] cosa,[9] si cum [10] om [11] per dreit [12] son fradra salvar dist,[13] in o quod il mi altresi [14] fazet,[15] et ab Ludher nul plaid [16] nunquam prindrai,[17] qui meon vol [18] cist meon fradre Karle in damno sit."

[1] Lat. *populus*, Fr. *peuple*. [2] Lat. *de istâ*. [3] Lat. *ab ante*, Fr. *en avant*. [4] Lat. *sapere et potere* (for *posse*), Fr. *savoir et pouvoir*. [5] Lat. *donat*, Fr. *donne*. [6] Lat. *ecce iste*, Fr. *cet*, *ce*. [7] Lat. *adjutare*, Fr. *aide*. [8] Lat. *usque*

* During the reign of Charlemagne, the German tribes were for the first time collected into one body, and assumed the name *thiot*, *diot*, *deot*, a *people*; from which their modern appellation of Deutsch, or Teutsch, is derived.

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ad unum (omnes), Fr. *chacun*. [9] Lat. *causa*, Fr. *chose*. [10] Lat. *quam*, Fr. *comme*. [11] Lat. *homo*, Fr. *homme*. [12] Lat. *directum*, Fr. *droit*. [13] Lat. *debet*, Fr. *doit*. [14] Lat. *alterum sic*, Fr. *aussi*. [15] Lat. *faciat*, Fr. *fasse*. [16] Lat. *placitum*, Old Fr. *plaid* (Engl. *plead* and *pledge*). [17] Lat. *prehendere*, Fr. *prendre*. [18] Lat. *volle* (for *velle*), Fr. *vouloir*.

Almost every word in this sentence shows the transition from the old Latin to the corresponding term in modern French and English, and, yet more strongly, the great change which seems about this period to have taken place in all the languages of modern Europe, by the rejection of inflections and distinctive terminations. The cause of this change is very obvious, and we shall have occasion to refer to it again.

Even before the death of Charlemagne, the repeated depredations of the Normans (Northmen) upon the coasts of France had drawn tears from the eyes of that monarch, and after his death their ravages became terrible, and spread desolation over the fairest provinces of France. At the commencement of the tenth century, Rolf, a Norwegian Yarl, who had been driven from his own country, landed with his followers on the French coast, and established the Norman dominion in Brittany and Neustria. The fifth in a direct line from Rolf was William, surnamed the Conqueror, who gained possession of England in 1066. But during the one hundred and fifty years which had elapsed, the Normans had abandoned their own Danish, and had adopted in its place the corrupted Latin of the people whom they had subdued.

William formed the ambitious design of changing the language of his new dominions; and his successors persisted in the experiment while any hope of its accomplishment remained. The Norman-French undoubtedly exerted very great influence on the Anglo-Saxon, but it effected a change of the inflections and terminations rather than of the words themselves; for any person conversant with old English must have observed, that the greater part of the French words which are now so abundant were not introduced until after the Norman-French had become entirely obsolete.

It is a general rule, that a conquered nation gives its language to the conquerors, except where, as in the case of the early Britons, they are altogether expelled from the country. It was so with the Northmen who settled in France; it was so with their descendants, who conquered England. But on

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the other hand, the national language of the conquered is usually found to undergo a considerable change; the conquerors are obliged to learn the words of their new subjects, in order to make themselves understood; but they will not take the trouble to acquire the syntax of the language. The infinitive moods of verbs, the nominative cases of nouns, the roots of adjectives, suffice for their necessities; and thus the entire form of the language undergoes a change. The trunk of the tree remains standing; but the spreading branches, the slender twigs, and the luxuriant foliage perish in the storm.

The Norman nobles for a long time refused to learn the Anglo-Saxon language. When Robert, brother of Matilda, was taken prisoner in 1142, and his followers endeavoured to escape in disguise, they were recognized by their ignorance of the language. When William of Longchamps, minister of Richard the First, attempted to fly from the country as a dealer in linen, the same cause led to his detection. Richard Cœur-de-Lion understood not a word of a speech addressed to him by his Anglo-Saxon subjects. The first Romance words seem to have found their way into the language through preachers and religious writers; thus, we find *gemartyrod* in 1013, *chor* in 1083, *clerecas* in 1085, *processionem* in 1125, *martyrs* and *miracles* in 1137. Soon afterwards, lawyers introduced such words as *prisun*, *justice*, *rentes*, *tresor*, *privilegies*; and at a somewhat later period, the rhymers began to add grace to their verses by adopting *rose*, *lily*, *odour*, *flower*, *fruit*, *joy*, &c.

Translators are under peculiar temptation to adopt words of the language in which the original is composed. About the year 1160, Wace wrote, in his native French, a narrative poem entitled *Le Brut d'Angleterre* (Brutus of England).* There is a metrical English translation of this work by one Layamon, a priest of Ernely on the Severn, of which Mr. Chambers says the date is not ascertained. It is, however, generally acknowledged to have been executed about the year 1200, and it is remarked by Mr. Ellis, that it does not contain a single word "which we are under the necessity of referring to a French origin." At the same time, "the or-

* Published in Ellis's Specimens of the Early English Poets. London, 1801.

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thography of this manuscript, in which we see for the first time the admission of the soft *g*," and many other peculiarities in the form of the words and the construction of the sentences, seems to prove that little more than the substitution of a few French for the present Saxon words was now necessary to produce a resemblance to that Anglo-Norman, or English, which came into use in the thirteenth century. Mr. Chambers has given a passage from Wace, and also Layamon's translation, and we here make another short extract from the same works, which, as is justly observed, "we must consider as throwing a valuable light on the history of our language at perhaps the most important period of its existence." It is part of a description of the ceremonies supposed to have taken place at the coronation of King Arthur.

NORMAN-FRENCH, A. D. 1160.

"Quand li service fut finé,
Et Ite Missa est chanté,
Le Roi a sa corone ostée
Qu'il avoit au mostier portée,
Une corone menor prist:
Et la reine ensement prist.
Jus mistrent les greignors ators
Plus legiers pristrent, et menors.
Quand li roi torna del mostier
A son palais ala manger;
La reine à une autre ala
Et les dames o sei mena."

LAYAMON'S VERSION, A. D. 1200.

"Tha the masse wes isungen,
Of chirccken heo thrungen.
The king mid his folke
To his mete verde
And mucle his dugethe:
Drem wes on hirede.
Tha quene, an other halve
Her hereberwe isohte:
Heo hafde of wif-monne
Wunder ane moni en."

These specimens show, that, at the end of a century and a half after the Norman conquest, the Anglo-Saxon language remained free from Norman words. But after the commencement of the thirteenth century, they begin to appear;

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the language altered its whole appearance during this century, and the year 1300 may be assumed as the period at which the transformation was effected, and the English language had taken the place of the Anglo-Saxon.

The poem of Wace is taken from a fabulous history, written in Latin a few years before, by a monk named Geoffrey of Monmouth. About the year 1297, Robert of Gloucester wrote a metrical English version of this chronicle; his language is full of Saxon peculiarities, which, it is supposed, might be the result in part of his living in so remote a district. But a comparison of the same passage with the version of Layamon will show not only an admission of many French words, but an increase of French idioms and modes of expression.

"The kyng was to ys *paleys*, tho the *seruise* was y do
Ylad wyth thys *menye*, and the quene to hyre also.
Vor hii hulde the olde *usages*, that men wyth men were
By him sulue, and wymmen by him sulue also there.
Tho hii were echone yset, as yt to her *stat* bycom,
Kay, kyng of *Aungeo*, a thousand kyngtes nome
Of *noble* men, yclothed in *ermyne* echone
Of on sywete, and *seruede* as thys *noble feste* anon.
Bedwer, the *botyler*, kyng of *Normandie*,
Nom also in ys half a uayr *companye*
Of on sywyte, vor to *seruy* of the *botelerye*.
By uore the quene yt was also of al suche *corteysye*
Vor to tell all the *noblye* that ther was ydo
They my tonge were of stel, me ssolde nogt *dure* thereto."*

After this period, our language did not suffer any more violent changes; the slow and certain march of time produced many alterations; and as learning advanced, as the ancient classics were more extensively studied, as the progress of science and art rendered new terms necessary, more words were constantly borrowed from the Latin and French, and the language gradually assumed that form in which we find it in those two works which may be considered the standards of pure English, our version of the Bible and the writings of Shakspeare.

The selections given by Mr. Chambers from the works of the early English writers are so copious and so judiciously

* Hearne's edition, p. 190.

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made, that we shall content ourselves with adding one or two short passages in the original spelling, for which, in order to make his work more generally useful, he has substituted a modern orthography. The first of these shall be two forms of the Lord's prayer; one of them is in the common English of the commencement of the fourteenth century, and contains, it will be seen, exactly the same number of Romance words as that which is in use at the present day; the other dates from 1340, but is in the dialect which was peculiar to Kent, and is still purely Saxon.

ENGLISH, beginning of the fourteenth century.

"Fader oure in hevene, Halewyd be thi name, Come thi kindam, Thi wille be don as in hevene and in erthe, Oure uche dayes bred geve us to day, And forgeve us oure *dettes*, as we forgeven oure *dettoures*, And lede us not into *temptatioun*, Bote *delyvere* us of yvel. Amen."

KENTISH DIALECT, A. D. 1340.

"Vader oure thet art ine hevenes, Yhalged by thi name, Cominde thi riche, Yworthe thi wil ase ine hevene and ine erthe, Bread oure eche dayes yef ous to day, And vorlet ous our yeldinges, ase and we vorleteth oure yelderes, And ne ous led nagt in to vondinge, Ac vri ous uram queade. Zuo by hit."

The following is the account given by Mr. Chambers of the poetry of this period: —

"The reign of Edward II. (1307–27) may be set down as the era of the earlier English metrical romances, or rather of the earlier English versions of such works from the French, for they were, almost without exception, of that nature. *Sir Guy*, *The Squire of Low Degree*, *Sir Degore*, *King Robert of Sicily*, *The King of Tars*, *Impomedon*, and *La Mort Artur*, are the names of some. Others, probably of later date, or which at least were long after popular, are entitled *Sir Thopas*, *Sir Isenbras*, *Gawan and Gologras*, and *Sir Bevis*. The metrical romances flourished till the close of the fifteenth century, and their spirit affected English literature till a still later period. Many of the ballads handed down amongst the common people are supposed to have been derived from them."

Towards the middle of the fourteenth century several poets wrote, whose works plainly prove that a considerable progress had been made towards a literary style; among these, we may mention Lawrence Minot, whose writings

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were edited at the commencement of the present century by Ritson, Richard Rolle, a hermit of the order of St. Augustine, and Robert Langland. The celebrated Vision of Pierce Ploughman by the latter is one of the most important works that appeared in England previous to the invention of printing. It is the popular representative of the doctrines which were silently bringing about the Reformation, and is a much purer specimen of the English language than the poems of Chaucer.

"It is in fact," as Mr. Chambers well remarks, "both in this peculiarity and in its political character, characteristic of a great literary and political revolution, in which the language as well as the independence of the Anglo-Saxons had at last gained the ascendency over those of the Normans. Pierce is represented as falling asleep; and in describing the visions which he sees he exposes the corruptions of society, but particularly the dissolute lives of the religious orders, with much bitterness."

The Vision of Pierce Ploughman is closely allied to a class of works which, in Germany, was at this period much more numerous; satirical poems, the compositions of the most popular minstrels, which were repeated and committed to memory throughout the length and breadth of the land, which were familiar to every ear and heard from every tongue, and which, treating as they did of the venal profligacy of the Papal court, of the false assumption of supremacy by the bishops of Rome, and of the corruptions and errors introduced by them into the Christian doctrine, contributed perhaps more towards preparing the great body of the people for a religious reformation, than all the learned disputations and voluminous writings of a Huss and a Luther. Among such poems are *Reineke de Voss*, *Reinardus*, and Fishart's *Bienenkorb des heiligen Römischen Immenschwarmes*. Of a somewhat different nature are the noble strains of Reinmar von Zweter, and the exquisitely graceful poems of Walther von der Vogelweide; these were equally popular with the former, and treat of the same subjects; only they speak not in the language of satire, but in the sad and earnest tones of heartfelt grief.

We have been led into this digression by a desire to show how thoroughly the Anglo-Saxon element still predominated in the spirit and in the language of the people of England,

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and how entirely it had gained the ascendency over the Norman.

All the specimens which we have as yet seen of the English language have been poetical; for poetry, in the history of every language, is of earlier date than prose. The first prose-writer entitled to any consideration is Sir John Mandeville, who was born in the year 1300, and travelled during many years in Eastern countries. Upon his return to England, he published an account of all that he had seen and heard; his work was originally written in Latin, then translated into French, and finally into English, — "that every man of my nacioun may undirstonde it," — and contains, as may readily be supposed, much that is romantic and fabulous mixed up with a great deal that is interesting and true. To the extracts given by Mr. Chambers we add one, in the original spelling, which to great force of thought adds considerable beauty of expression.

"And I, John Maundeville knyghte aboveseyd (allethough I be unworthi), that departed from our contrees and passed the see, the zeer of grace 1322, that have passed manye londes, and many yles and contrees, and cerched manye fulle straunge places, and have ben in manye a fulle gode honourable companye and at manye a faire dede of armes (alle be it that I dide none myself for myn unable insuffisance), now I am comen hom (mawgree myself) to reste; for gowtes, artetykes, that me distreynen, tho diffynen the ende of my labour, azenst my will (God knowethe). And thus takynge solace in my wretched reste, recordynge the tyme passed, I have fulfilled theise thinges and putte hem wryten in this boke, as it wolde come into my mynde, the zeer of grace 1356, in the 34 zeer that I departede from our contrees. Wherefore I preye to alle the rederes and hereres of this boke, zif it plese hem, that thei wolde preyen to God for me: and I schalle preye for hem. And alle tho that seyn for me a Pater noster, with an Ave Maria, that God forzeve me my synnes, I make hem partneres, and graunte em part of alle the gode pilgrymages and of alle the gode dedes that I hav don, zif ony be to his plesance: and noghte only of tho, but of alle that evere I schalle do unto my lyfes ende. And I beseche Almyghty God, fro whom alle goodnesse and grace comethe fro, that he vouchesaf, of his excellent mercy and abundant grace, to fulle fylle hire soules with inspiracioun of the Holy Gost, in makynge defence of alle hire gostly enemyes here in erthe, to hire salvacioun, both of body and soule; to worshipe and

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thankynge of him, that is three and on, withouten begynnynge and withouten endynge; that is withouten qualitee good, and withouten quantytee gret; that in alle places is present, and alle thinges contenynge; the which that no goodnesse may amende, ne non evelle empeyne; that in perfeyte trynytee lyvethe and regnethe God, be alle worldes, and be alle tymes. Amen."

It will be observed, that this extract contains a great many Romance words and phrases; but this will not create surprise, when we remember that the author had travelled for thirty-four years in countries where the Latin language must have been his sole medium of communication, and more especially that his book was composed in Latin, and translated into French, before the English version was made.

The next prose author of whom we must make mention is John Wickliffe, professor of theology in the University of Oxford, the translator of the Bible, and the reformer of the faith of his countrymen. As a specimen of his style, we subjoin his version of the Lord's prayer, which may be advantageously compared with those of a somewhat earlier period, given above. It dates from the year 1370.

"Our fadyr that art in heavenes, Halloed by thy name, Thy kingdome come to, Be thy will done in erthe as in heavene; Geve to us this day our bread over other *substance;* And forgif to us our *dettis,* as we forgeven to our *detters;* And leed us not into *temptatioun;* But *deliver* us from evel. Amen."

In the year 1328 was born Geoffrey Chaucer, who is generally termed the father of English poetry; he was, however, preceded by John Gower. Mr. Chambers places Gower after Chaucer, though he says that the former is supposed to have been a few years older; he should, we think, have noticed that Gower himself, in his Confession of a Lover, calls Chaucer his disciple. But they were before the public at the same time, and it is probably owing to the immense superiority of his contemporary in all the true qualifications of a poet, that the reputation of Gower has never been very great. Chaucer has always had his ardent admirers, and ample justice is rendered to him in the work before us.

"His early pieces have much of the frigid conceit and pedantry of his age, when the passion of love was erected into a sort of court, governed by statutes, and a system of chivalrous my-

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thology (such as the poetical worship of the rose and the daisy) supplanted the stateliness of the old romance. In time he threw off these conceits, —

'He stooped to truth, and moralized his song.'

When about sixty, in the calm evening of a busy life, he composed his *Canterbury Tales*, simple and varied as nature itself, imbued with the results of extensive experience and close observation, and colored with the genial lights of a happy temperament, that had looked on the world without austerity, and passed through its changing scenes without losing the freshness and vivacity of youthful feeling and imagination."

As a poet, Chaucer certainly deserves all the praise which has been so liberally bestowed on him; but there have not been wanting those who charge him with having exerted a baneful influence upon the subsequent fate of the English language. He had visited France and Italy, and one at least of his tales is taken from the Italian of Petrarch. Skinner somewhat harshly blames him for having vitiated his native speech "by whole cartloads of foreign words."

Two Scottish writers, John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen, and Andrew Wyntoun, prior of St. Serf's monastery in Lochleven, the former the author of The Bruce, the latter of a metrical "Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland," complete the first period of the literature of England, ending with the year 1400; but we think that mention ought to have been made of Lydgate, a monk of Bury, who was nearly contemporary with Chaucer. A single stanza from his Fall of Princes will show that he lays no claim to great poetical powers, and will at the same time form a fit conclusion to our series of quotations illustrating the progress of the English language.

"I meane as thus I haue no fresh licour
Out of the conduites of Calliope,
Nor through Clio in rhethorike no floure
In my labour for to refresh me;
Nor of the sisters in number thrise three,
Which with Cithera on Parnaso dwell,
They neuer me gaue drinke once of their wel."

This, then, was the appearance which our language wore at the commencement of the fifteenth century. The works which we have described had meanwhile given an importance

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to the popular language which more than sufficed to counterbalance the advantage that the Norman-French possessed as the language of the court, of legal documents, and of education. In 1362, Edward the Third found himself compelled to substitute the use of English for that of French in judicial proceedings; and "in the same reign, schoolmasters, for the first time, caused their pupils to construe the classical tongues into the vernacular." In Parliament, on the other hand, the French maintained its place until the year 1483; but before that time, it was often found necessary in public documents to add the English translation of many French words. Thus we read, — "Notre dit soverain seignur le Roi ad ordeigne qe null merchant, amesne maunde ne convoie ascuns de cestes *wares* desoutz escritez: laces, corses, ribans, frenges de soie, aundirons, gridirnes, marteus vulgarement nommez *hamers*, pinsons, *firetonges*, *drepyngpannes*, *dises* (dice), tenys balles, *daggers*, *vodeknyves*, *botkyns*, *sheres* pour taillours, cisours, rasors, *shethes*, agules pour sacs vulgarement nommez *paknedles*, &c."

It must strike an observant reader of more modern English works, that there is a considerable difference between one author and another, with respect to the proportion of Germanic and Romance words which they employ. An examination of some passages taken indiscriminately from their writings proves, that for one hundred words of Germanic origin the translators of the Bible use four of French; Shakspeare and Cowley, fifteen; Spenser, Milton, Thomson, and Addison, twenty-two; Locke and Young, twenty-seven; while Robertson employs more than forty; Pope, fifty; and Hume and Gibbon nearly sixty. Swift, on the other hand, has scarcely as many as Shakspeare. It is evident that the more energetic and forcible, and the more popular writers, those, in fact, whose books are in the hands of the people, use more Germanic words than those who have written for scholars and men of science, and whose style is classical and refined.

The greater part of the vocabulary which we make use of in common conversation we have received from our Saxon ancestors; for the subjects of common talk are generally material substances, which are mostly designated by Germanic words. The heavenly bodies, as *sun*, *moon*, and *stars*; the elements, *earth*, *fire*, and *water*; the divisions of

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time, *spring*, *summer*, *fall*, *winter*, *day*, *night*, *morning*, *evening*, *noon*, *midnight*, *year*, *month*, *week*; the phenomena of nature, *light*, *heat*, *cold*, *frost*, *rain*, *snow*, *hail*, *sleet*, *thunder*, *storm*, *wind*, *lightning*; the various parts of our habitable globe, *sea*, *land*, *wood*, *stream*, *hill*, *dale*; the produce of the earth, *wheat*, *rye*, *barley*, *corn*, *oats*, *straw*, *hay*, *beer*; *woods* and *forests*, and the trees of which they consist, *oaks*, *birches*, *beeches*, *elms*, *ashes*; the animal creation, *lamb*, *sheep*, *goat*, *kid*, *ox*, *cow*, *steer*, *heifer*, *calf*, *swine*,* *dog*, *hound*, *cat*, *horse*, *mare*, *cock*, *hen*, *chicken*, *dove*, *bear*, *boar*, *wolf*, *fox*, *hart*, *stag*, *doe*, *deer*, *hare*; — these all are Germanic words, and are just the words which form the largest part of the conversation of every-day life. But further, from the same source are derived all the terms which represent the positions and motions of animated beings, to *sit*, *stand*, *lie*, *run*, *walk*, *leap*, *stagger*, *slip*, *slide*, *stride*, *glide*, *yawn*, *gape*, *thrust*, *fly*, *swim*, *creep*, *crawl*, *spring*. From Germany we have received all the words which express the most endearing and intimate relations, and which are therefore enshrined in the hearts of the people; *father*, *mother*, *husband*, *wife*, *brother*, *sister*, *son*, *daughter*, *child*, *bride*, *home*, *kindred*, *friend*, *hearth*, *roof*, *fireside*, *love*, *hope*, *sorrow*, *fear*, *smile*, *laugh*, *sigh*, *blush*. Germanic is the language of the merchant, the farmer, the seaman; Germanic are almost all our proverbs and popular sayings; Germanic the language of all strong emotions, of hatred and contempt, of anger and love. Of French extraction, on the other hand, are the expressions of science, of the learned professions, and of fashionable society; hence it comes, that general terms are French, while all the individuals comprised under them are Saxon; *motion* is French, but to *go*, *walk*, *ride*, *drive*, *run*, *lie*, *stride*, are Saxon; *sound* is French, but *buzz*, *hum*, *clash*, *splash*, *hiss*, are Saxon; *color* is French, but *white*, *black*, *green*, *yellow*, *blue*, *red*, *brown*, are Saxon; *member* and *organ* are French, but *ear*, *eye*, *hand*, *foot*, *lip*, *mouth*, *hair*, *finger*, are Saxon; *animal* is French, but *man*, *ox*, *cow*, *sheep*, *calf*, *dog*, *cat*, are Saxon; *number* is French, but every single number, except *million*, is of Saxon origin. All the terms of the law, all the expressions referring to ju-

* But when they were taken from the woods and fields, and had the honor of appearing upon the tables of the Norman nobility, they became French, as *beef*, *veal*, *mutton*, *pork*, *venison*.

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dicial proceedings, *parliament*, *session*, *jury*, *judge*, *advocate*, *plead*, *defend*, *condemn*, *forfeit*, and the whole vocabulary of the physician, are of Romance extraction. In fine, when we would be forcible, energetic, easily understood, we should seek for Germanic words; when we would be learned, refined, polite, we should express ourselves in those which are borrowed from the French. The English language furnishes many examples of synonymes, and it will be found to be a general rule, that the Germanic word is forcible, but vulgar, the French less expressive, but better adapted to ears polite; such, for instance, are to *sweat* and to *perspire*, to be *drunk* and to be *intoxicated*.

We have thus given a brief outline of the history of the English language; it has necessarily been so brief that it could not be otherwise than defective. We will conclude, as we commenced, with expressing a hope that the publication which has called forth our remarks will exert an influence in directing the attention of the public to the literature of our forefathers, and more especially in encouraging the study of the Anglo-Saxon language, the long and strange neglect of which we cannot but regard as a disgrace to England, and in a less degree to this country. In England, as we have already remarked, great efforts are now making to recover the lost ground, and we would fain be permitted to hope, that in this, as in every thing else that is good and useful, we shall be ready to compete with her in honorable rivalry. "The literature of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers may be regarded as a creditable feature of our national history, and as something of which we might justly be proud, if we did not allow ourselves to remain in such ignorance of it."

ART. III. — *The Crescent and the Cross; or Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel.* By ELIOT WARBURTON, ESQ. New York: Wiley & Putnan. 1845.

SINCE the day when the Hebrew, grown up from the small beginnings of Joseph and his brethren to be a terror to the powerful people of the Pharaohs, went out from the

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land of Egypt, its soil has not ceased to be the theatre of deeds as bold as those that marked the career and formed the fame of the great lawgiver of Israel, and as dark as the doom from which a homeless people were rescued by the angry waves of an avenging sea. Her river was the nucleus of the only nationality which has survived the dreary centuries that immediately followed the flood, and on its banks have shone, in never-ceasing succession, Pharaoh and Ptolemy, king and emperor, consul and satrap, caliph and pasha, Napoleon and sultan. The Pharaohs have been laid in the pyramids or the catacombs, and the Ptolemies are with them. The names of most of the places that knew them are forgotten. The Nile in elder days had brought its rich tribute from the highlands of the south; the revenues of the granary of the world gleamed in the coffers of its queen; pearls melted in the wine-cup of the foe of Cicero. The master of half the world was at the feet of the mistress of Egypt, his victorious captive. Her beauty had done its work, and bound to her car the first of Cæsar's iron captains; it wooed the venom of the asp, and, passing from earth, won for its mistress an apotheosis in the poetry of that clime whose sons are gazing from out an isle of the Atlantic upon the country of Cleopatra, and already in their strong will are moulding it into the tributary thoroughfare to their empire in the East. The leading of the world was staked at Actium. The queen of Egypt had favored the vanquished rival; her love, burning under the same sun that now looks fiercely down on the intruding Frank, was the fatal gift that at once crowned his fame and clouded his career. At the hour when his strength was broken, her country became a fraction of that power whose capital on the seven hills of the Tiber gave laws to a realm coextensive with the known earth; and the clime that Rome bid furnish corn to her teeming millions is now in name a province of the empire founded by the successors of that Arabian prophet who traced, amid the mouldering temples of the religion of Numa, the foundations of a faith itself now gray with years.

Egypt is in name a province of the Ottoman empire. And in saying that it is so but in name, that, nominally a dependency of the Porte, it is actually at this hour the foremost nation that musters its forces under the crescent, that within the lifetime of one man it has arisen from provin-

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cial insignificance to alarm by its formidable progress the nations of Europe, we have but to pronounce in explanation the name of Mehemet Ali.

In all the elements of national power and greatness, in the development of agricultural resources, in the improvement of towns, in the refinements of social life, in the dissemination among the people of literature and science and arts, the movements of Egypt since the days of her beautiful queen have been but stages in the march of degradation. Her present ruler is involved in this reproach, for her peasant was once the proprietor of the soil he tilled. Whatever was the tenure, whatever were the exactions of government, the peasant, watching tremblingly the rising of the river which he calls the sea, knew that it would fertilize earth that he could deem his own. But the ruler rose up one day and uttered the word that he was the owner of the land of Egypt; that he was lord of the country, and that its soil was his; and from that moment the Fellah became a mere adjunct of the glebe he wrought upon.

The character of a people sinking daily, while their country is taking long strides in power and consideration, is a spectacle that contrasts sharply with the tendencies of the age; and one may well be curious respecting the causes of such a result. Arithmetic will aid us but little; figures that are so eloquent with us give but little information about the East; political economy is there at fault. One inquirer will be satisfied when he is told, "So it is in the East"; another will seek to solve the problem by an examination of Oriental institutions. But we cannot institute such an inquiry, nor attempt to delineate these institutions here. Could the subject be pictured, our limits are too narrow for so vast a painting, and we must rest content with offering an outline sketch of the figure in the foreground.

When the present ruler of Egypt, sent by the governor of his native province to act with his contingent against the French, landed with his three hundred Albanians on her shores, he found the soldiers whom he was to join, and who formed her army, were a mutinous rabble, whose tactics were in no respect unlike those of the Arab hordes who prowled in the deserts around them. A set of disorderly ragamuffins, under the squeaking discord of Moorish fifes, no two dressed alike, each bearing a pipe while a servant bore

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his gun, formed altogether an array that would have shamed a village muster. Soldiers smoked, sang, or shouted in the ranks, if ranks those groups of stragglers could be called, who moved just as they pleased, and obeyed such orders as they saw fit. If the state of the army in such climes is a decisive sign of the condition of the country, it was in this instance neither the darkest nor the only indication of her weakness. Her finances were exhausted by the mismanagement and wastefulness of agents, who, under one title or another, exercised the authority of the sultan, and, so far from relaxing their hold upon a dollar of the revenues they ground from the wretches under them, had the audacity to demand from Constantinople funds to build and repair public works in the country they pillaged. The rapacity of the ruler for the time being, whose exactions exceeded even the proverbial rapacity of military rule, was not the only drain upon the resources of the country. The corps of Mamelukes alone absorbed a sum that would be deemed a large appropriation for any department of our federal administration. Their annual extortions amounted to no less a sum than seven millions. The government was but a succession of different phases of anarchy, whose mutations none could foresee. The cry of slaughter at any hour might resound through the land, and the people heard with stupid indifference that the career of their late ruler had ended in flight or death. To-day the Mamelukes, whose horsemanship formed a bond of sympathy between them and their allies, the Bedawee Arabs, were masters of the capital and the country. Their splendid apparel and magnificent trappings gleamed in the courts of a victorious chief. The night brought tumult; scimetars flashed, and on the morrow some Turk held mastery, and arrogated to himself the pashalic of Egypt. Anon, Albanian soldiers, in whose constitution a craving for butchery seems innate, mutinied for pay or from the love of mutiny, and the government was again overturned, and a favorite chieftain made the disposer of viceregal power. Private property was his who held it by the right of possession and a strong sword. The marine of Egypt was a forgotten word. Commerce had died out on the shores of the country that once furnished the richest traffic of the world; and the city that bore the name of the Macedonian conqueror, the happy creation of his genius, and the emporium of the commerce of his time, the

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city which the greater conqueror of Corsica called "the *dépôt* of Europe and the Indies," — Alexandria, gave up its neglected harbour to be the asylum and sally-port of pirates.

All this is changed, and the transformation has been effected by one man. Mehemet Ali was born at Cavala, a small town in Roumelia, which lies on the northern shores of the Ægean. If coincidences in time and locality are of value in the mind of the Egyptian ruler, he may conclude that the Fates smiled upon his birth. A glance at the geography of the country will show that this province of the Ottoman empire embraces the ancient Macedon, so that he and Alexander were countrymen. The year of grace 1769 was prolific of military captains, and many who recognize it as the beginning of the career of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington, may be reminded that it is also the date of the birth of Mehemet Ali. The islands and coasts of the Mediterranean were listening at one and the same time to the cradle cries of a pair of infant Hercules. Egypt has been the common theatre of their fame; the pyramids have witnessed the deeds that distinguished the Albanian adventurer, and have thrown their shadow across the path of him who "chained to his biography the history of Europe." Napoleon was earliest in the race. The swell of revolution had lifted him up before Mehemet Ali had found a sphere of action, and already had he won in Italy the splendid successes which gained for him the title of the first general of the world, when Arthur Wellesley was a subaltern in the army of India, and the viceroy of Egypt was a tax-gatherer and tobacconist in the obscurity of his native province.

Mehemet's father was a fisherman and a shepherd. The son chose the more adventurous branch of the paternal profession, and his activity gained for him a situation in the government of his village as a subordinate collector of taxes. His first exploit afforded an index of his future career. The inhabitants of a village refused payment of their taxes and rose in rebellion. This was unusual spirit; the governor, who had become the patron of Ali, was alarmed, and in his perturbation he sent for his favorite. Young Mehemet assembled a few of his companions, announced to the malecontents that he was intrusted with a secret mission, and, entering a mosque, invited the heads of the village to hold a con-

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ference with him. They came in without suspicion, and the tax-gatherer diplomatist began and ended the colloquy by binding them hand and foot. He then set out on his return, overawing the multitude who surrounded him by threatening to put his prisoners to death. The taxes were soon forthcoming, and the captives were then released.

This feat, while it procured for him the rank of Boulouk-bashi, had another influence on his life. It introduced him to the notice and gained him the hand of a rich widow, who saw that he was too promising a young man to be neglected. His wife's capital enabled him to add to his business of tax-collector, and leader in general of the small wars about the province, the traffic in tobacco. This use of his funds greatly enhanced his consideration in a quarter of the world where trade is looked upon as one of the highest professions, and where it rarely interferes with military duties. His speculations in this new branch exploded just in time to allow him to give "his undivided attention" to the military operations of his country against the French. He started for Egypt at the head of three hundred of his countrymen, with the rank of Bimbashi, which compares with the one his tax-gathering exploit had won for him as a major in European armies does with a captain.

He had brought his abilities to the right market. His conduct on the battle-field soon attracted the attention of Kusruf, governor of Cairo. The noted massacre of the Mamelukes at Aboukir, which promoted his interests though perpetrated by others, resulted in his obtaining the command of a division in the army of Youssef Bey. Youssef was sent against the insurgent Beys, who were in Upper Egypt, at the head of the remainder of the Mamelukes. He met them at Dumanhour, and when routed by them he charged the failure of the expedition on the cowardice of Mehemet. It is more probable that he was suspected of treachery than of a want of courage; but at any rate, the governor formed a determination to get rid of him. He saw that he had a dangerous man in his borders. The pay of the whole Albanian troops was in arrear, when Mehemet, at that time encamped near Cairo, was invited to an interview with the governor in the night. To understand the probable nature of the interview, he might have recurred to his own proceedings in the Roumelian mosque, as well as to the impression which

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is common in an Oriental court, that the guest, who accepts such an invitation, is generally so affectionately entertained that he finishes his life within the walls of his host. He communicated the invitation to his soldiers, knowing that he could sufficiently rely on them to justify the answer, that "he would come." And he went. Kusruf saw the storm, and sent for Taher Pasha, either as a mediator, or to counteract, with the Albanian guards under his command, the operations of those without. But Taher Pasha's Albanian guards were in the same category with those of Mehemet; they were unpaid troops, and however they might differ on more abstract points, on the subject of cash they were likely to be unanimous. The Albanians under both officers attacked the palace; Kusruf fled, was pursued, brought back, and imprisoned. The viceregal power fell to Taher Pasha, Mehemet consenting to the arrangement; he was content to be the Metternich of that administration.

Taher Pasha was a poor tool, and his tyranny lasted only twenty-one days. The next rulers were the Mamelukes, whom Youssef Bey, through the *cowardice* of Mehemet Ali, had failed to exterminate. Cowardice is sometimes farsighted. The leaders in the new government were the aged Ibrahim, once governor of Cairo, Osman Bey Bardissi, and Mehemet Ali, the same general of division who had figured at Dumanhour. To be sure, the Porte had sent a pasha of high rank to assume the direction of affairs; but the power of the Beys met him at Alexandria, and robbed him alike of his commission and his life.

Mehemet soon began his machinations against his colleagues and their Mamelukes. Osman Bey was a hair-brained fellow, whom he easily embroiled with the other chiefs. They fell into dissensions, and after a short time Mehemet ventured, on the 12th of May, 1804, to attack Ibrahim and Osman in their palaces. The brave fellows cut their way through, and escaped with their command to the desert, while Mehemet took Kusruf out of prison, and reinstated him in power.

But the eye of the Sultan was now upon him who reaped the profit of these convulsions, and an order came that the Albanian troops should be sent to their own country. But there was yet work for them in Egypt. Mehemet answered the pasha who delivered the command, that the Mamelukes

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were still strong, that they breathed a spirit of undying hostility to the authority of the Porte, and that the Albanians were the only check to their dominion. Whatever credit these representations gained at Constantinople, the following year a firman arrived, conferring on Mehemet the eligible appointment of Pasha of Djidda (Jeddi) and of the port of Mecca on the eastern shore of the Red Sea. He went so far as to assume the cap and mantle of that office, when the army, whom their leader had educated for such scenes, gathered around him and swore they would pillage the country, if their arrears were not discharged. Nobody but Mehemet Ali could rule this tempest; all entreated him to remain, to take upon himself the duties of viceroy, and to save Egypt from anarchy and pillage. His benevolence was overcome by the picture of disasters that his departure would inflict upon his beloved country, which was so important a province of his master's empire; he relented, and a shout from hoarse Albanian throats proclaimed him the Egyptian representative of the Sultan's power.

Kourschid Pasha arrayed the Mamelukes for a counter revolution, and, as some accounts have it, became master of the country under Mehemet Ali. But the Capitan Pasha suddenly cast anchor before Alexandria, and, directing Kourschid to deliver up the citadel to the Roumeliot, summoned him to repair to head-quarters on the coast. Kourschid obeyed, and, engaging in the service of the Sultan, soon after lost his life in a distant portion of the empire. The Mamelukes, however, who had rallied under him, were unwilling to lay down their arms without a trial of strength with their old foe. They encamped in the vicinity of Cairo, and Mehemet, undisturbed by their hostile attitude, only wished to get them into some position unfavorable to the operations of cavalry. An attack by them upon the city was not to be trusted to the ordinary chances of war, and Mehemet engaged a number of the Sheikhs to *betray* Cairo to the enemy. In pursuance of this scheme of double treachery, a gate was left open, and the Mamelukes rode in. There was but a show of resistance, and they were parading exultingly through the narrow streets, when, all at once, a murderous fire of musketry was opened from the houses about them. They sought to retire, but found every avenue closed. Their sabres, so irresistible in the open plain, were useless against an unseen foe. Each

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sat in his saddle to die. After the slaughter of that day, this once terrible soldiery ceased to be formidable.

But the Divan, satisfied that Mehemet Ali's ascendency boded no good to the Ottoman power, now determined to support the Mamelukes, and accordingly sent a capitan pasha with instructions to assist Elfy Bey, who had just returned from England, and had joined Ibrahim and Osman Bardissi. The envoy, informing Mehemet that his master desired to bestow upon him the government of Salonica, summoned him to his head-quarters to receive the insignia of that office. Salonica had claims on Mehemet, as a city of the province of his birth; but it was not the location that suited his present views. Besides, he had not the most implicit confidence in Constantinopolitan faith. One thing was clear; that affairs between him and the Sultan had reached their crisis, and that the termination was at hand. He looked about him, and saw three thousand soldiers, the best in the East, his countrymen,* his companions in arms, and his admirers. He remembered the day when he landed on the shores of the Delta with a tenth of their number; he reviewed his career thence, and gathered confidence from his successes. "Cairo is up for sale," he exclaimed; "whoever will give the hardest blows shall win it, and be its master." This speech was just the thing for the Albanians; with the currency which was to effect the transfer of so large a city none were better acquainted than they. No collision, however, took place; the tender sufficed, and Mehemet's title to the capital was as good as if any amount of slaughter had attended his accession.

Elfy Bey had promised fifteen hundred purses (worth about one hundred dollars each) to the Grand Vizier to secure the viceroyalty of Egypt. But the hostile attitude which his country had assumed towards Russia prevented the minister from fulfilling the engagement. With a war against that power on his hands, the Sultan could ill afford to contest the sovereignty of Egypt, and the last hopes of the Beys were extinguished. The spirit of Osman had long been fretting itself away, and now in grief and despair the proud heart of the Mameluke broke. Death soon relieved

* This is not strictly true. The provinces of Roumelia and Albania are contiguous, and much alike, each furnishing the same quality of troops.

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him, and Elfy survived but a little while. Their followers were disbanded; five hundred joined the service of Mehemet, and ten pieces of English artillery, served by European cannoneers, also fell into the hands of the Roumeliot.

There were still spared twenty-five hundred Mamelukes, who remained at bay in Upper Egypt. A change in the relative position of the European powers had its effect on the affairs of Egypt; the French influence was now predominant at Constantinople, and, to prevent the province from falling into the hands of that power, the British ministry projected an expedition to the country of the Nile. The command was given to General Mackenzie Frazer. The Mamelukes were now needed, and Mehemet Ali was not long in making them his allies. In March, 1807, Alexandria yielded to General Frazer, after a trifling resistance; but the flower of his army, a division under Generals Wanchope and Meade, was cut off at Rosetta. They had penetrated into the town unopposed, but in its narrow streets they met a fate like that which had been the portion of the Mamelukes at Cairo. Three hundred officers and privates fell by the musketry of an invisible foe. They retired as they might, and the army of Frazer proceeded to invest the city in regular form. Little impression, however, could be made on the solid masonry of the buildings. The inhabitants, indeed, suffered to some extent, but this was a matter of indifference to Beys, Mamelukes, and Mehemet Ali. The expedition proved a failure, and the English forces left Egypt without effecting any thing.

No sooner were the shores of the country clear from their invaders, than Mehemet set about the destruction of the allies with whose aid he had fought them. An occasion soon presented itself. A war had for a long time been smouldering between the Sultan and the Wahabees, a sort of Puritans, Mr. Warburton calls them, who greatly annoyed the established church. This sect was founded by the Sheikh Abd-el-Wahab, who brought together in the regions that first worshipped Mahomet that class of men whose fanaticism ever finds fuel in the laxity of a long-established faith, and with them took the cities of Mecca and Medina. This happened in 1810, and at this time, in the height of their power, the insurgents were following the impulses of their wild nature in indiscriminate plunder of the caravans, no matter what was

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the faith of those who were engaged in the rich commerce of the desert. The Sultan thought the energies of the viceroy of Egypt were well fitted for a contest with these schismatics, and in the true spirit of Oriental policy, he cared not whether the one or the other array of dangerous and rebellious subjects was annihilated by the blows of its antagonist. Mehemet accepted the commission with an alacrity which the Sultan rewarded by conferring on his son Toussoun the dignity of a pasha of the second order. The ceremony and expense that attended the investiture of the office Mehemet resolved should not be lost, and on the day appointed, March 1st, 1811, he invited the Mamelukes to be present at the festivities. They were received with the greatest courtesy; pipes, coffee, and all the insignia of Oriental hospitality abounded. On leaving the citadel, the scene of the ceremony, the procession defiled through a cut in the rock; the Pasha's own troops led the way. On passing the farther gate, it was closed behind them. The treachery now flashed upon the minds of the hitherto unsuspecting Mamelukes; with a terrific yell, they sprang towards the opposite gate; it was closed. Shut in by high perpendicular rocks, escape was impossible. The summit of the steep bristled with their foe's infantry, that in horrid leisure poured down death. Mehemet himself counted four hundred and seventy of the slain; a thousand fell. One man escaped, Amim Bey, brother of the celebrated Elfy. Detained by some accident, he waited within the citadel to resume his place in the procession when it should have defiled through the rock. He saw the gate closed, and heard next the crash of the musketry. He waited for nothing farther, but spurring his horse up an almost perpendicular ascent, leaped him from its desperate height to the ground. The horse was crushed to a jelly, but the bold rider was saved. "The rampart was estimated at thirty or forty feet high," says Finati, "and even more"; Sir Frederick Henniker compares it to "leaping out a four-pair-of-stairs window." But the daring horseman preferred the chances without to the certainty within, and he made good his way to the desert. He may still be seen, a white-haired man, in the streets of Cairo.

Domestic difficulties settled, Mehemet set about complying with the wishes of his master. Young Toussoun departed for Arabia, whither his father soon followed him on

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the expedition against the dissenters. He soon successfully closed his operations in this quarter, having shown much strategic ability and other prominent traits of his character. Old Shereef Ghaleb held court at the port of Djidda, and was passing there a life of dignified and opulent leisure. Great stores of wealth were in his palace, and the Pasha saw fit to suspect him. He ordered another of his likely sons to bind his father's host, and convey him to Cairo. The vast plunder seized upon he divided with the Sultan, who, however, when he learned the manner in which the booty had been obtained, had the good sense to return it to its owner. There can be no mistake in the relation of an incident such as rarely adorns the history of Oriental potentates. As to the rest of the story, it would be well if we could hear Mehemet Ali's version. Djidda, it will be recollected, was the pashalic the Sultan had just before offered Mehemet. He had taken advantage of his absence on this expedition to proclaim through his minister, Mohammed Laz, that the soil of Egypt was thenceforth his property.

These enterprises had absorbed the available resources of the Pasha, but every dollar spent in them showed where two more could be obtained. The Sultan intended that his subject's power should be exhausted in the execution of the commands he had laid upon him. A child in Mehemet's place would have perceived this, nor did it require any remarkable sagacity on the Sultan's part to see that the alacrity with which the Pasha acted resulted from no desire to increase the dominions and glory of his master. He seized upon these commands as capital pretexts for the increase of his military establishment ; the more important and expensive the project, the better was the viceroy pleased. Every skirmish was so much capital to him in the experience that his army gained, and if the number of the slain was great, he mourned only that so much instruction had been thrown away, and cursed Death, that had interposed his skeleton form between so much good discipline and the results with which it might have enriched his future.

He now found leisure for his schemes of innovation. The army, of course, claimed his first care ; his warfare against European troops had long before determined him to drill his Turks and Arabs in the tactics of the West. There were Frenchmen enough, who had deserted during the ex-

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pedition into Egypt, to serve him as drill officers; the difficulty was not so much in finding instructers, as in the want of proper docility in the pupils. They were tenacious of their garb, and could ill brook to see the turban doffed, and the flowing caftan and trousers replaced by the tight coat and Frank pantaloons. Their jealousy of foreigners operated in impeding the attempt; they shot the subaltern officers on parade, and it was not long before their indignation was turned against the great reformer himself. On the fourth of August, 1815, an organized revolt broke out, and the rebels, after murdering many of their officers, marched in a body to the citadel. The viceroy's accidental absence saved his life. Balked in the prime object of their movement, the rioters occupied themselves for some hours in plundering the shops of the city; great was their rage when they found that their intended victim had lain concealed in a palace which they had passed and repassed repeatedly during the day. He was found there by a brave and faithful Albanian, Abdim Bey, who, at the head of three hundred of his countrymen, cut his way to the citadel, and placed his master in security. Early in the day, Mehemet had bethought himself of the Frank residents, and exhibited his presence of mind by sending them some hundreds of muskets for their protection. A general amnesty was resolved upon, and with a pledge that the obnoxious system should be discontinued, quiet was restored before morning. A movement of so daring a character must, of course, have had some prime mover; but no leader of the insurgents could be found, though considerable pains were taken to ferret one out. Belzoni, famous for his acquaintance with all sorts of dead Egyptians, who was in the country at the time, observes that, shortly after, several persons "died of sudden deaths, and, indeed, many of the chiefs and beys disappeared."

The turban was again in the ascendant, but its time was short. This was the last serious check that Mehemet experienced for some ten years. He soon resumed the project of introducing Frank discipline. These mutinous troops he sent into the interior to die, and tried, among other expedients, the formation of an army of blacks. Thirty thousand were collected at a camp of instruction at Assouan; but disease broke out among them, and they died in such numbers that scarcely a single regiment remained. He

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transferred the officer in charge to a camp which he had established at Farshoot with a nucleus of natives who were veterans. This officer was Suleiman Bey, who had been an aid-de-camp of Marshal Ney, with the name and rank of Colonel Sève. In a few years, Mehemet had eighty thousand men in a respectable state of discipline. To be sure, in the early stages of the thing, an occasional ball whistled around the head of Suleiman; but the Frenchman was not to be terrified at trifles, and soon the Arab and his irregularities disappeared from the army of Egypt. The material of Mehemet's army was now little different from Frank soldiery.

The Pasha had never yet gained the favor of the Sultan; he knew that the bowstring would be his fate as soon as its application was possible. But the Greek revolution had broken out, and Mehemet came to the aid of his master in time of need, offering — it is said, for the consideration of Syria — to send an armament for the subjugation of the Morea. In 1824, sixty-three sail, with one hundred transports, having on board sixteen thousand infantry, seven hundred cavalry, and a large artillery train, left Alexandria under the direction of Ibrahim Pasha. He took Candia, and the fleet made some demonstrations elsewhere on the coast, but was burnt and blown to pieces by the combined squadrons at Navarino. Ibrahim led back the fragment of his army. His father did not receive the pashalic of Syria; but he held on to Candia, and intended to have Syria.

It was not long before Abdallah, Pasha of Acre, personally his enemy, ventured to harbour some Egyptian deserters, and refused to deliver them on the demand of Mehemet. Ibrahim, with twenty-four thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry, laid siege to Acre, and after six months it fell into his hands with its pasha. Mehemet had informed Abdallah that he would "come and take the deserters, and one besides." The war between the Porte and the Pasha was now fairly begun "by the act of" the latter, and in 1832 their armies met at Homs, where Ibrahim defeated the Turks. The Grand Vizier, the best general of Turkey, Hosseyn Pasha, now took the field with fifty thousand men, whom he was to conduct to Aleppo and thence to Egypt. This array was routed at Beylau, and the victorious army was master of the passes of the Taurus, with a clear way to Constantinople. Russia interfered, and saved the empire.

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In the hour of victory, Mehemet had only arrogated to himself the pashalic of Syria. He now fell back with confidence upon this claim, and it was awarded to him by the convention of Kutayah, on the fourth of May, 1833. The revolt of the Druses and several minor rebellions furnished employment and pretext for a large army in Syria.

It is said that Mehemet was not satisfied with his pashalic, and desired to hold the country in independent and hereditary sovereignty. At any rate, the Allied Powers chose to ascribe these views to him, and warned him against any step towards their fulfilment. But it is not easy to be certain of any thing in the cloud of Eastern or Western diplomacy that enfolds this question, though one may sympathize with the indignation which the fiery graybeard of Egypt felt on the ever officious intervention of the European powers. The most probable hypothesis is, that the Sultan, stung by his defeat at the hands of his bold subject, was determined to regain Syria. It is certain that a Turkish army was sent thither, and that, on the twenty-fifth of June, 1839, it was almost annihilated at Nezib. The powers of Europe, frightened at the prospect of a Roumeliot sovereign on the throne of Turkey, went into earnest execution of their threat of armed interference; and in the autumn of 1840, England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria were engaged in bombarding Beyrout and battering down the walls of St. Jean d'Acre. They were of course triumphant; Syria was restored to the Sultan, and Mehemet was confined to his own province, with the dignity, however, of its hereditary ruler.

And so things have remained. Mehemet Ali, a man beyond the threescore years and ten, silver-bearded and active, his eye undimmed, and the fire of his nature still unquenched, is engaged with his factories and schools. Unabated physical and mental energy are still observed in a high and fair forehead, and the lines of a sensual mouth. He respects the religion of Mahomet, but endures no bigotry. His palaces are filled with European furniture, and, in spite of the Koran, his table is furnished with the wines of France. The Pasha has earned the right to indulge in generous dinners, and certainly he is yet a hard-working man. Besides dealing extensively, as we have seen, in armies and provinces, he has to trade yearly in twelve millions of dollars' worth of wheat, cotton, rice, and indigo, and in nearly an equal value of

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cloths, linens, timber, iron, paper, glass, oil, and wine. Nine thousand pupils are furnished with instruction, food, and lodging at his expense ; they are educated in sixty-six *primary*, two *preparatory*, and various *special* schools, in the last of which are taught medicine, agriculture, the arts, foreign languages, music, engineering, and military tactics. Nor is he done with these scholars when their education is completed. He supports no expensive academy that may dispense at great cost unrequited favors. He takes care of his children through life, whether they will or no. These cares are added to his employment of supervising the departments of a government whose revenue is sixteen millions of dollars, whose navy is as large at times as ours, and whose army falls but little short of one hundred thousand men.

Was ever sovereign so thrifty ? Is Louis Philippe, king of hard-workers and hard-working king, more efficient in administration than the ruler who, in the short time during which he was master of Syria, that stronghold of misgovernment, bribery, and banditti, frightened desert and mountain into order ; under whose government Bedawee and Druse forgot to rob, and life and baggage were secure ; when commerce came back that had almost deserted the shores where Tyre and Sidon had stood ; when mines were worked, and manufactures started into life ? He has found the charm of success. Thousands of men have been ere now upon that long coast, from old Alexandria round to older Troy, who had the great views, the eagle eye, and the lion heart of Mehemet Ali ; but when Fortune touched him with her wand, she whispered in his ear, that the triumphs of achievement and the favors of fame were to be won only by ceaseless, rugged, irresistible labor.

How often must the old man's present cares vanish in the retrospect of the seventy eventful years of his history ! How often does he see himself playing, a careless child, amid the rocks that were the scene of his father's humble toils ! And then the foreign governor noticed the bright-eyed boy, and invited him to his home, which seemed to the inexperienced eyes of the young Roumeliot a gorgeous palace. What dreams of future fame filled his mind, when, in command of his troop, he stepped upon the soil that was to become his hereditary sovereignty ! And how has the wildest

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of those dreams been eclipsed by the reality, which, in the passes of the Taurus, with the sceptre of the Ptolemies in his hand, and the armies of the Sultan scattered by his prowess, presented to his view the glittering city of Constantine, with but a step between him and the throne of the Othmans! Stirring has been the drama of life in his day, and foremost upon its stage have been those children of '69. A quarter of a century have the two outlived the third, and the survivors may well be proud that circumstances have linked their fame with his. The second still lives to smile at the fulsome ways of his countrymen, the reviewers and journalists, and he doubtless would ere now have read himself into the belief that he was one of the giants of the earth, had he not remembered that England was not the country of great captains. The iron Pasha lives in a country where newspapers do not abound; but the absence of the flattery of journalists can make him none the less the man who owes less to fortune and more to himself than any one at present in fame and high place. Though the road to eminence is in all climes beset with obstacles, though watchful rivals hang on every step and crowd every avenue to advancement, still a difference must be allowed to exist between those countries in which the promotion of the civilian or the soldier observes fixed rules, where a bold *reconnoissance* wins a captaincy, and a brave charge makes a major, and where tables of grades with their prices annexed might be well inserted in the army regulations, — between such a turnpike-road to high station, and the rough paths to command which the adventurer in the East must travel. Mehemet's life is the best illustration of this remark; every foot in his progress has been taken at the hazard of his life. Sultan, Mameluke, and Arab have thirsted for his blood. Indomitable courage and unconquerable perseverance have been the indispensable qualities of his daily life. Foe after foe has sunk before him, some of them, to be sure, by treacherous massacre; but butchery is a part of the trade of a ruler in the East, and one must be slow to pronounce him guilty of gratuitous cruelty. We have somewhere seen the remark, — "Were it not that Mehemet Ali's fame is stained with crime and blood, he might be called a second Saladin."

But enough of the present ruler of Egypt. Who will succeed him?

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"And now the Pasha's days must needs be drawing to a close; his son Ibrahim is yet older, owing to his sensuality and intemperance; Seyd Pasha, though kindly disposed, is devoid of intellect. The character of Abbas Pasha, the only other of his family arrived at man's estate, exhibits a union of ferocity and vice, for which we can only find a parallel among the Roman emperors. And what is to become of Egypt?" — *The Crescent and the Cross*, Vol. I. p. 268.

A pertinent question, truly; no one but must be interested in its solution. Egypt is a word of significance to all of us. The Bible, Herodotus, Shakspeare, all literature, is full of Egypt. The waters of the Nile have moistened the roots of the nations' tree of life. The immense natural advantages of the country — skirting with its prolific soil thousands of miles of burning sands, its river forcing upon it an annual tide of fertility, its position on the seas, on the Mediterranean as the key of the African continent, on the Red as opening the command of the East, and its power of linking the two — marked it as the pride of the geography of antiquity, and secured for it the earliest fruits of human culture. The birthplace of civilization, it sent forth the colonists whose descendants scoffed with the satire of Aristophanes, and were swayed by the eloquence of Demosthenes, or died amid the rocks of Thermopylæ. It looked upon the infancy of that nation who heard the voice of their religion in the thunders of Sinai, and whose history, a story of strong-willed and stout-hearted men, is crowned by the life of the Redeemer of the world. It was old before the other antiquities of earth were dreamed of. It glittered like a jewel in the eyes of Alexander three hundred years before Christ, and of Napoleon eighteen hundred years after. The nations of the world have ever been gazing upon that clime; its name was a word of meaning in the agoras of Greece and in the forum of Rome, as it is now in the chambers of France and in the parliament of England. It is well, then, that we may ask, resuming the paragraph just quoted, —

"What is to become of Egypt? Is the Porte once more to extend its baleful authority over this unhappy country, with all the withering influence which it never ceases to exercise? Shall we replace the ignorant and fanatical followers of the Crescent in the province which became a kingdom through their imbecility, and allow them to interrupt our commerce here, as they

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have been permitted to arrest the building of our church at Jerusalem?

"Heaven forbid! When the old man who has bravely won this fertile province ceases to exist, let his selfish power perish with him. Let England not prostitute her influence to restore emancipated Egypt to the imbecile tyranny of the Porte, but endeavour to infuse into the country of her adoption the principles, together with the privileges, of freedom. Let her — laying aside all morbid delicacy and political sentimentalism — boldly assert her 'right of way' through Egypt to India, while she leaves unquestioned that of France through Algiers to Timbuctoo.

"English capital and industry would make Egypt a garden; English rule would make the Fellah a freeman; English principles would teach him honesty and truth; and as to the comparative advantages of Turkish or English politics to the people they are to influence, let the world be the judge between Asia Minor and North America, between the influences of the Crescent and the Cross." — *Ib.* p. 268.

Thus the rhetoric of the eloquent Englishman solves the problem: — "Mehemet is a usurper, very selfish; his son is of free habits; Seyd Pasha is not a man of genius; his grandson is of unamiable temper; the government of Turkey is not like that of England, and Egypt may come under Turkish rule; — therefore, indulge in no 'political sentimentalism,' wink at the infernal *razzias* of the French in Algiers, seize upon Egypt as soon as the 'brave old man's' breath has left his body, silence Copt, Turk, and Arab, and if the world opens its mouth, bid it *look at the workings of our politics in North America*, and make its election between the ends of the title of my book." Good! But let us see if there is an imperative necessity for the conclusion, on the part of England, that the Pasha dies intestate, and that she is the public administrator of the nations.

The career of Mehemet Ali has done little for the real elevation of Egypt, but it has demonstrated that the genius of a strong man may create, from the dust of a coffined civilization, the engines of modern civilization. He found no people to raise. The Fellaheen, or peasantry, regarded as the substratum of the population of the country, are no race of themselves; degenerate fragments of the desert hordes, they have abandoned their Ishmael patrimony for a slavish home on the banks of the Nile. If, in the proper sense of

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the term, there is no people in Egypt, still there are qualities among its inhabitants which may, in the course of years, be fused together into a high national character. There is a hardy people among the highlands of Abyssinia, far before the ancient Britons, full of courage and energy, with many of the physical characteristics of the American savage, who in constancy, tenacity, and power of endurance has never been surpassed. The religion of Christ, seen dimly, indeed, through clouds of superstition, has been long on the Upper Nile. A church was planted there in the days of the first disciples, which has never acknowledged the dominion of Rome. With the elements of progress which the century possesses, too vigorous to be repelled by differences of clime, the Abyssinian, the Copt, the Turk, and the Arab may yet rear on the banks of the Nile a proud empire, overshadowing the seas that bore the bark of Jason and whelmed the hosts of Pharaoh.

There is little encouragement from the present social state of Egypt; here lies the dark cloud over her future. The country now presents a strange amalgam of modern appliances and antique notions; there are mingled together all the powerful engines of the civilization of the nineteenth century and all the baleful ideas of the Oriental mind. The traveller finds her custom-house and consul regulations the finest in the world. He travels in the desert, and feels his boyhood impressions of the robber and wild Arab dispelled. The sands of Egypt are safer than the streets of New York. He arrives in a steamer, and the recollections of Actium and triremes are disturbed by paddle-wheels and smoke-pipes. He hears the whiz of the steam-engine on the sites of the shrines of Isis. If he is one of those who exult in the age of trade, who esteem the King of the French less as king than as kingly trader, he will certainly remember that the sovereign of this country is the most extensive broker in the world, for he has monopolized the trade of a nation. His works of internal improvement are not surpassed in any country. One traveller speaks of seeing a *dépôt* of thirty-six thousand muskets, with pistols and sabres to match. At Shulna there are one hundred looms, with a printing establishment. Extensive iron-founderies are seen at Boulac, the port of Cairo. At the last-named place there is a military school with four hundred pupils. The Pasha has his own

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code of criminal justice; no one is capitally punished without his leave. Some years ago, a man of high rank killed a slave, and was called to account for it by the Pasha. "He was my slave," was the defence; but the ruler rejoined, "He was my subject"; and the homicide was executed. On the other hand, we have the fact, that, under the oppression of the governing power, thirty thousand people perished in the building of the Mahmoudieh canal. Again, complaints came to the Pasha that his son-in-law, the Defterdar, was cruelly exercising his authority in a province. Mehemet resorted to none of the prosaic methods practised in the removal of officers in Occidental countries. The poisoned bowl was speedier, and the Defterdar suddenly died. These instances, taken at random, are fair samples of Egypt governed by a despot with none of the old-fashioned despot's conservatism.

None of these facts, however, refer to organic difficulties in the way of the regeneration of Egypt. The only real obstacles are the low condition of woman and the religion of the country. The proud daughters of those mothers who, centuries ago, on the rocks along whose base the navies of Northern Europe now ride, watched the coming of the spoil-laden viking, feel the blood start to their lily cheeks, and the tears gather in their blue eyes, as they read the record of their sisters' degradation in the Orient clime. But accounts of the social laws of the East come to us arrayed in all the strength of antithesis, through the medium of Frank prejudices, and must be taken with many grains of allowance. Woman there is not the abject thing that many suppose. Her influence, like the influence of the gentler sex in our own climes, is deeper than we see, and more powerful than we are willing to acknowledge. "The light of the harem" is the same expression as the light of home, and the home of the Osmanli is as dear, and, we venture to say, as gentle a refuge for his troubled spirit, as home is with us. Constraint, freedom, imprisonment, are in their social significations relative phrases, the expression of conventional facts and forms. The slavery of woman in Egypt is but a slavery of form, no stronger than a lattice or a whim. When Mehemet Ali, some thirty years ago, promulgated his celebrated decree, that he claimed the soil of Egypt, it was the women who had to be appeased before it could be carried into effect;

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in comparison, the men tamely submitted. It was but a few years ago, that the women of Cairo rose against a change in the bread regulations, and the government was forced to submit to them. These facts are slight, but they show that the sex are not, as many deem them, mere slaves. There is still hope for Egypt through them.

The mind of the Moslem is strongly colored by his religion, and fatalism, that is its essence, has a strong hold upon his life. If this faith be in the way of social and political progress in the country where it prevails, it is an obstacle not easily surmounted. The religion of a people is not a thing to be put on and off; it refuses to submit to edicts and inquisitions. In all ages, whether of fighting and chivalry, or of steam and competition, man after all is swayed by metaphysical notions. The belief of an hereafter, despite the complaints of the preacher, directs, albeit silently, the courses of our life, and life varies with our ideal of the great future. The red man in his mighty forest felt, indeed, the presence of a creating power; but, save in the poet's fancy, he heard no God in the breeze that waked the trees to music, and saw no deity in the cloud that canopied them. The divine was but as a faint and dim impulse in his nature. If the shadowing forth of an existence that lay beyond the foray, the hunt, and the death at the triumph-fire of his foe, furnished him with the semblance of a theology, how different was it, in itself and in its workings, from that throng of supernal influences that played and floated in the visions of beauty-enamoured Greece, and caught its tone and hues from the stories that lived in Homer's song! With the savage, it controlled not the present, and was but the rude primitive workings of the ever-active faith which underlies our being, whispering more or less distinctly to each soul its immortality. The Indian, certainly in his wild way an orator and a poet, remains still rude, still savage, up to the limit of his earthly pilgrimage; while Greece and her mythology, through the marbles of her sculptors and architects, shall live till time is no more.

It is, then, the religion of the Egyptian that constitutes the great difference between him and the European. But we may remember that the age is full of light and progress, and that steam and commerce are more potent missionaries than Jesuit or Protestant. And these agents are in motion

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beside the pyramids. Let us be skeptics in patent panaceas, in the national aid of foreigners, and in propagandism of all sorts; and we may still hope that the pagan on the Nile may one day be cheated into Christianity by admiration of the results worked in his own land through the agency of those arts which have grown up under the auspices of the cross.

In any speculations, however, on the future of Egypt, that do not embrace a view of the intentions and policy of England, we feel that we are reckoning without our host. "Unto him that hath shall be given." Downing street already rules a large share of the civilized earth, and the "Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India," is determined to make the world believe that Providence calls him to "sit in the seats of the faithful." In view of the Turk and Arab anarchy that preceded Mehemet Ali's reign, he who should unqualifiedly and inconsiderately declaim against the advantages of strong government and efficient police that would accrue to Egypt from the introduction of British rule might be deemed wanting in a decent charity for the country of the Pharaohs. The extension of British power is doing much good; but there is no need of implicitly acquiescing in the doctrine, that the world's whole hopes depend on "British faith," or "British civilization," or any other of the emphatic phrases that have been the watchwords of the nation in its horse, foot, and dragoon mode of aiding the progress of humanity, in extending its power and protection to every country too weak or too ill governed to repel its invaders. No advocate could have made a happier hit, in the comparison of English with Oriental politics, than to challenge inquiry into their respective results in Asia Minor and North America; but it better suits the present issue to limit the inquiry respecting the effects of the former policy to that country which is most completely under the influence of Great Britain. We refer to India.

It were long to tell by what sacrifices of "morbid delicacy and political sentimentalism" England has acquired province after province east of the Indus. All questions of title waived, it is certainly pertinent to ask in what manner these acquisitions have been administered. The question occurs, Has England done more in India than to find places for younger brothers? She has sent thither Hebers and Mackintoshes; she has supplied bishops, judges, governors-general,

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and adventurers of all sorts, who have returned with sallow visages, diseased livers, and some savings. She maintains, with the aid of the East India Company, a splendid army, which is not kept up for the sole purpose of the commissions it requires. Witness the Punjaub. Is all this any better than a mere military conquest? Napoleon, had he not "missed his destiny at Acre," or at some other point in the long way to the Indies, could have done no more than this. If no "Hyder Ali now ravages the whole Carnatic," we believe that the Corsican, also, on his Indian throne, would have cared that nothing of the sort should bring obloquy on his empire. He could have sent some divisions of grenadiers to secure the aid of China in the great measure of narcotic dissipation, and the Chinese opium *roué* might have huzzaed at the sound of Drouet's artillery. But though the institution of castes be, as it is thought, the most insuperable obstacle in the way of renovating the social fabric of the East, neither Napoleon, nor Wellesley, nor Omar could have devised a more fiendish scheme to rivet the chains of an abject slavery than the employment of a Sepoy force. Two hundred thousand of this soldier caste are in the pay of Great Britain; a pay that enables each man to employ two of a lower caste as menials. And this force will be maintained while there is a province to be overrun, or a prince to be dethroned. Give us "the imbecile tyranny of the Porte" in preference to this array of two hundred thousand slave-drivers, whose sole object is to crush every thing like liberty and nationality. In speaking of this slavery, we can say nothing, to be sure, of fetid prisons and leg irons, the symbols of the servitude at which most of the declamation of the day is justly levelled; but the problem being to convert men into animals, it is of little consequence what may be the outward marks of their new condition, and any philanthropist out of Exeter Hall will admit, that the negro of the Southern States is a happier specimen of the man-animal than many a Hindoo on whose condition less eloquence is spent.

The career of every ruler whom England has sent out to India has had for its main object England's aggrandizement. The extent and riches of the climes he has brought under the English yoke have been the measure of the approbation bestowed on him at home. What can be the progress of a

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people whose government is conducted by those who, born abroad, and wedded to the habits and notions of a distant clime, have no feeling but aversion for the country whence they draw their gains, are intent upon these, and intend to return as soon as they have amassed fortune enough to enable them to live at home? Under such circumstances, whatever the people were before, they cease to be a people. No encouragement is given to the intellectual cultivation of the natives, no instruction in mercantile or political affairs is afforded them. England may make any amount of professions of desire to improve the social and intellectual condition of India. She may set on foot, or make the world believe she has set on foot, any number of schemes for their amelioration. This is expected and understood. But the leading idea of the government is to subjugate the country, to find in it places and pay for adventurers of English birth, to drain its wealth. They provide from the home treasury, it is true, for the salaries of the governor-general and other dignitaries; but this is only the factor's per centage that England pays for the wealth of India, — an item of the bargain whereby they receive the wealth of the nation, and cancel the claim by a penny on the pound paid to the solicitor-general who becomes the Indian chief-justice, to the rector of administration politics who becomes the bishop of Calcutta, and to the major-general who presides over all the pens and bayonets that levy, record, and guard this wealth.

"So entirely devoted I am," writes the Marquis of Wellesley to Lord Clive, "to the indispensable duty of providing a large force in the field and an efficient system of alliance, that my estimate of character, and my sentiments of respect, and even of affection, in this country, are regulated absolutely by the degree of zeal and alacrity which I find in those who are to assist me in this great struggle. Nor can I conceive a more firm foundation or a more honorable bond of friendship, than a common share in the labors, difficulties, and honor of defending and saving so valuable part of the British empire." — 14*th Nov.*, 1798.

The Marquis of Wellesley is spoken of by Alison, a peculiarly British historian, as one of the ablest of the rulers of India, who "in the union of wisdom in combination, foresight in council, prudence in preparation, with the courage of the hero and the heart of the patriot, was unrivalled."

A high character, indeed! But he who seeks to know

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the true signification of proconsular "patriotism" will not dwell upon the pages which, under the pretence of being meant for mankind, are little better than partisan declamation in the revered garb of history, — an elegant summary of the election harangues of that class who have been ousted from their stronghold of prescriptive plunder by the vigor of Manchester and the high courage and honest statesmanship of Peel. Let him look farther. A man bred under the influence of "English politics in North America," Lathrop, a Bostonian, a scholar of Harvard, being in India for the improvement of his fortune, became interested in the education of its people. Among other efforts in their behalf, he proposed to Lord Wellesley a system of schools for the natives. We quote his Lordship's answer: —

"No, no, Sir; India is, and ever ought to be, a colony of Great Britain; the seeds of independence must not be sown here. Establishing a seminary in New England at so early a period of time hastened your revolution half a century." *

Away with "political sentimentalism"! No schools, no education, Sir, in this clime. It is our farm, our factory, our colliery; "the seeds of independence must not be sown here." It is evident that the Indian functionary most praised and petted at home was not satisfied with one phase of "English politics in North America."

We are not sure that "North America," in the extract from Mr. Warburton, refers at all to the United States; possibly it is a figure of speech for Canada. But that part of the continent now held by Great Britain owes many elements of its character to the Gaul, England's hereditary foe; the Frenchman made Canada. He cannot mean Jamaica and the Bermudas; our first supposition must be right. The United States are, indeed, a fine specimen of "comparative advantages"; laws, education, arts, sciences, railroads, banks, custom-houses, people, — every thing bespeaks progress. How far that progress is attributable to the working of true *English* politics, to the blessings of British rule, as they are now exhibited in India, let history decide. Our country is remarkable for one thing, the queer way in which property descends; every child shares alike.

* See S. L. Knapp's *Biographical Sketches of Eminent Lawyers, Statesmen*, &c. Boston. 1821. p. 180.

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It is not certain that John Milton, and Cromwell, and the men of that class and age, had any hand in producing this peculiarity; but it is certain that there was a revulsion in English politics about their time. One of their leaders, Protector as he called himself, did indeed get into power, and slay a mild and injured sovereign, and fondly imagine that he was to be perpetually remembered as one of the rulers of England. But true English politics soon got the better of him, and have kept uppermost until this day. Some enthusiasts, to be sure, who worship all tall, armed ghosts, wishing to smuggle him into the good opinion of the people, were anxious to get his statue placed among those of the kings in the New Houses of Parliament; but, thanks to good taste and indignant religion, this was not endured.

But enough of this. Let us ask Mr. Warburton, did he put "North America" into this passage for rhetoric? Or did he put it in deliberately? If the latter, his fortune is made; he may consider the Foreign Office as his own parlour; Palmerston is but *locum tenens*. Such splendid arrogance cannot go unrewarded in England; the nation admires such qualities. Wellesley and Hardinge, Clive and Hastings, are her darlings; let Warburton be added to the quaternion. He has reduced to her sway the rich and extensive province of "North America."

Hear another voice from an Englishman, who probably does not aspire to be Foreign Secretary. We quote from an able article, called "Tutelage," recently published in Chambers's Journal.

"Carrying our eye northwards along the American continent, we are presented with a lesson of another kind. Seventy years ago, Britain owned a number of dependencies facing the Atlantic, the seat of a peaceful and industrious population. Governed on this led-farm * principle, there cannot be a doubt that the inhabitants would in time have become etiolated,† and unfit for any independent line of action. A strange piece of mismanage-

* When an agriculturist gets uncomfortably rich on a good farm, he begins to have a fancy to take another, which he understands is to be let a number of miles off, and which he proposes to manage by means of servants and post-letters. This is called in Scotland "taking a led-farm."

† Etiolation is that condition of a plant in which all the green color is absent. Such a state is produced by want of light, and is artificially obtained by keeping plants in the dark in order to insure their being more tender and insipid than is natural to them. Etiolated plants become green by exposure. — *Brande's Dictionary of Science.*

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ment, however, on the part of the mother country, saved them from this disaster. One day in the year 1764, an aged military gentleman presented himself to an assembly of notables in these distant settlements, and communicated orders to the following effect, in answer to certain remonstrances previously sent to the mother country. 'In the first place,' proceeded he, 'you, the people of this led-farm, are not in future to buy any article of manufacture whatsoever from any country but England. Secondly, you are not to sell any of your produce to any country but England. Thirdly, all the articles you buy from England shall pay a tax before you get them. Fourthly, you are not to manufacture a single article yourselves, in order that English tradesmen may not be cheated of your cash. Fifthly, these and all other arrangements, according to statute made and provided, must be submitted to without inquiry or interference; for, Gentlemen, it is my duty to tell you that you have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.' This oration, though uttered with all the becoming dignity of a courtier, and although followed by an inspiring anthem from a regimental band, failed to have that weight which the venerable and too-confiding speaker anticipated. A good deal of haranguing, brawling, and fighting ensued; and the end of it was, that the aforesaid notables never stopped till they had turned out of the country all the old colonels and broken-down men of fortune who had been sent to etiolate them. After that, people bought and sold as they liked, manufactured what they liked, and managed their public concerns as they liked. Thus was insolence properly punished."

It would not be fair to garble the writer's views. We give his next paragraph, which, in our opinion, is a high compliment to the country. We hope never to see the day when an individual with British blood in his veins shall forget to call us "contumacious."

"Without feeling any very decided prepossession in favor of the descendants of these contumacious Americans, it is impossible not to see that their minds are any thing but etiolated. Two or three of the neighbouring States, which accidentally continued as led-farms at the great upbreak, have to all appearance got far into the etiolated condition; but beyond the early stages of the disease the Americans never went; and if any thing be wrong with them now, it is an over, not an under, activity of brain. I repeat, they may not be a people with many qualities to be admired; but, considering what they have done in seventy years, merely from being left to the untrammelled exercise of their own faculties, they may be allowed to have some grounds for boast-

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ing. In these seventy years, they have achieved greater things than they could possibly have attained under the deadening influences to which they were originally exposed. How fortunate for human progress, how fortunate for Great Britain, their escape from etiolation!"

England has a colony in Australia, composed mainly of unfortunate poachers and *chevaliers d'industrie*, who have not been permitted to indulge at home the instincts which the government are determined shall be monopolized at the Foreign Office. New South Wales is at this hour the colony of England from which the most may be hoped in intellect, government, and civilization, presenting the fairest promise of a future nation to which the travelling Briton of another century may point with pride in a comparison of the influences of "the Crescent and the Cross." The Warburtons of a future generation may find at the antipodes a more apt illustration than any which they have yet discovered of the beneficial effects of British institutions upon the condition and prospects of the people who are subject to them. But before that time, the institutions themselves may have undergone a considerable change.

We have protested in this wild way against England's assumption of a province to which she has no more claim than that which is founded on the poetry of Shakspeare. Egypt, bad as she is, is too good for England to *Indiaize* and *Irelandize*. She has ports to which the commerce of all the world resorts; she has steam-engines and all the material agents of modern improvement. She is safe, if let alone. She will become an enlightened nation, though we may not be able to foretell the precise number of her phases of anarchy yet to come. She will become an enlightened nation, even under England. But let her escape the centuries of etiolation she must in such case first endure. Let England exercise "morbid delicacy and political sentimentalism" for once, and find some other way to India, or purchase one through Egypt. Let her foreign merchants admit that they are beaten in that country at their own game, and be content with the rest of the world that is open to them. Let her politics work as they may, but without the presence of "broken-down colonels"; and we believe that Egypt will yet, in the lapse of years, become a proud exemplar of the influences of the "Crescent *and* the Cross."

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ART. IV. — *Les Œuvres de* M. DE BALZAC. — 1. *Annette et le Criminel.* — 2. *Le Vicaire des Ardennes.* — 3. *Physiologie du Mariage.* — 4. *Les Derniers Chouans.* — 5. *Wann-Chlore, ou Jane la Pâle.* — 6. *Scènes de la Vie Privée.* — 7. *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne.* — 8. *Scènes de la Vie de Province.* — 9. *Ursule Mirouet.* Paris. 1822 – 1843.

THE noise made by M. de Balzac and his cane seems to have subsided in Paris. The novelist, who was more prolific than Mademoiselle de Scudéry, and the cane which was as celebrated as her tomtit, seem to be both growing as unfashionable as the deceased author of the still more deceased Grand Cyrus, Clelia, and other interminable romances. We have heard of no new book by M. de Balzac since his disastrous retreat from Russia, and no later romance upon his walking-stick, the very fashion of which has passed away, than *La Canne de Balzac*, by a female admirer, published some dozen years ago in Paris. Perhaps he may be only diving very deep, and staying under very long, in some very remote and profound ocean, to come up all fresh and dripping again, with his hands full of pearls. At any rate, he has performed this trick more than once already, and he may be again searching for something new and startling, to awaken the public who have gone astray after Eugene Sue, George Sand, Alexander Dumas, and other strange gods. If he were an Englishman, we might think that he had "written himself out"; but a Frenchman never writes himself out, and if he writes himself down, he is sure to find some means of writing himself up again. If his eyes are out, he will scratch them in again. Balzac, moreover, has been all his life the most indomitable of Frenchmen and romancers. Since he was one-and-twenty he has been writing romances, and now, like Lear's friend Kent, he "hath years on his back exactly forty-eight"; like Cromwell, he is just one year older than his century, having been born in Tours, in Touraine, in the year 1799. Now, as he himself expresses great confidence in the "*Cinquantaine*," and, in fact, in the *Physiologie du Mariage*, distinctly fixes upon fifty-two as the most captivating, brilliant, and effective epoch of a gentleman's existence, we may suppose that he

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has not yet the slightest intention of abandoning the field and joining the melancholy troop of the *devastés*. Perhaps, then, before he blazes upon the world in some new phases, this may be a favorable moment for casting a glance at his works, or rather at his "work," — for M. de Balzac is fond of denominating his eighty volumes his "*œuvre*."

With all his faults, Balzac is essentially an artist, and not a mechanic. It is, perhaps, a result of this very quality that he has found himself growing less popular. He has been unable to sympathize with the sudden moral movement of the French mind. The late rush into morality has been terrific in Paris. Those volatile gentlemen, the *feuilletonistes*, have, as it were, discovered it all at once. Morality is like the mines of Mexico to them, and they are all hammering, digging, and picking, with might and main. The sudden demand for works of an elevating, humanizing, intensely moral fabric, which has sprung up in Paris since the great success of Mr. Dickens in English literature, has been partially supplied by Eugene Sue, George Sand, and others; but Balzac has not set himself to the work. Nothing, by the way, illustrates more aptly the great fertility and versatility of the French literary mind of the present day, than this sudden change in their style of writing and thinking. The *feuilletonistes*, like manufacturers, watch the popular taste, and they are all at this moment working double speed, and turning off morality, and democracy, and philanthropy, and articles of that nature, by the yard, like so much *mousseline de laine*, because they happen just now to be popular. After publishing legions of books of the most unblushing immorality, they are all at once grown as unblushingly moral. There is a change in the fashion.

Now it strikes us that Balzac has been writing out of himself all his life, working up the stuff which is in him, but that he is too idiosyncratic to fall in with this sudden revolution in literature. He has been very popular in France, but he has been little translated, and is but little known in England or America. We are not surprised at this, but upon the whole, if there is to be so large an infusion of French novels into our literature, we should rather recommend Balzac than either Sue or Sand. The writers who have been naturalized in this country are worse, because they are both socially and politically disorganizing. Balzac, on the con-

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trary, is an artist. He is neither moral nor immoral, but a calm and profound observer of human society and human passions, and a minute, patient, and powerful delineator of scenes and characters in the world before his eyes. His readers must moralize for themselves. There is no doubt that the audacity of the modern French literature gives an author an advantage which the squeamishness of the English denies. French imaginative literature, that portion of it, for example, which may be represented by Balzac, is able to anatomize society more boldly and scientifically, because less trammelled by prudery. The strict administration of justice in the concluding portions of every English novel, where the characters are all drawn up, as on the day of judgment, in two lines, the vicious all whipped and the virtuous all married (that being considered the highest earthly reward of virtue) ; where, in the last chapter, a great Christmas pie is regularly served up to the meritorious, each one of whom puts in his thumb and pulls out a plum, and says, What a good boy am I ! while the villains look on and gnash their teeth in despair, — this sort of romantic jurisprudence, with which even Scott, while he ridiculed it, was often forced to comply, has been out of date in France since the days of the Grand Cyrus.

It is odd, and a good subject to be pondered upon, if we had the time and space, — the striking contrast sometimes presented between the character of an age and its literature. Ninon de l'Enclos, Bussy, Maréchal de Bassompierre, would hardly be cited for their austere morality ; Cardinal de Retz was not exclusively addicted to the practice of all the cardinal virtues ; yet De Retz, Bassompierre, Ninon, and their friends and contemporaries, would tolerate no romances but the " severely proper " and ponderous productions of Scudéry. They order matters differently in France at the present day. It is very certain, that De Balzac has not yet, like Charles Lamb, found himself a disreputable personage. Nobody in Paris ever dreamed of his being immoral. He is, as we before observed, essentially an artist, and deals with materials which society affords him. If his pictures be dark, they are none the less truthful copies from human nature. If they reveal a vicious or disorderly condition of society, society, and not the artist, is reprehensible. An author is not responsible for the disorders which he depicts.

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In certain parts of China, where the population is redundant, we think we have heard that infanticide is considered rather an amiable foible than a crime. Pictures of such a state of society would not be necessarily immoral, and the author who should deal with such a state of things as a proper matter for his art, would not necessarily be in favor of a general introduction of infanticide into more correct countries.

Balzac's pictures of society are like daguerreotypes rather than paintings. There is the same painful and indisputable resemblance, the same accurate delineation of the most minute characteristics and infinitesimal blemishes ; and there is the same sombre hue and slightly distorted expression. Moreover, a casual observer might not immediately discover their extraordinary merit. Like the daguerreotypes, they must be held in a certain light, and curiously pondered, or the shifting but striking portraits will not reveal themselves to the observation.

We have said, that we consider Balzac as eminently an artist, and not an artisan. It is for this reason that we have thought his books worthy of serious examination. The first romance which we ever read from his hand seized upon us with hooks of steel. It was impossible to struggle with the fascination. We felt ourselves in the power of an enchanter whom it was useless to resist. The impression made by the first was continued by every subsequent romance which we read from his pen ; and although we soon became aware of some of his tricks, and soon opened our eyes to many of his foibles, yet we felt more and more convinced, that, with all his sins, we had met with a powerful, original mind, and with a consummately artistic hand.

Balzac is an artist, and only an artist. In his tranquil, unimpassioned, remorseless diagnosis of moral phenomena, in his cool method of treating the morbid anatomy of the heart, in his curiously accurate dissection of the passions, in the patient and painful attention with which, stethoscope in hand, finger on pulse, eye everywhere, you see him watching every symptom, alive to every sound and every breath, and in the scientific accuracy with which he portrays the phenomena which have been the subject of his investigation, — in all this calm and conscientious study of nature, he often reminds us of Goethe. Balzac, however, is only an artist. He walks through the world to observe, but he observes phenomena

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only to furnish materials for his art. Goethe we have always considered a great naturalist. His pursuit is always truth, natural truth, which he delights to track, through all its external manifestations, up to its living principles. He, too, was no moralist, but a student of universal nature, both physical and metaphysical, who watched the sprouting of a hyacinth or a passion, the combination of an alkali and an acid, and the conflict of the affections, the efflorescence of a carnation, the revolution of a people, the eruption of a volcano, all with equal attention, and classed them all as natural phenomena, each as worthy to be studied as the others. To your true physician, the development of a cancer is as beautiful as the flowering of a rose. To Goethe, all manifestations of nature were interesting, for he studied truth. He gave to the world the results of his investigations with the most scrupulous fidelity to truth, so far as he could reach it, and let consequences take care of themselves. It is for this reason, among others, that many people have discovered that he is a very immoral writer. The same persons should denounce the immorality of Professor Agassiz, because, for instance, he informed the respectable people of Boston, that, in a certain family of the *Radiata*, every female always marries her grandfather. The impropriety, if it be one, belongs to Nature, and not to her student.

Balzac stops short of Goethe, however. He is no naturalist, except to serve the purposes of his art. His object in observing nature is to furnish himself with material in his profession. Like a painter, he will stop under a *porte cochère* in a shower, and sketch you a beggar's head with the most striking accuracy, not knowing whether it is to serve at some future time for Belisarius or Judas Iscariot. Take for instance, in the *Histoire des Treize*, the following description of Ferragus. It is impossible not to believe that it is an actual portrait from nature.

"A personage leaning very carelessly against the wall opposite to M. de Maulincour, like a fantasy sketched by a skilful artist on the reverse of some canvas in his studio. It was a long, dry man, whose leaden visage betrayed a profound and icy thought. He dried up pity in the hearts of those who observed him, by an attitude full of irony and a dark glance, which announced his pretension to treat with them upon an equal footing. His face was of a dirty white, and his wrinkled skull, destitute of hair, had

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a vague resemblance to a lump of granite. A few flat, gray locks, placed upon each side of his head, fell upon the collar of his greasy coat, which was buttoned to the chin. He resembled at once Voltaire and Don Quixote; he was jeering and melancholy, full of contempt, of philosophy, but half deranged. He seemed to have no shirt; his beard was long, and his miserable black cravat, entirely worn out and ragged, exposed to view a protuberant throat, deeply furrowed and composed of veins as thick as ropes. A large, brown, and bruised circle described itself under each eye. He seemed to be at least sixty years of age. His hands were white and clean. His boots were tattered and worn down at the heel; his blue trousers, patched in several places, were whitened by a sort of down which rendered them ignoble. He cast upon the officer his calm, expressionless glance, the celebrated glance of M. de Talleyrand, a *coup d'œil* which was dull and without warmth, a kind of impenetrable veil under which a strong soul conceals profound emotions and the most exact calculations upon men, things, and events. Not a furrow of his visage was deepened; his mouth and forehead were motionless; but his eyes dropped by a movement of noble and almost tragic slowness. There was a whole drama in the movement of his faded eyelids."

We have quoted this passage because it is a good specimen of his manner, and exhibits some of the strong points and some of the striking defects of his style. What can be better than the bruises under the eye, the greasy coat, tattered cravat, the worn-out boots, and whitened blue trousers? And what could be more absurd than that "whole drama in the movement of his faded eyelids?" Sir Fretful Plagiary's interpretation of Lord Burleigh's nod is nothing in comparison, and yet nothing could be more like Balzac.

Such pictures as these are, however, comparatively rare with our author; for he belongs peculiarly to what has been denominated the silver-fork school. He is preëminently a fashionable novelist by nature and education; and it is for this reason, probably, that he has been unable to modify himself to suit the prevailing taste of the times. He must work upon the stuff which is in him. Like the silk-worm, he must feed on mulberry-leaves and spin silk. His works are, after all, nothing more nor less than fashionable novels. To an observer of the sentiments and passions, there can be no doubt that the highest and most curious field of study will always present itself wherever social culture has reached its

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greatest intensity, wherever the arts of refinement, acting upon the most impressionable and sensitive organizations, have produced the most luxuriant and tropical development. The play of the passions is most fearful, the phenomena of the heart are most varied and striking, amid those scenes which it is the province of such writers to describe.

We have no particular objection to this kind of writing. Indeed, we have a pet motto, a very old one, which we always throw over, as our best bower-anchor, in the shifting and perturbed sea of literary change, — "*Tous les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux.*" It has long been thought the most indisputable mark of a man of sense to sneer at the *lackey* school of literature (as the Westminster Review denominated it some years ago), and to laugh at its *flunkyism* (which we believe is the latest Carlylism). Very probably there may be much truth in these criticisms, for we are not sufficiently well read in the school to be competent judges. Still, we repeat, that we have never had any personal objections to a style which has become comparatively rare; but on the contrary, we are getting rather tired of the reeking and somewhat filthy character of the literature by which it has been superseded. There is a rank, Old Bailey-ish, cheese-and-sausage odor about modern fictitious literature, a very ancient and fish-like smell, which we like not "betwixt the wind and our nobility." Up in our quiet garret, we claim the right to enjoy a pure atmosphere, and we have perhaps a greater aversion to very noisome effluvia than our betters. We cannot help it. This is our taste, and we see no objection to stating it manfully. Neither are we quite converted to the philosophy of the moderns, nor do we quite understand that broad, genial, and universal sympathy so much commended of late, and which seems to sympathize only with the degraded. We think it odd that the new school should find so much favor in our own land. In the countries of the older world, where the *prolétaire* is starving, and the Pariah writhing like a worm in the dust, and both are crushed into insignificance by privileged heels, we can understand this movement, this literary and social tendency; but in a country where there are neither Brahmins nor Pariahs, no castes and no classes, no top and no bottom, — where the handcart-man of yesterday is the "respectable man" of to-day, "with two gowns and every thing handsome about him,"

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— where mill-boys, wagoner-lads, and printer's apprentices become the statesmen and warriors of the land, and are proud of their origin, — we don't see, we confess, so much danger to the elevated position of the people. If there is any body in this country but the people, we should be glad to be introduced to him.

It is owing, perhaps, a little to this idiosyncrasy of Balzac that we have taken so much pleasure in his productions. Very possibly we may be wrong ; but we read novels, first of all, to be amused ; and we feel rebellious at an over-dose of the didactic smuggled into them against our will. It also seems to us, that an author is taking advantage of his position, when he moralizes too severely. Not that we do not reprobate works of an immoral tendency ; but after all, what is the moral of the Farnese Hercules, or the Venus de Medicis ? We are not quite willing to subscribe to the doctrine of Catullus, —

> " Nam castum esse decet pium poetam
> Ipsum ; versiculos nihil necesse est " ;

but at the same time, we look for gratification of the taste in all works of art. The beautiful in the true we consider to be the object of all the fine arts. We have been a little fatigued with the reforming tendency of writers of fiction, the authors who are for changing every thing, abolishing every thing, and who have a radical objection to every thing in existence. We have not the slightest intention of scoffing at real reformers. On the contrary, we have a profound respect for the conscientious and untiring zeal by which abuses are ploughed out of our society almost as soon as they have taken root. Certainly the world should be reformed, but not entirely by novel-writers. The reformation of society must go on, and we have no intention of speaking otherwise than seriously upon that subject. But fiction has assumed too much of the work. Slavery must be abolished, intemperance must be annihilated, the prisons, the schools, the hospitals must all be overhauled ; Congress must be purged, the White House swept clean ; the press, the pulpit, and the court-house looked after ; our agriculture, which in New England is three centuries behind the age, must be remodelled, and the farmers impressed with the virtues of soda and electricity ; pigs must be placed in their true position ;

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that animal, which the benevolence of the present age has discovered to be cleanly, must be redeemed from his filth and sent up stairs to bed like a Christian; but all these great topics are not necessarily good material for the novelist. No doubt the country needs reformation, the world needs it. Reform every thing, and as reformation, like charity, should begin at home, take the advice of a respectable colored gentleman who drives about the streets of Boston in a cart inscribed with letters of gold, — take his advice, and "reform your tailors' bills." Reform all the abuses in the universe; remonstrate with the Hindoo widows; exterminate the Thugs; but in the mean time, let us occasionally be amused, and let novel-writers think less of reforming and more of amusing.

George Sand is, no doubt, a philosopher, and her style is better than that of any modern French writer; but she always reminds us of what Yorick told the Count de B. in the Sentimental Journey, — "The only fault I have to find with your nation is that you are too serious." Balzac takes the world as it is. He does not look for all the virtue in one place, and for all the vice in another; and we are inclined to believe he is right. For ourselves, we have arrived at the conclusion, that all the "natural nobility" is not monopolized by the almshouse, nor all the temperance by the reformed drunkards, nor all the chastity by the penitent Magdalens. There is a sprinkling of virtue and vice throughout all the strata of society.

We have said, that what we considered the best characteristic of Balzac is his naturalist-spirit. We have also said, that he is a writer of fashionable novels. He has studied high life in Paris with the calmness of a scientific inquirer and the eye of an artist. We know no pictures of society, in any novels, which are superior to his. There is an extraordinary richness and delicacy in his coloring. He is the Petronius Arbiter of Parisian life. We cannot help being charmed with the striking elegance of his workmanship, and in accordance with the views which we have before advanced, we confess to the extraordinary fascination which he contrives to exert over his reader. Like one of the "shabby fellows" whom Tony Lumpkin entertains at the "Three Jolly Pigeons," and who is fond of the squire "bekays he never gives us nothing that 's low," — like that excellent person of humble condition but elevated taste, we

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hold that "the genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time, if so be as a gentleman is in a concatenation accordingly." We find an extraordinary power in anatomizing the passions, laying bare the fibres, tracing out the most minute filaments of feeling and sensation, exerted in every one of that striking series of tales called the *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*. The female character he has anatomized with the most wonderful accuracy. The pathology of the female heart, in particular, he has studied like a science, and he seems to display in its treatment the combined knowledge of a family physician and a father confessor. The two great genera, the *femme incomprise* and the *femme abandonnée*, he has studied in the minutest detail, and so entirely mastered, that should both races perish, he could reconstruct them out of a single scale in red sandstone, out of a single ringlet or ribbon, with the unerring accuracy of an Agassiz.

Before we proceed any farther, however, it may be as well to say the little which we know about the literary history of the author whom we are discussing. Honoré de Balzac was born at Tours, in Touraine, in 1799, and came, pen in hand, to Paris in 1820, to seek his fortune in literature. Nine years he wrote, without being wearied, and without making the slightest impression upon the public. To use the language of the witty "*homme de rien*" who has included our author in his *Galerie des Contemporains Illustres*, and from whose brilliant sketch we have derived most of our knowledge of his biography, besides a few critical suggestions, he "made twenty assaults upon fame, and had forty volumes killed under him." He assumed all kinds of *noms de plume*, — Horace de St. Aubin, Villerglé de St. Alme, and among others, the hieroglyphical title of *Lord R'hoone!* All would not do. The *Vicaire des Ardennes*, the *Centenaire*, *Annette et le Criminel*, *Wann-Chlore*, &c., &c., all perished as soon as they saw the light. As was the case with poor Goldsmith, when he wrote any thing, the world made a point of knowing nothing about it. But Balzac was more obstinate than the world. The material was in him, as it had need be in any man who would write himself into notoriety in Paris. Nothing, by the way, impresses us with a more vivid notion of the fertility of the French mind than the immense profusion of novels, romances, operas, comedies, farces, and vaudevilles which are turned off every

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season, all of them sparkling, brilliant, striking, and which, precisely like the contents of the *Magasins de Nouveautés*, are worn out and forgotten when the next fashions come in. The great wheel is turning, ceaselessly turning, the mill-race runs, and foams, and flashes in the sun ; and so it goes on, year after year, without pausing, without flagging, and without diminution in the exuberance of production.

At last, in 1829, he made a hit with *Les Derniers Chouans*, a work which, although by no means one of his most striking or most interesting, is less objectionable in point of style, and less crammed with the euphuistic affectations by which all his works are disfigured, than his previous romances. This was followed, the next year, by the *Physiologie du Mariage*, a work for whose success it seems difficult to account, distinguished as it is by the cynical ribaldry of its philosophy and the ponderous pleasantry of its style, in which the manner of Sterne is most unsuccessfully copied. Even the typographical capers of this delightful author, whom Balzac seems intensely to admire without thoroughly comprehending him, are imitated in the *Physiologie du Mariage*, in which are four or five pages of types thrown heterogeneously together, upside down, and interspersed with punctuation marks and notes of interrogation, presenting a hodge-podge which is supposed, for some unknown reason, to be highly ludicrous.

In 1831 – 2, and afterwards, appeared the *Scènes de la Vie Privée*, *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*, and *Scènes de la Vie de Province*, which, with *Le Père Goriot*, which we believe is not included in either of those three series, comprise all that is most admirable in his writings. The last book which we recollect reading was a story of provincial life, entitled *Ursule Mirouet*, executed in his most quiet and artistic manner, and containing but few of his habitual blemishes. Since the appearance of that work, which was, we believe, in 1843, we have heard of nothing from his pen.

All the novels which appeared previously to the *Les Derniers Chouans* are strongly marked with his characteristics, and yet they are much inferior, both in conception and execution, to their successors. There is no one of his works, for instance, which is more crowded with his monstrosities than *Wann-Chlore, ou Jane la Pâle*, while at the same time it contains passages of passion, scenes, situations, and cir-

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cumstances such as he always delights to deal with, and in which he always displays extraordinary power. We mention this book because it is so strikingly characteristic of Balzac, although it is undoubtedly one of his most indifferent novels. Moreover, the curious in such matters would be amused to observe again in this book his constant tendency to pilfer, "convey, the wise it call," from our English Sterne. There is a *valet de chambre* in this book copied entirely from Corporal Trim. There is a courtship of a *femme de chambre* undertaken by the said valet, which is almost literally copied from the loves of Trim and the Widow Wadman's Bridget; and there are half a dozen verbal expressions which the reader familiar with Tristram Shandy would instantly recognize. Not that we consider this a heinous offence; far from it. We even love Balzac the better, and appreciate him the more, because of his entire sympathy with that most delightful and original of writers.

We have said that the fame of Balzac must rest upon his *Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*, and *Scènes de la Vie de Province*. The first of these series is made up generally of short stories, or rather episodes, in a sort of grand epopee of Parisian life, which seems to exist unwritten in Balzac's brain. Of these stories, all of which are striking, we should perhaps select a tale entitled *Ne touchez pas à la Hache*, as a masterpiece of brilliant handling, startling effect, and artful management. There is a midnight scene, in which the hero, a certain General de Montrireau, assisted by two or three friends, masked and cloaked, resolves to punish the heroine, a beautiful duchesse, for her coquetry, by branding her upon the forehead with a red-hot needle, which we consider a *chef d'œuvre* of illusion. Certainly, nothing could equal the colossal impudence of such a literary conception but its entire success. The scene is so well worked up, the details so minutely delineated, the *chiar'oscuro* so artfully managed, that the effect is wonderful.

Another of the most brilliant of these episodes in the Parisian epic is the *Histoire des Treize*; — and, by the way, it should be observed that none of the characters in the different novels of Balzac are indigenous to the book where they first appear, but walk about from one novel to another, reappearing here, there, and everywhere, just as it suits the pleasure of the author, and the purposes of his grand epopee.

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"The Thirteen" compose nothing more nor less than a subterranean fraternity, in which dashing nobles and generals are banded with stamped galley-slaves and distinguished pickpockets, for mutual self-improvement and common defence. By this fortunate combination, the dandy in high life is able to accomplish many things in a masterly and mysterious style, which would have been less feasible but for the assistance of his underground associates. Balzac has an inordinate love of the atrocious, but manages it better than any of his contemporaries. His corrupt taste seems rather to belong to his epoch than to himself. More than any of the modern Parisians, he seems to us essentially to represent a literature which is *blasée*, and which, in its morbid and depraved appetite for the original and the fresh, is constantly feeding upon the monstrous. Strictly speaking, perhaps, there is nothing absolutely new in this general conception of "The Thirteen." Yet, such is the singular power of the delineator, who produces his efforts now by a bold, startling, Caravaggio-like effect, and now by a patient accumulation of minute details, worthy of Gerard Douw or Ostade, that we defy the most phlegmatic of readers to maintain his composure through a midnight perusal of these striking narratives. The Circean power

> "to lull the sense,
> And in sweet madness rob it of itself,"

belongs to this juggler in an eminent degree, and he must have potent nerves who can entirely resist the fascination.

It is in these episodes that the type of the Balzac hero is most fully developed. We cannot say much in favor of this form of the heroic, although the model is somewhat original. We are not sure whether it would pass muster with Carlyle; yet certainly these heroes are not pale and conventional, like the flunky whom he abhors, but are up to any thing in the way of energetic, unscrupulous working. We fear, however, that there is a little too much outside about them for Carlyle. The hero after Balzac's heart, call him De Marsay, De Trailles, Ronquerolles, Rastignac, or what you will, is invariably a dandy of the first water; but the natural insipidity of the dandy is always relieved by criminality of the deepest dye. In person, he presents a

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curious combination of John the Baptist and Fra Diavolo, with a slight touch of the youthful Werther, *gants jaunes* being substituted for the yellow buckskins. To an historical name, always provided with the "*particule*," great personal beauty, and an uncommonly fine head of hair, he unites extraordinary genius, such as would have easily placed him at the head of the statesmen, warriors, philosophers, or poets of his epoch, if he had ever thought it worth his while to engage in such pursuits. But the hands

> "Which the rod of empire might have swayed,
> Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre,"

remain in comparative idleness, to all appearance, although some how or other they accomplish a great deal.

The hero, who generally arrives at Paris aged twenty, provided with three hundred francs a year and the aforesaid accomplishments, soon reaches the summit of society, and finds the whole "world and his wife," particularly the latter, at his feet, with the least possible delay. How this effect is accomplished remains somewhat enigmatical, and savors of the supernatural. Such is, perhaps, the intention of the author, who wishes to represent to our imagination a hero of fabulous beauty and superhuman genius, a kind of fallen archangel, walking the world in patent-leather boots, and making love to the daughters of earth, while at the same time he is in league with all sorts of desperadoes and demons below stairs. The stage on which these brilliant Parisian scenes are represented seems a sheet of polished glass spread over the flames of hell, — rather warm work, and rather slippery footing, on which only the very adroit can maintain their equilibrium.

A severe and cynical analysis of the ingredients out of which so much effect is produced would give but a faint notion of the author's genius; but let any one read the history of Ferragus, for example, and then deny, if he can, the power of the artist. In this book, a young officer, who incurs the hatred of one of the Thirteen, is one day nearly crushed by the apparently accidental falling of a large block of stone from a new house upon which the masons are at work. Escaping with the loss of his cabriolet and his tiger, and with a severe contusion, he afterwards goes to a royal ball, and comes home with a duel upon his hands. Des-

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perately but not mortally wounded in this affair, after a long interval he again appears at an ambassador's ball, where, to his surprise, he meets a certain beggar whom he has offended. The beggar, who, by the way, is the same whose portrait we have given in a former part of this article, is now presented to him as a Portuguese grandee of the first class, and requests the pleasure of a few moments' private conversation with him. The two retire together to a boudoir, where the beggar, grandee, galley-slave, and captain of the Thirteen, — for Ferragus unites all these dignities, — suddenly seizes the officer by the hair, twists him round a little, and then disappears. The officer goes home, sickens, and dies a horrible and lingering death from the effects of a poison introduced into his hair in this extraordinary rencounter. Such is a specimen of the style of proceeding adopted by the Thirteen; and it should be observed, by the way, that many of the heroes of other novels by this author seem to be connected with this singular fraternity.

The three romances upon which Balzac may most securely rest his fame are *Le Père Goriot*, *Eugenie Grandet*, and *La Recherche de l'Absolu*. These are all less disfigured by his characteristic faults, and more distinguished by masterly portraiture of passion and minutely accurate delineation of character and scenery, than any of his other productions. We have no time nor inclination to analyze these novels. *Père Goriot* is the history of a Lear in private life, a rich maccaroni-maker, who divides his fortune between his two daughters, the Baronne de Nucingen, and the Comtesse de Restand, and who, although cruelly neglected by them, and allowed almost to starve to death, is unfaltering and sublime in his passionate affection for his unworthy offspring. The boarding-house where he lives, the "*Maison Vauquer, pension bourgeoise des deux sexes et autres*," is also the residence of several prominent characters, some of which are the most striking and finished pictures which his pencil has ever drawn. The old maccaroni-maker, the *forçat* Vautrin, otherwise Trempe la Mort, the Demoiselle Michonneau, and Madame Vauquer née de Conflans, the mistress of the boarding-house, are all conceived and executed with consummate skill. The boarding-house itself is a character, — nay, the very street where it is situated has a physiognomy of its own. No one who has read *Père Goriot* can ever forget the extraordi-

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nary power with which that *pension bourgeoise*, the odor of the house, the character of its furniture, the color of its walls, the locks of its doors, are presented to the imagination, blended with the various but minutely depicted portraits of the inmates, the sound of their voices, the expression of their features, the strain of their general conversation at table, their meagre *table-d'hôte* fare, their boarding-house jokes, their conventional witticisms, their petty plots, their interior heart-burnings. Nor is less to be admired the artful manner in which the counterpart to this musty fusty *pension* life is managed, the magic-lantern style in which suddenly flash upon the view the brilliant ball-rooms of the Faubourg St. Germain, with all their soft crush, and flutter, and glitter, their beauty, music, flowers, their diamonds, dalliance, and dance. The obscure Maison Vauquer is connected by two links with the dazzling scenes of Parisian life; the Père Goriot and the hero Eugène de Rastignac are both inmates of the boarding-house.

The two masterpieces of Balzac, however, are unquestionably *Eugenie Grandet* and *La Recherche de l'Absolu;* both of which are included in the *Scènes de la Vie de Province.* The story of *Eugenie Grandet* is nothing, a mere narrative of every-day life, in which the self-abnegation of woman and the egotism of man are depicted in a series of interior, exquisitely finished scenes, which inevitably suggest, to be sure, the works of the Flemish painters, but to which we are disposed to assign a much higher rank in literature than those pictures occupy in art. Moreover, there are passages of passion, strokes of nature, scenes of light and shadow, which reveal so broad and profound a knowledge of nature and of the heart, that we consider this comparison as an undervaluation of Balzac.

Eugenie Grandet is the daughter of a provincial miser, whose life is wasted in devotion to an inhuman father and a worthless lover. It is a story without a catastrophe, and therefore the more lifelike. The father, a miser, whose picture is admirably drawn, and well illustrates the effect which may be produced by the accumulation of delicate touches, after having kept all his family upon the rack during his whole life, dies at last with his money-bags in his arms, and leaves many millions to his daughter. The lover has, however, in the mean time, deserted her and married another.

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There is no need of making an analysis of the story, for it would disappear in the attempt. So meagre and minute are the incidents, so slight is the framework of the novel, that it would seem impossible that the interest could be sustained; and yet it is hardly possible to conceive of a work of more absorbing and enchaining interest. The consummate skill with which petty and every-day events are handled, and the lifelike portraiture of the characters, constitute the charm of the book. In the heroine, Balzac has, for once at least, approached the ideal. Eugenie is the perfection of the moral-beautiful evolved from the true; a type of woman which to the vulgar mind might be vulgar, but to the moralist, as well as to the artist, is one of inestimable beauty and sublimity. In the author's own words, "Eugenie Grandet among women will be a type, — that of devotions thrown into the tempests of the world, and buried there, as a noble statue taken from Greece, which, upon the passage, falls into the ocean, where it will for ever remain unknown."

The personal portrait of Eugenie Grandet, who is far from beautiful, and whose features are even slightly swollen by a "clement small-pox," and who yet reminds you at every step of Raphael's Madonnas, broad, vigorous, peasant-like, and yet simply and unconsciously angelic, is admirably in accordance with her character, which is natural and simple, but strong. Her self-abnegation results from the generosity of a robust and healthy mind, not from the non-resistance of a feeble organization. In this respect she is happily contrasted with her mother, whose devotion, although in itself exquisitely depicted, savors a little of imbecility. And yet it is a curious effect of the artist's power, that towards the end of the book, where the devoted mother and wife is dying, she appears absolutely to assume a countenance of earthly beauty, so much of the morally sublime seems to radiate from a face which, in the opening chapters, is described in the following sentences; we quote them because they are a good specimen of the author's manner.

"Madame Grandet was a dry, lean woman, yellow as a quince, awkward, slow; one of those women who seem made to be tyrannized over. She had large bones, a large nose, a large forehead, large eyes, and presented at first sight a vague resemblance to those spongy fruits which have neither savor nor juice. Her teeth were black and few, her mouth was wrinkled, and her

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chin was of the form sometimes denominated '*en galoche*.' She was an excellent woman, born De la Bertellière. The Abbé Cruchot took occasion sometimes to tell her, that she must have been good-looking, and she believed him. An angelic mildness, the resignation of an insect tormented by children, a rare piety, an unalterable equality of soul, a good heart, made her universally pitied and respected. Her husband never gave her more than six francs at a time for her personal expenses."

The character of the miser Grandet, from the commencement to the close, is developed in the most admirable manner. His portrait is one of Balzac's best; and the short, square man, with his gray hair, basilisk eyes, his heavy nose "supporting a veined wen," his white cravat, *gens-d'armes* gloves, and shoes with leather strings, will continue to walk through the memory of every one who has ever read the book, long after the incidents and events of the story have vanished. Although, as in all Balzac's workmanship, the character is worked up by accumulation, yet occasionally a startling light is thrown upon the miser's egotism by a slight but striking incident. For example, his brother, a Paris banker, finding himself bankrupt, consigns his son, the lover of the piece, to the tender mercies of the miser, and then blows out his brains. Although prepared for this event by letter, the miser receives the first information of its actual occurrence in a newspaper paragraph pointed out to him by an acquaintance. He reads it through, and then resumes his calculations concerning some money transactions, and arriving at home, he "jots down the figures of his speculation upon the margin of the journal in which his brother's death was announced, hearing all the time, without listening to, the groans of his nephew."

The *Recherche de l'Absolu* is an admirable reverse to the story of the provincial miser. It is the history of a Flemish gentleman of high family and vast fortune, who squanders his whole property in a search for the philosopher's stone. As in *Eugenie Grandet*, the current of the story is monotonous and the incidents are few; and here, too, the great charm is derived from the generous, although mistaken, devotion of woman. Balthazar Claes, the alchemist, is at the beginning of the book devotedly fond of his wife and daughter, and surrounded by every luxury which wealth could purchase. In his absorbing and insane search for "the absolute," he

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melts down in his crucible not only his houses and lands, his ducats and his forests, his wife's dowry and his own inheritance, but also, what to Madame Claes is a more inestimable treasure, his fondness for her, which, in its transition from intense passion to preoccupied but gentle estrangement, and at last to entire and icy indifference, is depicted in a very artistic manner. The scientific madness, which grapples him slowly, but with the sureness of destiny, in its iron embrace, fastening, as it were, one after another, its myriad talons into every portion of his being, is skilfully delineated ; but, as we have had occasion so often to repeat, Balzac almost invariably produces his effects by a patient observation of minute detail. He occasionally, however, employs more striking touches, and reveals, as it were, in a flash, the passion or the sentiment of a situation. Take, for instance, one of the concluding scenes of the story, in which Madame Claes, whose heart is at last broken by the incurable egotism and half-insane devotion of her husband to his pursuit, lies upon her death-bed, and, after having received the last sacrament, is anxiously expecting the entrance of her husband, whom she is now to see for the last time upon earth. Just as the ceremony of the sacrament is concluded, Balthazar enters, his face radiant with triumph.

"'T is done,' he cried with a joyous air; 'azote contains oxygen and a substance of an imponderable nature, which probably is the principle of the ——'

"Murmurs of horror arose, which interrupted him, and restored to him his presence of mind.

"'But what have they been telling me?' he resumed; 'you are worse ; what has happened?'

"'It happens, Sir,' whispered the Abbé de Solis indignantly in his ear, 'that your wife is dying, and that you have killed her.'"

To resume in a few words an estimate of this writer's powers, we should say that his excellences and defects spring mainly from two sources, which, if we were inclined to be pedantic, we would call his micrology and his neology. To his patient, minute, but artistic observation of the world before him, with its various scenes and characters, and to his constant tendency to philosophize, refine, and subtilize upon all he sees, are attributable both the fidelity of his scene and character painting, and the occasionally laughable philosophy

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which he expends upon trifles. Secondly, the depraved appetite for the new, which, as we have observed, seems to characterize French literature, is eminently a characteristic of his mind, — a besetting foible, which, while it has sometimes led him to fresh and sparkling fountains, has after all engendered most that is monstrous and offensive in his writings. Both these traits, however, run together, and we will illustrate both in one or two short extracts. His micrologic tendency, moreover, often deprives him of much of his real power. Very often, for instance, after laying bare the breast of a character in very scientific style, instead of proceeding at once to the main purposes of the autopsy, he will wander off into the most remote ramification of the nervous system, or discourse of ruptured filaments or discolored membranes, and all sorts of pathological nonsense, till you are wearied beyond endurance, and all the effect of his science is lost. In the extracts, which we have chosen because we think them illustrative of his style, it will be observed how fond he is of pressing physiological, physiognomical, pathological, and sometimes craniological science into his service. He has apparently considerable acquirements in many of the *ologies;* but we cannot help observing, at every step, that he has never studied science for itself, from an innate desire to arrive at truth, but rather to make use of it as an auxiliary in his profession, as an artist studies anatomy only that it may assist him in his art. His love of minute detail is nowhere more strikingly exhibited than in his description of the personal charms of his various heroines. Every feature is conscientiously inventoried, and every possible deduction, according to the physiognomical laws as he understands them, from the setting of the eyebrows, the color of the eye, the chiselling of the chin, and so on, as to the character of the individual, is made with untiring assiduity. Olivia's brief catalogue of her charms — "*item*, two gray eyes with lids to them; *item*, two lips indifferent red, one nose, and so forth" — would never answer his purpose; for Balzac, when describing a heroine, is of the humor of the lover in one of Marston's comedies, who says of his mistress, that

> "There 's more philosophy, more theorems,
> More demonstrations, all invincible,
> More clear divinity drawn upon her cheek,

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Than in all volumes' tedious paraphrase
Of musty Eld."

It is inconceivable how much minute philosophy this lively Frenchman contrives to extract from the physiognomy of his various characters. We have unsuccessfully turned over a dozen of his novels in search of one particular passage highly illustrative of this tendency, which we should like to quote; but we have forgotten the diction and the name of the romance in which we found it. We only remember, that certain black points upon the pupil of the heroine's eye, and certain other black points upon the tip of her nose, were very accurately noted and described as the unquestionable indications of several mental attributes; but what they were has unfortunately escaped our memory. We are, however, inclined to look with less incredulity, perhaps, upon infinitesimal philosophy like this, or rather upon deductions so vast from symptoms apparently so trifling, since the wonderful discoveries recently made by another ingenious Frenchman, M. Guenin, as to the physiognomy of "cows' escutcheons." As it has been found that the quantity of milk, the weight of butter, the mental disposition, and all other personal qualities of the cow, can be inferred in an instant from *indiciæ* so very slight, we begin to think that Balzac may have more method in his madness than we used to believe.

As a specimen of his minute and refining style of description, take the following portrait of Mademoiselle Evangélista, the heroine of *La Fleur des Pois.*

"Her beauty, which was truly wonderful, proceeded from an excessive regularity of features in harmony with the proportions of the head and body. This perfection is of evil augury for the mind. Few exceptions are found to this rule. Every superior nature has slight imperfections in form, which become irresistible attractions, luminous points, where shine conflicting sentiments, and which arrest the attention. A perfect harmony announces the coldness of mixed organizations. Natalie had a rounded figure, a sign of force, but an unerring indication of a will which often amounts to obstinacy in persons whose mind is neither lively nor enlarged. Her hands, like those of a Greek statue, *confirmed the predictions of her countenance and figure, by announcing an illogical spirit of domination, a will for the sake of the will.* Her eyebrows met, and, *according to observ-*

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ers, this trait indicates a tendency to jealousy. . . . . . Her eyes, apparently black, but in reality of an orange brown, contrasted with her hair, of which the pale reddish *blonde*, so prized by the Romans, is called *auburn* in England, and which almost always belongs to a child born of two persons with black hair, as was that of Monsieur and Madame Evangélista. . . . . Although the contour of her face had something august in character, yet the chin of Natalie was slightly *empaté*, a painter's expression, which may serve to *explain the preëxistence of sentiments whose violence would hardly declare themselves before the middle of life.* Her mouth, slightly compressed, expressed a fierce pride in harmony with her hand, her chin, her eyebrows, and her beautiful figure. Finally, last diagnostic, which alone would have determined the judgment of a connoisseur, the pure voice of Natalie, that voice which was so seducing, had metallic tones. Howsoever gently the metal was managed, despite the grace with which the sounds flowed through the spirals of the instrument, *this organ announced the character of the Duke d'Alba, from whom the Casa Reale* (the family of Natalie's mother) *was collaterally descended.* These indications all suggested passions which were violent without tenderness, sudden devotions, irreconcilable hatreds, *esprit* without intelligence, and the desire of dominion natural to persons who feel themselves inferior to their pretensions."

Without any comment upon the beauties or absurdities of this passage, let us take another, equally characteristic. It is the description of Madame Claes, the wife of the Flemish alchemist. It will be perceived, that, in his rage for the new, Balzac has here invented quite a new kind of heroine, quite an original style of beauty. Madame Claes is of the ripe age of forty, lame, and slightly deformed; and yet, such is the effect of his art, wilfully and absurdly exerted as it is, this heroine produces upon the reader the effect of exquisite beauty.

"The physiognomy of this lady, aged about forty, but at that time much less removed from beauty than she had been in her youth, presented none of the characteristics of the Flemish woman. Thick, black hair fell in curls upon her shoulders and along her cheeks. Her forehead, very much arched, narrow at the temples, was yellowish, but beneath this forehead scintillated two black eyes, which cast forth flames. Her face, entirely Spanish, brown in tone, faintly colored, ravaged by the smallpox, arrested attention by the perfection of its oval form, whose contour preserved, in spite of the alteration of the lines, a finish

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of majestic elegance, which sometimes reappeared entirely, if any effort of the soul restored to it its primitive purity. *The trait which gave the most distinction to this vigorous face was a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, and which, too much arched towards the middle, seemed to have an interior malformation; but there was an indescribable delicacy about it, and the partition of the nostrils was so thin, that its transparency permitted the light to redden it strongly.* The sinuosities of the mouth, whose somewhat large lips were very much folded, betrayed the pride inspired by high birth, and a natural kindness strengthened by constant happiness, and polished by education. It was a face at once vigorous and feminine, whose beauty might be disputed, but which commanded the attention. Thus, although this woman passed for ugly, here and there, in the world, when she was still a girl, men would turn to look at her, strongly moved by the passionate ardor which her head expressed, and by the indications of an inexhaustible tenderness; and they remained under a charm irreconcilable with her visible defects; for she was *small, lame, humpbacked, and people obstinately denied her intelligence.*"

The last extract which we shall make is from *Le Lis dans la Vallée.* It is another description of a heroine, and is, if possible, still more characteristic and more full of affectation than the preceding.

"I gave myself up to the delight of hearing the voice of the countess. *The breath of her soul displayed itself in the folds of her syllables*, as the sound divides itself under the keys of a flute; it expired undulatingly upon the ear, whence it precipitated the action of the blood. *Her manner of speaking the terminations in* i *suggested the song of a bird; the* ch *pronounced by her was like a caress; and the manner in which she attacked the* t-*s revealed the despotism of the heart.* She enlarged thus, without knowing it, the sense of the words, and carried away your soul into an immense world. . . . . I could pencil for you the principal features, which everywhere would have distinguished the countess as an object of observation; but the most correct design, the warmest color, would express nothing. Her face is one of those the portraiture of which requires the artist, never to be found, whose hand can paint the reflection of interior fires, and knows how to *depict that luminous vapor which science denies, which language does not translate, but which a lover sees.* Her *fine, ash-colored hair often caused her pain*, and this suffering was doubtless caused by sudden determinations of blood to the head. Her rounded forehead, prominent like that of Joconde, appeared full of unexpressed ideas, of repressed sentiments, *of*

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flowers drowned in bitter waters. Her greenish eyes, dotted with brown points, were always pale; but if there was question of her children, if there escaped from her any of those lively effusions of joy or grief, rare in the life of resigned women, *her eye emitted a subtle light which seemed to be kindled at the sources of life*, and which was sure to exhaust them. . . . . The lower part of her head did not present those hollows which make the nape of the neck in most women resemble the trunks of trees; her muscles did not form cords; and everywhere the lines were rounded into flexuosities as tormenting to the eye as to the pencil. A tender down died along her cheeks, and in the creases of her neck, retaining the *light, which became silken there.* Her small and well-turned ears were, according to her own expression, the *ears of a slave and a mother.*"

We feel as if we had perhaps done our author injustice by these extracts. Certainly their absurdity is almost incredible; and yet we assure the reader who is unacquainted with Balzac, that they are eminently characteristic specimens of his style, which is very vicious. His merits, which we have already endeavoured to indicate, can hardly be exhibited by quotation. It is perhaps his defective style more than any thing else which will prevent his becoming a classic, for style above all other qualities seems to embalm for posterity. As for his philosophy, his principles, moral, political, or social, we repeat, that he seems to have none whatever. He looks for the picturesque and the striking. He studies sentiments and sensations from an artistic point of view. He is a physiognomist, a physiologist, a bit of an anatomist, a bit of a Mesmerist, a bit of a geologist, a Flemish painter, an upholsterer, a micrological, misanthropical, skeptical philosopher; but he is no moralist, and certainly no reformer. We have not the least intention of recommending his works for general circulation in this country; but looking at him as an artist, and from the *standpunkt* of his own nation and no other, we have considered him worthy, by his genius and the magnitude of his "*œuvre*," to be noticed thus somewhat elaborately.

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ART. V. — *The Library of American Biography*, conducted by JARED SPARKS. Second Series. Vol. XII. *Life of Edward Preble*, by LORENZO SABINE; *Life of William Penn*, by GEORGE E. ELLIS. Boston: Little & Brown. 1847. 12mo. pp. 408.

THE volume before us contains Lives of Edward Preble and William Penn. Mr. Sabine, whose minute accuracy and extraordinary extent of information, in several important departments of our national and diplomatic history, have been displayed to the readers of this journal, has collected, with his usual industry and zeal, the particulars of the career of one of our earliest and ablest naval commanders. His account of the operations of the Mediterranean squadron under Commodore Preble, in the years 1803 and 1804, is a valuable and durable contribution to American history. It was then and there that the navy of the United States received, from the genius and spirit of that gallant and resolute, daring and skilful officer, the stamp of heroism and efficiency which has marked it ever since, and which subsequent achievements have but burnished into greater brightness. The following paragraph, from Mr. Sabine's memoir, illustrates the interest and value that belong to Commodore Preble's Mediterranean command.

"It has been remarked, that at the first Preble's officers disliked him; but he had won their affection, and, on his retiring from the command, they, with entire unanimity, presented to him an address expressive of the kindest sentiments. A paper of this description, as from inferiors to an official superior, is, perhaps, seldom proper; but in this case, if we regard the peculiar circumstances under which this superior and these inferiors met and parted, the motive alone may be considered, and thus not only excuse the act itself, but render it one of the most certain proofs which have been preserved of the Commodore's personal and professional merits. This address bears the signatures of no less than fifty-three officers; and if we take into view, that among them were Stewart and Hull, who subsequently gained honorable victories from the deck of his own flagship; Decatur, the vanquisher of the Macedonian; Lawrence, who captured the Peacock, and who with his dying words forbade the surrender of that ill-omened ship, the Chesa-

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peake; McDonough, the victor on Lake Champlain; Burrows, who fell in the contest with the Boxer; Chauncey and Morris, and many others, whose names are dear to the nation; we can estimate the worth of the testimonial. Immured in prison at this time were Bainbridge, who a few years afterwards sunk the Java; and Jones, who captured the Frolic; and Biddle, who closed the series of memorable exploits upon the ocean by sinking the Penguin. Thus it happened, that a large proportion of the successful commanders in the war of 1812 acted under Preble's orders. To have had any share in training these officers is of itself an honor." — pp. 160, 161.

The memoir of William Penn is by the Rev. George E. Ellis of Charlestown, Massachusetts. It is well known that Mr. Ellis's researches, abroad and at home, into the literature and history of the Quakers, have given him preëminent advantages as the biographer of the most illustrious name connected with that denomination. His habits as a student and writer assure us, that he entered upon his work with all the materials spread before him which untiring exploration and the most thorough learning could collect. He has used them with the most perfect fairness and candor, from a point of view where no sinister sectarian bias and no local or partisan influence could reach him; and the result is a biography that may be regarded with confidence, and a narrative of the life and labors of his subject which answers the demands of truth and justice.

The name of William Penn is invested with a celebrity throughout the world, and will be remembered in all coming ages with an interest which will entitle it to be inscribed among the truly great ones of the earth. No list of eminent and distinguished persons, taken from the entire range of human history, could be formed, however select or brief, from which it could properly be left out. Very few have impressed themselves so distinctly upon the universal observation of mankind. The peculiarity of his religious profession, and the auspicious associations connected with the part he bore in laying the foundations of civilization in America, no less, if not more, than any preëminence of genius or virtue, have contributed to render his fame thus extensive and illustrious.

The only thing that has threatened to cause a serious and lasting detraction from his fame, the only accusation that has

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made any impression upon the judgment of fair and enlightened minds, arose from his peculiar personal and political relation to the family of Stuarts, during the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Second. It was generally thought at the time, and has been thought by many since, that he could not have maintained that relation without a dishonest compromise of his professed principles, and a secret sympathy with those princes in their now ascertained attachment to Popery, and in their alleged design to establish absolute monarchy on the ruins of the British constitution. We would venture the opinion, that the character of Penn will come forth with undiminished brightness from this charge, and that his course will be found to have been more consistent with his principles, and altogether wiser, than that pursued by the other leaders of Dissenting interests at that time.

On the restoration of the Stuarts to the British throne, the most absorbing and intense interest was felt throughout the empire in reference to the effect which that event would produce upon the state and tendency of religion. The Dissenters, of every form, were clamoring for relief from the disabilities to which they were subject. Every sect was eager in its efforts, and in its expectations, to obtain the favor of the court; and this was one of the causes of that strange burst of universal acclamation with which Charles was welcomed back. Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, all vied with each other in their expressions of congratulation. The government at once proposed a generous and comprehensive toleration, and such an establishment as would open its arms to receive, and with a liberal charity spread its shelter over, Christians of all varieties of creed and worship. Instead of availing themselves of this disposition of the court, the leading Protestant sects conceived the utmost jealousy and suspicion of the motives that led to it, and steadfastly refused to accept the terms that were offered, fearing that it was their design, and would be their effect, to let in Papists, on the one side, and Socinians, as they were called, on the other. This determination of the principal Dissenting bodies has had a decisive, and, we think, a disastrous influence upon the condition and prospects of Christianity to this day. Whatever were the motives of the court, if their terms had been accepted, Popery and

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heresy would have stood no better chance for prevalence. In all probability they would have steadily and rapidly declined, and a national church, including within its benignant fold all the varieties of honest and serious profession, and extending to all an impartial protection, would have drawn into its attractive bosom the whole population, and have presented to Christendom a spectacle so beautiful and glorious as to have produced results, for the advancement of truth and piety and the conversion of the world, which may not be reached, as matters now are, for centuries to come.

William Penn, adhering with firm and clear-sighted consistency to his principles, as the head and guardian of the Society of Friends, gave his hearty and constant support to the government, in the issue thus raised. He was willing and ready, as every true Protestant ought to have been, to meet Popery on a level. He believed that Charles and James were honest and fair-minded in their proposals. But whether they were or not, he had full confidence that the truth had nothing to fear from the establishment of the widest comprehension; and he knew that if the patronage of the government was extended at all to the concerns of religion, it ought to favor and secure the most perfect freedom of conscience and worship. For his course on this question he was abused with the utmost rancor and profligacy. He was denounced as a base courtier, as an enemy of Protestantism, as concealing under the demure exterior and sleek costume of a Quaker the heart of a Papist, as having taken orders at Rome, as a priest in disguise and an emissary from the Pope. His intimacy with the reigning family, inherited from his father, justified and sanctified by a friendship which surmounted every adverse influence, survived all changes, and was extinguished by death alone, and naturally confirmed by his approval of their avowed liberal policy, was looked upon by narrow bigotry and jealousy as conclusive evidence of his connivance with the royal brothers in the designs imputed to them of bringing in Popery and tyranny. Nothing is more liable to sink to the lowest depths of folly and madness than sectarian hate; and we recognize an illustration of this proposition in the fact, that great and good men were so blinded by the smoke of their prejudices as to charge the champion of the Quakers with corrupt inconsistency because he supported the policy of a government that proposed to remove

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from the church all barriers of creed and ceremony; and to defame, as a Jesuit at heart and in fact, one who, by preaching, and through the press as a voluminous author, and as the lawgiver of a new state, at the cost of honor and ease, in the endurance of imprisonment, fines, and exhausting efforts of toil and travel, was performing a part, before their eyes, and in the open view of the whole world, so utterly opposite and so radically destructive to the pretensions and the foundations of the Roman Catholic Church. The misconceptions and misrepresentations, which, originating in the political and theological excitements and conflicts with which he was connected, for a while and to some extent spread a shadow over his name, have vanished from the scene, and we can now behold him as he was.

And surely it is a striking and most pleasing spectacle that his character and career present to our view. It was an interesting age, and many remarkable personages shed lustre upon it; but not one of them all arrests more observation, by the peculiarity and the dignity of his mien and his movements, than William Penn.

The son of an admiral, whose character was compounded of the qualities usually found in a sailor and naval commander, and who was devoted to his profession and fond of all that constitutes glory in the world's estimation, he comes before us to act a part in the world's history as opposite as possible to what could have been predicted from his parentage and education. At the age of fifteen he was entered as a gentleman-commoner at Christ Church College, in Oxford. Here an acquaintance, which ripened into a lasting friendship, was made with John Locke. At a still earlier period, when quite a child, young Penn had been the subject of a deep religious impression, and while at Oxford he was permanently and immovably established in the doctrines and principles of the Quakers, under the influence of a celebrated preacher of that sect, who, having himself at one time been connected with that University, was in the habit of visiting it for the purpose of disseminating his views. Actuated by the abhorrence of ritual ceremonies which has ever characterized his sect, he took the lead, with the zeal of a new and the rashness of a young convert, in various measures and expressions of repugnance to the religious forms of the University, and at last, reaching the extreme of fanatical intolerance,

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he, with others, fell upon those students who, in obedience to royal mandates, wore their surplices in public, and tore them with violence from their persons. For this, of course, he was expelled from the University.

The disappointment and vexation of the father, at such a disgraceful termination of the son's academic career, were heightened tenfold by the discovery that his misconduct was the result of his having adopted the views and manners of the Quakers. No antipathy can be imagined more violent than the old admiral cherished to the sentiments, manners, and whole deportment of the Quakers of that period. His exasperation went to the extremity of blows, and his son was driven from his doors. But the steadfast intercession of the mother, and the cooling influence of time and reflection, led to a restoration of domestic intercourse and kind feeling. The son was too interesting in his traits and qualities to be abandoned. The pride of the father, reinforcing the returning tide of natural affection, obtained the ascendency, and the youth, whose opening manly beauty and marked superiority of character, combining firmness with cheerfulness of disposition, could not but be noticed and admired by all, was received back to the relenting arms of the warm-hearted parent. Some time after this, he was sent over to the Continent to complete his education with the accomplishments of foreign travel and observation. It is supposed that the admiral adopted this measure with the greater readiness, in hopes that the gay seductions of the fashionable spheres of brilliant life in the European cities and courts might wean the lively spirit of the youth from the demure and self-denying manners and influences of Quakerism. The result, upon the whole, was favorable in its influence upon the feelings of the father, although no permanent or essential effect was produced upon the religious sympathies and convictions of the son. Foreign travel, and intercourse with the highest circles of society on the Continent, did not fail to make a considerable impression upon his manners and aspect. But instead of destroying or weakening his attachment to Quaker principles, they blended with them a degree of grace, courtesy, and moderation which removed a large part of what was disagreeable, and enhanced, with a most singular attractiveness, the charm of what was really good and commendable in them.

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After returning to England, for a time he was a student at Lincoln's Inn, and the knowledge there acquired was undoubtedly of great subsequent benefit to him. His profession of Quaker principles, and faithful adherence to that sect in the days of its early persecution, exposed him to much peril and suffering. He was subjected to tumultuary and riotous assaults, to imprisonment and prosecution under the forms of law, and to various modes of annoyance from the public, while, from time to time, the most serious collisions took place between him and his father; although the evident sincerity and depth of his convictions, and the mingled meekness and fortitude of his demeanour, gradually won upon the feelings of the parent, so that, as he approached his dying hour, he sent a message to the king and the Duke of York, asking their favor and protection for his son, in case his religious profession should at any time bring him into difficulty; and their pledge to that effect was returned, — a pledge to which they both adhered with constant faithfulness. It is stated that on his death-bed the admiral addressed his son thus: — "William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching, and keep to your plain way of living, you will make an end of the priests to the end of the world." In his will, he expressed the fullest confidence and affection for his son, by leaving to him his great estate.

In the mean time William Penn had commenced his career as a preacher and author, in the dissemination of Quakerism. As a preacher he travelled extensively in his own country and on the Continent, and by his eloquence, zeal, learning, and personal accomplishments and influence, extended the sphere of his sect, and attracted to it the favorable notice of persons of the highest quality and station, as well as the humbler classes, to whose sympathies its doctrines always had a ready access. In the course of his life he became, perhaps, the most voluminous author of the denomination. His tracts and other publications were almost innumerable, and were poured forth from the fountains of a genius ever luminous with truth and warm with benevolence. No accumulation of cares, no pressure of business, no trials nor sufferings, could divest his thoughts from the watchful and faithful defence of the cause; and his printed works were designed to meet every want and remove every difficulty in the way of the principles of Quakerism, and to seize and occupy to the best

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advantage every opportunity to illustrate and diffuse them. They are marked with a greater variety and freshness than might be apprehended from the circumstances of the case, are written in a pleasing and, considering the subjects, a perspicuous style, are the results of extensive learning, wide views, and benignant sentiments, and produce, the oftener we look them over and the more carefully we consider them, a continually deepening admiration of the talents and virtues of their author. While they were of great benefit to the Quakers at the time, and have reflected credit upon them ever since, they rise entirely above the sphere which that community have occupied, and entitle their writer to be numbered among those whose minds have outgrown the dimensions of their sects, and whom the whole world claim as their guides to liberty and truth.

But it is not so much by his writings as by his deeds, that he has conferred benefits upon mankind which all future ages will be glad to acknowledge. In his writings he appears as a theological disputant and a sectarian champion, and however well he acquits himself in that sphere, it is a sphere which multitudes share with him, and he is lost in a crowd. But his deeds raise him to a class to which but few individuals attain, and where all eyes can behold him. He was the founder of a state. He contributed to amend the political institutions of mankind. Society will ever feel and acknowledge, that by his single hand it was advanced greatly in its progress.

His eminent accomplishments and connections, his acquaintance with business, arising from the care and management of his own great estate, and his standing among the Friends, led to his selection as an umpire in a controversy about the proprietorship of West Jersey, the parties to which belonged to that sect. The immediate result of his agency was, not only an adjustment of the dispute, but the subsequent commitment of the management of the territory to him, as trustee, for the benefit of creditors and all concerned. While at the University, in the first opening of his youthful mind, his thoughts had been transiently turned to the colonization of America, and now that this complicated and extensive trusteeship was thrown upon his hands, the subject necessarily engaged his closest attention, and displayed itself before him in its full importance. He saw that the boundless regions of

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North America, then still unoccupied by civilized man, afforded a field for the construction of society upon the foundation of those principles of absolute truth, justice, freedom, and love, which were the last results of all his meditations and reflections as a statesman and a Christian. It will ever be regarded as one of the most benignant arrangements, that such a spirit as his, so enlightened and so imbued with the purest principles, should have been provided with the means of contributing, on so large a scale, to the construction of the fabric of society in the New World.

Between the patent of West Jersey and the province of Lord Baltimore there was a vast territory unoccupied by settlers to any considerable extent, except in that portion now constituting the State of Delaware, with every most desirable element of climate, soil, and geographical position. To this his thoughts were attracted, and as he contemplated its favorable conditions, he conceived an earnest and absorbing purpose to secure it. The Duke of York on the one side, and Lord Baltimore on the other, opposed, with different degrees of effort, prior claims to more or less of the territory. But the former was induced to relinquish his rights to Penn, mainly, no doubt, through the influence of the friendship of which we have spoken, cherished by the royal brothers toward his father, and transferred to him. In the settlement of his father's estate it was found to have a large claim against the king and the Duke of York, for sums lent and services rendered them by the admiral. William Penn proposed to liquidate this claim by taking from the king a patent covering that portion of America between New Jersey and Maryland. For this consideration, and out of regard to the memory of his father, the patent was assigned to him agreeably to his wishes, and he became the proprietor of forty thousand square miles of territory in the most favored and desirable portion of the North American continent, and which, at the king's instance, and against his own modest remonstrance, was named Pennsylvania, a rare, if not the only instance in modern history of a state's bearing the name of its founder.

In entering upon the transaction of providing for the colonization, the civil and political establishment, and executive administration of a republican commonwealth, William Penn appears in the character he sustains in history. His previous

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life, his education, his theological position and sectarian engagements are interesting only so far as they illustrate his preparation for his work as a lawgiver and founder of a state; and in this point of view they are, indeed, invested with a most singular and pleasing interest. A philosophical analysis of the elements that contributed to make him what he was, at the time of the purchase of Pennsylvania, would disclose at all points an adaptation of traits and resources. The manly and hardy nature and tone of mind, inherited from his father, and nurtured by the spirit of the conversation that prevailed in the familiar society and around the fireside of the admiral, — the interest which religion, in one of its purest forms, secured in his young mind, at the very time when the highest agencies of education were expanding his faculties, thus carrying him in safety and innocence over a period of life always, but then, in the sphere in which his family moved, preëminently, exposed to licentiousness, — his theological affinities bringing him into familiarity with the best forms of humble life, while his connections carried him to the very highest pinnacles of society, and secured him the confidential friendship and closest intimacy of kings, — his wealth and rank habituating him to the exercise of influence and the assertion of authority, — his great talents and learning enabling him to sustain preëminence, and all the while the temperament of his nature, drawing still more serenity and benignity from the principles and discipline of his sect, blending with his greater and sterner qualities the most delightful humility, amiable simplicity, and cheerfulness of demeanour, — his sectarian experience teaching him, by imprisonment, fines, and constant peril of liberty, property, and life, the evil and the iniquity of religious persecution, — the essential principles of his faith, as well as his own conscious enjoyment of the elevated delights of a liberated spirit, wedding him indissolubly to the freedom of the soul, — his familiar conversance with the ruling persons in the nation, his own large pecuniary interests, and his strong good sense restraining him from carrying his ideas of liberty to fanatical excesses, imparting to his views and proceedings a tone of moderation, and rendering his example and influence promotive of order, law, and government, — in all these particulars, in the whole course of his intellectual and moral training, in all the events of his life, in all the circumstances of his position, do we not recognize a beautiful and wonderful adaptation to his work?

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The history of mankind, if carefully read, everywhere reveals a superintending Providence, but nowhere is that Providence more strikingly displayed than in the elements that combined to organize the foundations of society in British North America, in their several variety, and in their aggregate completeness. The continent had been kept back until the auspicious moment, and was then opened to the civilization which long ages had been occupied in maturing in the Old World; and when the grand process was commenced of the establishment of political institutions on this unobstructed theatre, upon the principle of indefinite progress, the right descriptions of colonists were selected from the forms of European society, and the right men raised up to lead them.

When his patent was obtained, Penn was thirty-seven years of age, in the very bloom and fulness of his manhood. His person, although not tall, was commanding, uniting venerableness with vivacity to a degree that rendered his aspect most engaging. His manners were of a stamp that would, in every form of society and in every age of the world, equally conciliate esteem and affection. They had not only won the favor of the greatest at home, but in his travels as a preacher, notwithstanding the plainness of his garb and address, had given him immediate and welcome access to noble and regal families in the capitals of Europe. He readily entered into the sympathies of the poorest and lowliest, and in the log-house of the humblest settler, in the cabin of the backwoodsman or the wigwam of the Indian, his wealth and power were recognized only in such a manner as to heighten the confidence and ease which his kindness and good-humor imparted. It is but a few years ago that, among the aged inhabitants of Philadelphia, there were some who remembered the story of his cheerful manners and agreeable deportment, as they had heard it in their youth from original witnesses. A venerable matron, who died in 1774, at the age of a hundred years, retaining her faculties unimpaired to the last, used to relate to her young friends, some of whom have survived almost to the present time, her reminiscences of William Penn, who was present at her wedding. She said that he was very sociable, and freely gave friendly advice. She described him as of short stature, but the handsomest, best-looking, liveliest gentleman she had ever seen. There was nothing like pride about him, but he was affable and friendly to all.

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This same old lady gave an interesting account of Penn's first arrival in his province. She had come to the country some time before; and with other inhabitants, mostly Swedes, accompanied by Indians, she went to meet him. The interview took place at or near the site of Philadelphia. The Indians and whites had provided the best entertainment for him they could, and he at once endeared himself to the former by the adaptation of his deportment to their wishes and feelings. At a glance he read their nature, and saw how to reach the confidence and affection which bound the red men to him for ever. On the occasion of his first meeting with them, he walked about with them, sat down in their company on the ground, and ate with them of their roasted acorns and hominy. They were so delighted with his manners and deportment, that they danced and leaped, and he joined them even in those ruder and wilder expressions of their joy and good-will. Indeed, it need not be considered as an unnatural and affected effort for him to have participated in such a scene, for he was always noted, and not seldom censured, for exuberance of spirits, and a liability to carry gayety beyond the limits which the straitest gravity of his sect had marked out.

The patent states that it was the design of Penn to enlarge the British empire, and to civilize and Christianize the Indians, and that it was conferred out of regard to this design, and in consideration of the services of his father. It constituted Penn and his heirs perpetual proprietors, and contained the usual provisions and specifications in such instruments; among them was one authorizing the establishment of a military force. He forthwith sent over an agent or deputy to take possession of the territory, with a letter to such persons as were already settled upon it, principally Swedes and Dutch, occupying what were called the "Three Lower Counties," or the "Territories," now constituting the State of Delaware, announcing his new relation to them as proprietor and governor. He published an account of his province, and also "certain conditions or concessions," in the form of fundamental and permanent privileges and securities guarantied by him to all adventurers and purchasers under his patent. For the further inducement and assurance of settlers, he prepared and gave out a plan of a frame of government, and a code of forty laws, to be enforced throughout the

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colony. The following provisions illustrate the deep practical wisdom and the enlightened philanthropy and statesmanship which presided over the construction of these documents: — "all children within this province, of the age of twelve years, shall be taught some useful trade or skill, to the end that none may be idle, but the poor may work to live; and the rich, if they become poor, may not want"; "all prisons shall be workhouses"; all persons of every sect or form of Christianity to be equally entitled to the civil and political privileges of the colony; no public tax to be levied upon the people "but by a law for that purpose made"; the lands as well as the personal property of a debtor to be responsible for his debts, except in the case of his having lawful children, for whose use two thirds of his landed estate were held sacred. These features of his system show that William Penn had devoted a most thorough and mature study and consideration to the great questions and interests involved, and that he had ascended to the highest views then attained of the principles of political science.

In the practical working of his scheme of legislation and administration, difficulties were experienced, and alterations found necessary, which only prove how absolutely impossible it is for a government to be theoretically framed in the closet, to be "made to order," by the wisest heads, for any people. All governments are the results of usage, and the excellence of the constitutions of the States of our Union arises from the fact, that they are accurate definitions of rights which the people under them have long enjoyed, and descriptions of methods of action to which they were always accustomed. A government can no more be made beforehand for a people, than the bark for a tree. They must both grow up together. If, among all the great minds of all ages, two should be selected, who would be most likely to succeed in framing a government out of their own heads, as it were, and the selection were to be made, as of course it ought to be, with reference to a profound knowledge of human nature, its faculties, rights, and wants, a practical observation of mankind, and habits of wide and deep speculation, but always kept under the guidance of common sense and a sound judgment, we are disposed to think that the choice would fall upon John Locke and William Penn. They each concentrated the best lights of their sagacious intellects upon the construction

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of a government for a community to be gathered and organized under it. The failure of Locke's scheme was complete, and is notorious. That of Penn, if its failure was not so flagrant, was, full as soon, encountered by obstacles that could not be removed, and had to be altered and remodelled from year to year.

While it need not be questioned that Penn looked upon his vast domains as a source of incalculable wealth to himself and his heirs, it is equally beyond question that he experienced the highest and purest satisfaction in indulging the assurance that his enterprise would multiply the happiness of others.

"I wanted," said he, "to afford an asylum to the good and oppressed of every nation. I aimed to frame a government which might be an example. I desired to show men as free and happy as they could be. I had also kind views towards the Indians."

"As my understanding and inclinations have been much directed to observe and reprove mischiefs in governments, so it is now put into my power to settle one. For the matters of liberty and privilege, I propose that which is extraordinary, and to leave myself and successors no power of doing mischief; so that the will of one man may not hinder the good of a whole country."

"My God, who has given it [Pennsylvania] to me through many difficulties, will, I believe, bless and make it the seed of a nation."

"I eye the Lord in obtaining the country; and as I have so obtained, I desire I may not be unworthy of his love, but do that which may answer his kind providence and serve his truth and people, that an example may be set up to the nations! There may be room there, though not here, for such a holy experiment."

With such views, he took passage for America, and landed at Newcastle, October 27th, 1682. The scene of his landing is regarded with an interest which will never diminish. It was at the point where Chester Creek flows into the Delaware, about two hundred yards south of the creek. He was received at the hospitable mansion of Robert Wade, known as the "Essex House," near the margin of the Delaware, of the style of architecture generally adopted by those of the early American colonists whose means enabled them to do so. The building had two stories in front, but the roof

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extended down so low behind as to leave but one story on that side. We notice such, as we ride through the older settlements, now; and time-worn, dilapidated, and frequently moss-covered, as they are, it is probable that they unconsciously gratify the taste of the passing traveller more than any other style of farm-house. They have a warm, sheltered, and quiet aspect; and the great expanse of roof, by displaying their width, gives a just conception of their commodiousness, and the liberal dimensions of the apartments. Near "Essex House" were three lofty white pines, still standing, and following the banks of the Delaware was a row of tall walnuts, some of which remain to this day. It was a beautiful spot. Indeed, the borders of that river, everywhere, revealed to the early colonists as lovely and charming a spectacle as the earth presents. The land rose with a gentle elevation from the river, was level, smooth, and covered with a verdure as rich and fragrant as can clothe the surface of nature beneath the warmth and freshness of a climate attempered by the choicest influences. Since the world began, we may safely say, there has been no condition of human life more peaceful, serene, and engaging to the beholder through the light of history, than that of the early settlers on the banks of the Delaware, particularly after Penn had become their proprietor, — in rural tranquillity and primitive simplicity of domestic manners and social relations, on a fertile soil, inhaling a healthful and balmy air, with a climate free from the extremes of heat and cold, shaded by noble trees, adorned and refreshed by rivers of beauty, the pure breezes wafting the sweetest breaths of wild flowers blooming in boundless variety, and nature, in all her forms, earth, water, air, opening her bountiful hands to supply every thing that was needed for the sustenance and enjoyment of life.

Such was the scene on which Penn landed, announcing to those already occupying it that he was the Proprietor, and that he had come to establish other settlements, in union with them, beyond their borders. Happy was the welcome they gave him! and happy was he to behold with his own eyes the wide and rich domain, where he was to carry out the experiment of philanthropy to which his heart had become devoted!

As this existence is designed to be a season of growth and progress, it is a law enstamped everywhere throughout it,

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that happiness is not to be found in the present possession, but in the prospect or the retrospect. In the actual contact of life, we find care, disappointment, and suffering; but as the future or the past places distance between, the objects and pursuits of this temporal scene become bright and attractive to our view. Thus it was to the founder of Pennsylvania. As he looked forward to the work opening before him, it was seen through the light of a benevolent imagination and a hopeful faith. He beheld only peace, prosperity, happiness, and virtue for the people who were to call him father. But the inevitable destiny of human existence raised and multiplied along his path unexpected disappointments, conflicts, and trials. These embittered his cup of life. They forced themselves upon his notice. As a small object, if near the eye, will intercept the view of the boundless landscape, so vexatious and irritating obstructions, each trifling in itself, one after another crowded upon his attention, and prevented his enjoyment, and in a great measure his perception, of the real and substantial success of his enterprise. For in fact, he was the most successful of all who have undertaken the work of laying the foundations of a state. There was, indeed, a great deal to disturb him in the altercations and alterations to which the legislative and executive administration of his province were subjected, while they were becoming, through much confusion, adapted to its circumstances; but at length the adjustment was completed, the frame of society was permanently established in substantial accordance with his cherished principles, his name is inscribed, and will be read while the world endures, on the broad bosom of the great State of Pennsylvania; and if the patriarch could now look down upon this earthly scene, the retrospect of the influence he has exercised upon the happiness, liberty, and peace of mankind would probably be found to justify the most sanguine expectations, and to transcend the most glowing visions, that kindled his enthusiasm when he first landed upon the banks of the Delaware.

The frame of government, arranged before leaving England, provided that, the first year, the whole body of the freemen should assemble to participate in the administration of the province, and that, afterwards, the legislature should consist of two houses, — a council composed of seventy-two members, to be chosen by the freemen in the counties, and

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an assembly to consist of two hundred, to be elected in the same manner. Upon convening the government, after his arrival, the people begged to be excused from attendance in a body, as it would be very inconvenient; but having made choice of seventy-two delegates, twelve for each county, desired that they might be divided into two houses to answer the purpose contemplated in the "Frame," which was accordingly done, three persons having been selected from the delegation of each county to constitute the council, which thus consisted of eighteen members, the remaining fifty-four forming the assembly. The constitution was amended forthwith, to conform to the arrangement thus made, at the outset, to accommodate the people. This was the beginning of changes, which continued upon point after point, until the fabric of the government, and the methods of its operation, were made to suit the wants, wishes, and habits of the colonists. By the plan as originally arranged and at first administered, all laws were to originate in the council, and the assembly were only to approve or disapprove. This, as we may readily suppose, was an early and continually widening cause of discontent and ill-feeling; and after much trouble and conflict, the assembly prevailed in extorting an amendment or revision of the "Frame," securing to themselves, equally with the council, the right to propose and introduce bills.

In various particulars, of which these are specimens, grounds were afforded for the formation of parties; and they evoked, among the Quaker legislators, as aggravated and exasperated a state of the passions as they ever have done elsewhere. The strifes, and contentions, and backbitings, and animosities, which sprang up in a sphere which the benevolent proprietor had confidently hoped would be the scene only of harmony and brotherly love, filled him with sorrow and mortification, and, at times, almost despair. If, in addition to the wisdom he had drawn from the deep fountains of his own benignant soul and enlightened understanding, he had enjoyed the experience which the subsequent history of free states in America has afforded us, he would not have been so much distressed by the contests and collisions which marked the political course of his colony. In all the States of our Union, there are perpetual party agitations, which, to timid and narrow observers, seem to threaten, from

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day to day, the very existence of society; but we know that they are the necessary and salutary conditions of a vigorous state of growth and progress. Indeed, in the conduct of all human institutions, there are practical difficulties and disturbances, which ought to be expected, and endured with patience and cheerfulness. It is still the unhappiness of philanthropists, as it was his, to be disconcerted, and perhaps irritated, because events cannot be made to flow in the calm and equable course which their own Utopian ideas demand. We still have to hear the clamors of disappointed zealots and inconsiderate enthusiasts, because the world does not move on precisely along the track which their infallibility has marked out, and which, in their irreverent and all but blasphemous arrogance, they hesitate not to declare to be the only one that can save it from destruction. But a Providence, wiser than they, is conducting its own great plan towards the ends designed by its infinite benevolence. While William Penn was complaining of the unpleasant occurrences that marred the progress of his government, and at times almost sinking into despondency, and his family were abandoning the country in irritation and disgust, the province of Pennsylvania was advancing with a rapidity unparalleled before, and working out for itself, on the deep foundations of its own experience, a permanent establishment of the principles in accordance with which he had endeavoured to organize its institutions. At the time of his death, his colony numbered sixty thousand, and the city of Philadelphia fourteen thousand. His heirs continued to exercise the powers which, as its proprietor and governor, he transmitted to them, and derived from its lands and rents a handsome income, until the American Revolution transformed Pennsylvania and the other British colonies into independent states.

One prominent part of William Penn's design, in establishing his colony, was to select a site, and lay out a plan, for a "great towne." The subject occupied much of his thoughts, and engaged his fancy, taste, and ingenuity. He had frequently visited the principal cities of Europe, and had meditated upon the practicability of combining the highest advantages of them all in one great and beautiful city. He directed, by letter, before coming to the country himself, that the rivers and creeks should be sounded, and that a spot should be found high, dry, and healthy, and to which ship-

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ping might have easy access. Besides these, he gave a great many other specifications, and wrote often and earnestly about it. The spot selected, now the city and county of Philadelphia, had already a few cottages upon it. The surface was so covered with underwood and trees, that persons frequently got lost in traversing it; but when cleared, it was found fully to justify its selection. It was laid out in such a manner as to leave spaces between the houses for gardens, so that, as Penn expressed his design, it might be "a green country town, which might never be burnt, and might always be wholesome." When the arrangements were completed, Penn thus declared his satisfaction, in a letter to a friend in England:—"Philadelphia, the expectation of those concerned in this province, is at last laid out to the great content of those here. Of all the many places I have seen in the world, I remember not one better; so that it seems to me to have been appointed for a town."

Penn's enterprise in colonizing so large a territory in America, and on such peculiar principles, attracted great attention in Europe, but no part of it more than the building of his beautiful city of Brotherly Love. The learned Humphrey Prideaux, in his "Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament," a work of immortal interest and value, in giving a minute description of Babylon, has a note to this effect:—"Much according to this model hath William Penn, the Quaker, laid out the ground for his city of Philadelphia; and were it all built according to that design, it would be the fairest and best city in all America, and not behind any other in the whole world." After describing quite accurately and clearly the plan of the city, he goes on to predict that it "will soon draw people enough thither, not only to finish the scheme which hath been laid of it by its first founder, but also to enlarge it, by such additions on each side, as to make its breadth answer its length; and then, barring the walls and greatness of Babylon, it will imitate it in all things else, and in the conveniency of its situation far exceed it. But this is to be understood as a comparing of a small thing with a great. For though Philadelphia were built and inhabited to the utmost extent I have mentioned, that is, to the full extent of two miles in breadth as well as in length, yet fifty-six of such cities might stand within those walls that encompassed Babylon."

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The general voice of those whose observation enables them to form a judgment concurs with that pronounced prospectively by Prideaux, merely from examining its plan, — it is, in fact, the universal opinion, — that Philadelphia is "the fairest city in all America, and not behind any other in the whole world," in the advantages which Penn endeavoured to combine within its limits. It is a noble and beautiful monument of his wisdom and taste. On leaving the country, in 1684, for an absence for some time in England, he thus pours forth the sensibilities which bound him to the fair and lovely city, and all whose privilege it is to dwell within its precincts ought for ever to respond with grateful affection.

"And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, named before thou wert born, what love, what care, what service, and what travail has there been to bring thee forth, and preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee! My soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, that thy children may be blest of the Lord, and thy people saved by his power. My love to thee has been great, and the remembrance of thee affects mine heart and mine eyes. The God of eternal strength keep and preserve thee to his glory and thy peace!"

At the same time, he addressed to his friends in general, throughout the colony, similar strains of strong and deep affection.

"Dear friends," said he, "my love and my life is to you and with you; and no water can quench it, nor distance wear it out nor bring it to an end. I have been with you, cared over you, and served you with unfeigned love; and you are beloved of me and dear to me beyond utterance. I bless you in the name and power of the Lord; and may God bless you with his righteousness, peace, and plenty, all the land over. O that you would eye him in all, through all, and above all the works of your hands!"

On leaving the country for the last time, in 1701, he addressed the following valedictory message to the Assembly. Although brief, it contains more wisdom than is often to be found in longer documents, of the same official character, in our times. The contrast between its tone and that of the parting address just quoted shows the effect upon his feelings of the difficulties he had encountered in the conduct of his province, although it still breathes the same delightful

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and truly Christian kindness and benevolence, which survived all injury, and were ineradicable in his nature.

"Friends, — Your union is what I desire; but your peace and accommodating of one another is what I must expect from you; the reputation of it is something; the reality much more. I desire you to remember and observe what I say. Yield in circumstances, to preserve essentials; and being safe in one another, you will always be so in esteem with me. Make me not sad, now I am going to leave you; since it is for you, as well as your friend, and proprietary, and governor,

"WILLIAM PENN."

One fruitful source of trouble and perplexity was found in the system of annual quitrent payments, adopted by Penn at the beginning, and on which he relied for an ever swelling income for himself and his heirs. The terms of sale were, for one hundred acres of land, forty shillings purchase-money, and one shilling a year as a perpetual rent. When the fertility of the soil and the general advantages of the territory are considered, these terms, of course, will be allowed to have been liberal. No contract can be imagined more binding upon the purchaser than was the obligation assumed by those who, for so small an immediate payment, and so very light an annual tax, became proprietors of estates so eligible. But William Penn was wronged out of a large proportion of his quitrents; and not only were his claims, so reasonable and just, resisted by the parties against whom they particularly lay, but there seemed to be a general disinclination to aid him in his efforts to recover his rights, if not an actual connivance at, and encouragement of, the injustice. It is not surprising that so palpable a fraud, thus countenanced and protected, excited his indignant resentment, and almost turned his heart against the colony.

Penn has been made an object of calumny because he demanded with importunity the payment of his quitrent claims. There is something singular, and quite worthy of a philosophical scrutiny and analysis, in the moral obscuration to which mankind are liable in reference to obligations of this nature. No form of dishonesty, of robbery, ought to be regarded with deeper and sterner public reprobation, than an attempt to retain a property, and withhold the consideration for which it was transferred. It was nothing less than infamous for men to solicit from William Penn his rich and

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verdant acres, and then defraud him of what they had voluntarily stipulated to pay for them; and yet, strange to say, not only was this done, but it was encouraged by public sentiment, and he has been grossly abused because he complained of it, and endeavoured to prevail upon those who owed to pay him. We have seen the same base iniquity practised and countenanced in our day. In some of the counties of the State of New York, there are supposed still to exist combinations of men, occupying valuable estates, and conspiring, with desperate determination, not to pay the rent, on the voluntary and deliberate pledge of which those estates were, by solemn contract, transferred to them or their ancestors. Owing to the blindness which comes over the moral judgments of men on such subjects, when there is the bias of interest, and the potent sway of the social and sympathetic principle, large numbers participate in this outrage, and still larger countenance them. A short time since, they reached the point of an armed and open organization in defiance of the law of the land, and committed the highest crime practicable in a republic, by taking the life of an officer of the law while in the appropriate discharge of his duty. The authorities of New York treated the culprits as they deserved. They were brought before the tribunals of justice, and consigned to the punishment of felons. The late governor of that State will be held in honored regard by all who love freedom and security, and know upon what foundations alone they can rest, for his firmness on the occasion. If the measures of his successor shall have the effect of reviving the spirit of Antirentism, besides the stigma thus brought upon him and his associates and advisers, the stain of blood yet to be spilt will be indelible on his hands. In no civilized community can the principle of retaining a purchase and withholding the stipulated price be tolerated; but in a country where the people make the laws, they will hold sacred all contracts under them, and those who attempt to carry resistance of the law to the extent of violence upon the persons of its officers will be regarded as guilty of the highest treason against the state, and repressed by the sternest exercise of its primitive power. Where the institutions of a country most promote the distribution and subdivision of property, there will the rights of property be most secure. In a monarchy, the highest treason is an attack on the person

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and life of the sovereign. In a republic, the people feel that their sovereignty resides in the persons of their magistrates and officers of the law, and will consider him the worst of traitors who lays violent hands upon them. Nowhere will the public sentiment, beyond the reach of immediate personal and local perverting influences, be found so healthy and so efficient as in this country; and Antirentism, with every other form of outrage upon law and order, is sure of final reproval and extirpation.

But while we congratulate ourselves in this assurance, it is important that we look into the sources of the malady which infected the sentiments of the Pennsylvanian colony, in its early stages, rendering an otherwise honest, fair, and well-disposed people insensible to the obligations of common justice, which has diseased the moral judgments of particular districts in the State of New York, and at other times and places has gangrened the public mind.

A searching analysis of the principles of human nature will probably disclose, as a fundamental law of the prosperity and well-being of a state, the proposition that the cultivator ought to be the owner of the soil. When a man spends his life on a particular spot, day by day moving within its inclosure, year by year adding to it, by toilsome labor, new value, and drawing from its bosom fresh and probably increasing productions, there is a constant, unconscious, inevitable process going on among his associations and affections leading him to identify himself with it. If he is, indeed, a slave, that fact will undoubtedly be kept sufficiently in his mind to prevent his ever forgetting, for a moment, that the ground he tills is another's; but if he is a freeman, and especially if he has an imperfect right to the soil, however slight and dependent that tenure may be, he will experience a continually increasing tendency to enlarge and deepen his sense of possession. Particularly if he has received it by inheritance, — if he, his children, and perhaps his fathers, were born upon it, — if the dust of venerated ancestors, and perhaps of endeared members of his own immediate household, is mingled with it, — if not only his own labors, and the whole circle of his daily and ordinary pursuits and employments, but the entire retrospect of life, and all the domestic and ancestral affections and associations of his nature, are concentrated upon the spot, — no wonder that he

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experiences such an accumulated and indissoluble sense of attachment and oneness with it, as to be distinguished, with difficulty, from the sense of ownership. The same principles that mislead him into the feeling that the land is his tend to reduce his appreciation of the title of the absentee proprietor, whom perhaps he never saw, and who may never have been within hundreds of miles of the estate. He adds nothing to its value. No memorials are seen of his agency. No evidence is given of his interest. No ties, or associations, or affections are supposed to connect him with it. The considerations that led to the original agreement diminish to the eye, and at last utterly disappear, as a widening tract of time intervenes. The mind yields to the illusions of distance, forgets the long past, cannot keep a clear vision of the remote, is unconsciously led astray by interest, and gives itself up entirely to immediate impressions and associations ; and the consequence naturally is, that the recurrence of the annual demand for tribute meets with a constantly increasing repugnance, the proprietor becomes an extortioner, the tax he levies a burden and a grievance, and if he attempts or threatens to use force, he is a tyrant and an oppressor. Feelings of alienation, of odiousness, and of resentment, if not resistance, become associated with him, and are transferred to the law and its agents, if they are employed to enforce his exactions.

This state of mind is altogether unreasonable and unjust, and must never be countenanced by a community that values its civilization ; but still, as we have endeavoured to show, it is one into which men are naturally liable to be deluded, and it therefore is incumbent upon wise statesmen and enlightened governments to guard against it, as well as to repress it. In the original settlement of a country, it will be best for the state, as well as for individuals, to have sales absolute and complete. Landholders who are large proprietors will consult their own interest as well as comfort, and save their heirs from much perplexity and wrong, to dispose of their lands at prices that can be obtained for them in fee simple. Where a just arrangement can be made, it will be for the good of all parties, as well as the public, to promote the extinguishment, by commutation, appraisement, or otherwise, of quitrent claims, and of every clog which embarrasses the relations of men, or impairs the

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full enjoyment of the fruits of labor. The condition of a tenantry, holding on the ground of a permanent tribute to absent proprietors, is ever unfavorable to the general welfare of a country. But where the farmers, the actual cultivators of the soil, hold it by an allodial title, there will a truly noble yeomanry be found. Such a population are an impregnable bulwark of public liberty, law, and order, and the smiling and teeming earth will bear witness to their ability to promote the happiness and wealth of a nation.

If William Penn had doubled the price to be paid at the outset for his lands, and omitted altogether the annual quitrent, he would have multiplied greatly the fortune of himself and heirs, and the happiness of his life would have been incalculably enhanced. So, in like manner, if the parties concerned, both private persons and the public authorities, in the State of New York, could induce a final adjustment and liquidation of the obligations and claims connected with the Antirent disturbances there, upon a just and righteous basis, it would be a happy consummation, and whoever, by his personal or official influence, might promote it, would perform a service of patriotism and philanthropy. In leaving this topic, we would venture to suggest that it will be found a wise principle of political administration, everywhere and always, to avoid, as far as possible, throwing burdens upon successors. The transactions of man with man, in his collective as well as his individual capacity, will be more satisfactory and more beneficial, if they are closed at once. Obligations protracted through a length of years, where the persons who contracted or imposed them change, are apt to be misunderstood and to breed discontent. An essential condition by which a burden is rendered tolerable is the state of mind in which it is voluntarily assumed, and that cannot be transmitted by any device of law, by any charm of legislation, by any magic that can be inscribed on parchment. The less the present attempts to bind, or relies upon, the future, the better. The more the earth, and all that it contains, is the absolute and untrammelled property of the generation that is passing over it, the happier will it be for all mankind.

The early administration of government in the colony of Pennsylvania is an instructive chapter in history, in many points of view, and especially as illustrating the impracticable-

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ness of certain visionary notions still prevalent among a particular description of theorists and enthusiasts. They profess the principle of non-resistance, and not content with professing it for themselves, incur the responsibility of urging it upon the state, — declare their readiness to put the entire structure of society, all that their country has attained of liberty and happiness, to the risk of a helpless exposure to the violence and passions of mankind in their present low state of civilization, — deny the right and the necessity of all military defences, and following their premises to the conclusions inevitably flowing from them, denounce the use of force in all its forms, civil as well as military. Enjoying their own estates, pursuits, families, homes, privileges, and lives in perfect security, they anathematize the administrators of that law which spreads its daily and hourly shelter over them as no better than hangmen, and those who on the sea and the land uphold the power of the country in whose bosom they dwell as no better than murderers. They declare their own readiness, and by inflammatory declamation do all they can to instigate others to an equal readiness, to dissolve the fabric of our government, remove the external and internal securities of society, and expose their own and all other lands to the fearful issues of anarchy and lawlessness.

It would be well for such persons to study the early history of Pennsylvania. William Penn was a Quaker. He adopted the principles of that sect in their purity, and held them with as enlightened a discernment of their length, and breadth, and depth, and all their bearings, as any one ever called by that name. Under his influence, his colony became a gathering-place for persons of that persuasion. They constituted, for a long time, a vast majority of the population. The government, in all its branches and entire administration, was in their hands. It is true, indeed, that the patent granting the territory contained the usual provision authorizing the establishment of a military force ; but it is not to be questioned that it was inserted by the mere acquiescence of the grantee, and that it was his sanguine purpose and confident hope to demonstrate the practicability of conducting a state upon Quaker principles, and especially without the use of military force. Those principles, whatever conclusions they fairly involve to that effect, were not considered by him as *invalidating the vigorous exercise of a restraining and retribu-*

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tive force and authority by the civil magistrate. His letters, while absent from the government, prove this. "Let not pity," he admonishes, "rob justice of its due, and the people of proper examples." "Rule the meek meekly, and those that will not be ruled, rule with authority." It is evident, therefore, that the experiment was fairly tried, so far as the moderation of his views is regarded. He did not involve the principle of dispensing with military force in difficulties that did not belong to it, by implicating it with any fanatical and extreme views on other points. The circumstances of his colony favored, besides, the experiment. It was exempted from danger of Indian hostility, not only by the peculiar confidence and good-will between Penn and the native tribes, but by its position. Situated centrally to the other colonies, as they extended along the coast, it was far removed from French encroachment in the direction of Canada and Acadia, and Spanish in the direction of Florida and Havana. The other frontier settlements of America looked upon the deep and unfathomed forest in their rear with awe and terror, for swift destruction often darted upon them from its dark bosom; but the Five Nations, who were the guardians of the English, either occupied themselves the wilderness behind Pennsylvania, or controlled the tribes that did. Indeed, military defences were so entirely unneeded, that, whatever might have been the views of the colonists in reference to them, a considerable period might have elapsed without their being suggested.

But in the course of time, when a large and prosperous state had arisen, then, as now, the key-stone of the communities established on the Atlantic shore, and a common danger threatened the destruction and extirpation of the whole, the mother country, and the united voice of the other provinces, called for the aid and coöperation of Pennsylvania. It is curious to witness the absurd embarrassments and ludicrous perplexities to which it was driven in endeavouring to maintain its non-resistant principles, and at the same time to meet the demands of justice, reason, and necessity. Common sense, if not common honesty, required them to contribute of their abundance to aid those who were standing between them and a power which, if not effectually resisted, would overwhelm them, and sweep from the continent every vestige of the English and the Protestant liberties, the sweets of which they had long been securely enjoying.

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But their sectarian principles, the pride with which men cling to peculiar speculations, and the overawing influence of prejudices which they had cherished into fanatical blindness and obstinacy in the bosoms of their own people, prevented the Quaker legislators from cutting the Gordian knot boldly at a single blow, and sending levies of brave men to share common sacrifices and perils, in defending common privileges and blessings. A party arose, however, taking the ground that something ought to be done, and at particular emergencies it prevailed, and grants of money were made by the Assembly for the general Colonial defence. The act, in such cases, would be veiled under the thin subterfuge of its being done to clothe or compensate the Indians in alliance with the Colonial forces, or, in some other disguised form, it would help on the common cause. Such indirection and equivocation, of course, had too much of hypocrisy and cunning in it to satisfy any honorable minds, while the procedure shocked the thorough and bigoted party among the Quakers, and offered a handle to all evil-disposed persons to stir up strife and bitterness in the bosom of the community. At the same time, in other lesser matters connected with the government, in order to carry on the administration of the laws, and enforce the public authority, it was necessary to bend, more or less, if not occasionally to break, the strict formulas and rigid notions of Quakerism. This always gave rise to reproaches and ill-blood, and heightened the confusion to which society was tending. The proceedings of the courts, moreover, were interrupted by wranglings in reference to the imposition and nature of oaths, and inextricable embarrassments occurred in business transactions, in custom-house operations, as well as in juries, from vain attempts to effect a compromise between the principles of Quakerism and acts of Parliament and forms of law.

The following passages from letters written by prominent persons among them illustrate the state of things. Isaac Norris says, — "We have no courts, no justice administered, and every man does what is right in his own eyes." James Logan expresses himself in similar terms : — "The public grows rampant, and wickedness is bold and open. A mobbish spirit is encouraged." "The clamors and abuses from such men to the Friends in government tire them, and make them weary of the load. When the queen asks for our quota for Canada, Friends know not how to act, or how

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to refuse." Norris, in another place, observes : — "The holding of a place in government is extremely difficult to Friends, and we can hardly judge which has the worst prospect, whether to hold it under such difficulties as daily fall in the way, or to resign it to some men of no honorable principles. Some Friends are still in places and offices that cannot be exercised without great difficulties, and sometimes full stops. To me it seems impracticable to do any thing that will please and hold." "I get into a labyrinth, when I turn my thoughts that way."

At last, they could endure their perplexities no longer, they acknowledged that government was a burden they could not bear, threw it down in despair, and not only confessed the unfitness of their principles for the performance of its functions, and that they were heartily glad to have got rid of it, but it has been looked upon by them as a lasting reproach, that they ever allowed themselves to meddle with it at all.

"From the moment we Friends," say they, "began to lose sight of our original institution, we erred greatly; for when we saw so much corruption interwoven in the affairs of this world, we were unfit to be concerned in them, and should have rested satisfied in a dependence on the arm of the Lord, and what protection the laws of our country would have given us. But we must needs have that power in our own hands; and having so exceeded their native moderation and self-command, they knew no bounds, — they grasped at more, by which means the life of our old and respected friend and governor, William Penn, was made a life of trouble. Let us return to our original plan, and leave the concerns of this world entirely to the men of this world."

In taking our leave of William Penn, we feel constrained, in justice and in honor to him, to say that his extensive reading, his well-balanced mind, and his large experience enabled him to avoid the fanatical extremes to which many rushed, in his day as in ours, following the "inner light" or the voice of "inspiration," as they call their own crude notions and dogmas. He was a steadfast and enlightened defender of law and order; he recognized the allegiance which the citizen owes the state, and the truly sacred authority with which the legal and constitutional acts of the government are clothed. He maintained with great clearness the obligation to obedience on the part of the people, particularly in a free state, "where the laws rule, and the people are a party to these laws."

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ART. VI. — *The American Loyalists, or Biographical Sketches of Adherents to the British Crown in the War of the Revolution, alphabetically arranged; with a Preliminary Historical Essay.* By LORENZO SABINE. Boston: Little & Brown. 1847. 8vo.

IT is difficult to decide whether the theme of this volume is more peculiarly English or American, — whether historic justice demanded this tribute from a citizen of the United States, or from a subject of the British empire. The topic in fact belongs to both countries, and has equal interest and an equal claim to attention on both sides of the Atlantic. The facilities for its faithful and thorough treatment, the historical documents, the private papers, correspondence, and journals, which compose the materials for its discussion, are in like manner divided between England and America.

The increasing attention which, within the last twenty years, has been given to historical labors among us, could not fail to make prominent among the subjects of biographical research that class of men whose history combines all the interest of great political questions with all that is exciting in personal efforts and adventures. The Journal and Letters of Curwen, and the Life of Van Schaack, with some smaller publications, have prepared the way for Mr. Sabine's more extensive labors. We believe that the public will receive his contribution to our history with unqualified favor. There may be some few individuals among us, who, retaining in their memories the embers of an ancient strife, will regard the revival of interest in the "Tories" in any shape as a covert attempt to redeem them from merited infamy, and will think our author has engaged in a bootless task. Such persons may condemn his volume on the mere evidence of its title. But the folly will be theirs, and they must bear with it, too, the imputation of injustice. Our scholars and patriots, and all our citizens who are lovers of justice, will thank him for enriching our annals with a volume which treats with admirable candor a theme as likely to enlist passion and prejudice as any that could employ the pen of an American writer. We may say at once, that his work is not of a partisan character. It is not a defence of the Loyalists of the American Revolution, nor even a plea in palliation of their

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course, or of the sentence which posterity will repeat against them. It is as harmless as a dictionary of the English language, which contains active and passive, regular and irregular verbs, and adjectives of good and ill import, and in the three degrees of comparison.

There were three parties engaged in the American Revolution: first, the native inhabitants of the Thirteen Colonies; secondly, the foreign invaders from Great Britain, and their hirelings from the continent of Europe, and from the savage woods of America; and, thirdly, those who belonged to the first party by birth, but to the second by sympathy or adoption. It is of the principles and deeds of the members of this third party, and of their individual characters and experiences, that Mr. Sabine writes. He has given us an essay upon them as a class, and a biographical dictionary of them as individuals. The author says of himself,— "I may be permitted to say, in conclusion, that the history of individuals and of nations has been delightful to me from my earliest youth; that the annals of my own country have been as diligently studied as circumstances would permit; and that, of all men of whom I have obtained any knowledge, the Whigs of the American Revolution have impressed me with the greatest respect and reverence, both on account of their personal virtues, and the objects which they sought to accomplish for themselves, their posterity, and mankind." Such a feeling for the victorious party, dwelling in the breast of an upright and judiciously discriminating man, would be his most essential qualification for doing justice to the "Tories," the discomfited party. As to other qualifications for the work, Mr. Sabine is in no respect deficient. His residence at Eastport, Maine, has brought him into near neighbourhood and frequent intercourse with the descendants of the Loyalists. Public documents and private papers, family records, and a faithful use of all other available means, have furnished him with abundant and authentic materials.

The volume opens with a Preliminary Historical Essay, which, in the compass of a hundred and fourteen pages, passes in review before us the general topics and considerations involved in the whole subject. Though this Essay is not designed to stand as an exposition of the motives, the course, and the issue of the Revolutionary War, it is still a better sketch than can elsewhere be found in such narrow

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limits of the actual state of things in the Colonies before and during the struggle with Great Britain. The author gives a brief account of the condition of the Thirteen Colonies, and of the political parties within their borders, and defines with more exactness than is usual the cause of the contest. How common is the assertion in our most popular histories, in our school-books and our occasional orations, that taxation was the first and chief outrage of which our fathers complained! The open and candidly expressed design, suggested by Mr. Grenville in the House of Commons, in 1764, to draw from the Colonies a tax which should help Great Britain in the payment of her debts, was the least dishonorable and oppressive act in the whole course of the legislation of the mother country toward us. We know that this may be regarded as a rather bold assertion, but we stand prepared, if need be, to sustain it. Such a tax, if it had been the only exercise of authority, and if it had been asked, rather than demanded, would have been paid with cheerfulness and promptitude. The character of oppression was attached to that measure because of its place in a series of extortionary, arbitrary, and crushing enactments, some of which preceded it, and others were designed to put it in force. Mr. Sabine observes, that nearly all the Parliamentary enactments which were here resisted laid restrictions upon labor and industry. There were no less than twenty-nine such laws, hardly one of which imposed a direct *tax*. "They forbade the use of waterfalls, the erection of machinery, of looms and spindles, and the working of wood and iron; they set the king's arrow upon trees that rotted in the forest; they shut out markets for boards and fish, and seized sugar and molasses, and the vessels in which these articles were carried; and they defined the limitless ocean as but a narrow pathway to such of the lands that it embosoms as wore the British flag." This is the simple, naked truth, concerning the oppressions inflicted by Great Britain upon the Colonies, the Northern ones especially. "Taxation" was but the cord which held the knotted whips together. The great purpose, the noble and justifiable end, of the Revolution was to release labor from these restrictions. The spirit prompted by that design spread with an electric sympathy, united all classes of men into a league to give it a triumph, proved the patriotism of those who suffered to accomplish

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it, and consigned to reproach — which, after all allowances, will remain a heavy burden — all those who were faithless to the cause of freedom, and offered aid, however indirect, to the oppressor.

Mr. Sabine presents a view of the state of parties in each particular Colony, inquiring into the circumstances with great candor, to account for the fact that the Loyalists were less numerous in New England than in the other Colonies. The interests of the South, lying in agriculture and raw products, were not thwarted, as were the manufacturing interests of the North, by Parliamentary restrictions, and therefore the South was naturally less sensitive to the rising zeal for freedom. It is all the more remarkable, therefore, that, while the relative strength of parties was so unequal in the different Colonies, the love of liberty should bring together armies composed, though with many inequalities, of all classes of men in each Colony.

The classes and avocations in Colonial society are next reviewed, for the sake of making yet more definite the lines of division between the Whigs and the Tories. The office-holders of all kinds, from the highest to the lowest, were of course the principal adherents of the crown. Mr. Sabine accounts for the fact without an indiscriminate imputation of a base and sordid spirit upon all of them. Merchants and ship-owners were the first to resist the agents of the king and ministry. One quarter of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were men of this class. Of the clergy, nearly all of the Episcopal sect, and a few of each of the other sects were Loyalists. A majority of the lawyers throughout the continent were Whigs, though some of the highest eminence were Tories. Many physicians adhered to the crown. A great majority of the newspapers were on the Whig side. While thus, in the walks of civil life, the third party of which we have spoken was represented everywhere by men of distinction and influence, at least twenty thousand of our own colonists took arms against the cause of liberty. The foes of our own household, compared with our foreign enemies, had at least a double measure of power for harm. Indeed, the continuance of the war year after year is to be chiefly ascribed to the representations which the Tories made of their own relative strength, and to the encouraging accounts sent over by them to England. The Tories asserted, and prob-

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ably believed, nearly to the close of the war, that they had a majority among the Colonists. As to the motives which actuated the Loyalists, Mr. Sabine makes a few brief and pertinent suggestions, such as fair discrimination and charity would prompt. We defer remarks of our own on this point to our closing pages, after we shall have done justice to the body of the work.

The course pursued by the Tories from the beginning to the end was disastrous. They commenced their wanderings from their homes on the opening of the controversy, before the sword was drawn; and but few of them returned. They roamed abroad in increasing numbers, and as the reverses of war darkened their hopes, many who had availed themselves of the discord at home to make what they supposed would be a transient visit to Europe, till quiet should be restored, found themselves brought first to the contemplation, and then to the endurance, of perpetual exile. Those who remained at home, suffering in different ways, though in a less degree, were either the timid, the infirm, or the peace-loving, or they were the active enemies of their native land. Those who were either neutral or quiet submitted to fines, which scarce exceeded the voluntary or forced sacrifices endured by the Whigs. Those neutrals who practised *tongue-prudence* were generally protected by intimates and friends, and their lot was far preferable to the destiny of their brethren, who, living in England, hung about coffee-houses and reading-rooms, keeping each other company in their misery, or living in loneliness and neglect, alternately excited and depressed by intelligence from America, and dying on a foreign soil.

The meanest, most dastardly, and most cruel scenes and deeds of the Revolution were enacted as the proper fruits of a civil war by a large majority of the Tories, who remained at home, and who, as regulars, as volunteers, in gangs, or as individual outlaws, were the instigators of nearly every foul and atrocious act in the whole strife. It is from such as these, the *majority* of the whole number, that the name of Tory has received its hateful associations, which will cling to it to the end of time. A class which includes an Arnold and a Butler can never hope for complete redemption, at least so long as Judas remains in "his own place."

The measures adopted by the Whigs in the treatment of the Loyalists were all of them uncompromising, though of

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different degrees of severity. Mr. Sabine of course condemns the mobs and outrages which were instigated by coarse and hasty passion. It should be remembered, however, that only the most obnoxious officials were robed in tar and feathers, — men whose meanness and cowardice, together with their rapacity, furnished temptation and provocation to the "rebels" to harass them. Persecution in many instances overshot its aim, and alienated those who might have been won to the right side. The legislative acts of the different States, condemning the adherents of the crown to imprisonment, banishment, and the loss of their property, were passed under a conviction of their absolute necessity, as well as of their essential justice. In discussing the question of the policy of this mode of dealing with the Loyalists, Mr. Sabine distinguishes between their temporary and their permanent exile. Some of them were good, honorable men, actuated by the highest principle, however mistaken. Yet these could do the cause of the Whigs the greatest amount of harm. It was necessary that their personal influence should be checked, either by imprisonment or exile. Some few were put upon their parole, and restricted to the inland towns, where their support and oversight was a burden. Banishment was the more effectual and available method of dealing with them. But fairness required, and there might easily have been, more discrimination, method, and justice in the proceedings against them; individuals should have been allowed a fair trial, with a full opportunity for self-defence. After the peace, there ought to have been a general amnesty and act of oblivion, the only redeeming mercy of a civil war. Some of the States, especially New York, Massachusetts, and Virginia, acted with inexorable severity against the Loyalists. Unwisely, perhaps, for ourselves, were hostile feelings perpetuated by being transferred to a second generation, and by planting our borders, still under English control, with a rival and prosperous race of Colonists, whose attachment to England is measured only by their unfriendliness to the United States.

Mr. Sabine argues with great fairness in support of the positions, that the Whigs were *right* in resisting Great Britain, and might properly use *every necessary means to insure success.* The confiscation of the property of the Loyalists, even if it involved real injustice towards them, was an una-

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voidable concomitant of the war. While the Whigs were beggaring themselves, and teasing the powers of Continental Europe for loans, and burdening their posterity with a debt, they would have exhibited a marvellous forbearance, if they had left the property of their domestic enemies untouched. There ought to have been more discrimination shown in this process, as well as in the banishment of the obnoxious. There is comfort; however, in remembering the fact, that all excess of severity, beyond what may be fully vindicated, was opposed in its successive stages by high-minded men, who, like John Jay, would never touch any confiscated property.

The Loyalists looked to England, as the signs of a cessation of hostilities appeared, to secure for them restitution and recompense. It was a matter of great difficulty, as fully appears from the extracts which Mr. Sabine presents from the journal of John Adams, one of the negotiators for the peace. Parliament wished Congress to compel the States to make compensation to the Loyalists. The reply was, that Congress had not the power, and the measure would not have been just. Many of the Loyalists had instigated and embittered the war; they had ravaged and destroyed the possessions of their own countrymen; their property had been irrecoverably dispersed; and had the event of the contest been different, the Whigs would have found no mercy. Congress instructed its Commissioners not to enter into any engagements for compensation, unless Parliament would also make up the losses of the Whigs. The Commissioners departed so far from their instructions as to embrace in the terms of the treaty of peace a provision that Congress should *earnestly recommend* to the States a restitution of confiscated property, allowing the sufferers all lawful means, and a year's time, for recovering their estates. Great clamor was raised in Parliament at this sacrifice of the Loyalists, and all that could be said in reply was, that there was no alternative but to continue the war, or to accept the only terms which exasperated America would offer. Probably it was well understood in Parliament, that this *recommendation* was rather a salvo to honor than a hopeful promise. It must have been foreseen that it would amount to nothing, as a hint was dropped, and repeated in the debates, that even if England undertook the whole just recompense of the Loyalists, the

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sum would not equal the fifth part of the expense of another campaign.

But all wistful expectation and doubt under the cloudy prospect thus opened to the poor exiles were soon dispelled. Congress did pass the *recommendation* unanimously, but it had no immediate effect on any State. More pressing demands were everywhere felt, and while Charlestown, and Falmouth, and New London, and other places, were rising out of their ashes, it was not altogether the most propitious season for considering the claims of those who, during the war, had been lounging about in British coffee-houses, and making pleasure jaunts over England. When the legislators of the new States carried some bushels full of Continental notes, amounting nominally to thousands of dollars, to the seat of government, to purchase a few goods which would not fill half as much space, it was hardly to be supposed that they would first employ themselves in adjusting the pay-roll of their enemies. Some of the refugees returned to collect their debts and claim their estates; but the remembrance of burnt towns and demolished dwellings, of the cruel acts committed by the king's allies, of the devastated property and embarrassed affairs of our own citizens, was too fresh to allow a cordial welcome to be given them. Instances were not few in which some men of note, and many humble individuals, aided by their "rebel" friends, and purified by the oath of abjuration and allegiance, were at once, with noble magnanimity, restored to all their former privileges. The majority, however, were summarily imprisoned, or warned off in a way which was not likely to invite a second proffer of themselves as citizens.

The refugees and Loyalists now appealed to England with systematic persistency, and London was thronged with them. An agency was organized, and a committee of one from each of the thirteen former Colonies was appointed, to assert, explain, and vindicate their claims. A Parliamentary commission was instituted to adjudicate upon their demands. The duty was arduous and vexatious. Certain principles and methods were requisite to be established, that a systematic course might be pursued. At an early stage of the proceedings, it was found that the unscrupulous and exorbitant demands of some claimants were measured rather by their expectations of booty than by the actual losses they had sus-

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tained. Very many of them, who had lived in England during the war, had been in the receipt of annual allowances, and it seems that, in some cases, these grants were continued even after the receivers returned to the States and became citizens, so that they were fed through their lives by English charity. Great dissatisfaction, of course, was entertained and expressed respecting the method pursued by the Parliamentary commission, which, in the course of its long extended agency, reaching through nine years, acquired perfect information on the subject intrusted to them. The necessity was very apparent of demanding witnesses and vouchers from the claimants as to their services, their previous debts and property, and their former and present business. The claimants were for the most part examined singly, and the searching process, which some for good reasons dreaded in advance, or failed to endure, led them to brand the commission as an inquisition. Doubtless, some injustice was experienced. Many there were whose exile had closed in death, who had received from their chosen home only a grave, and whose surviving representatives made no demand. Many had already taken up their abode in the present British North American Provinces, and had not the means of going to England; but agents were sent over to them to examine their claims, and to distribute their share of the bounty. The compensation in very few cases covered the full amount of the statement of any loss, and proportionate abatements were made from all. But at least fifteen and a half millions of dollars were divided among the adherents of the crown in these Colonies, besides grants of land, of half-pay to officers and agents, of annuities and pensions, some of which have not yet expired. High offices of emolument and trust were given to the more distinguished exiles in the Northern Provinces, and in numerous cases these have descended to their children. Hardships which we can well imagine must have been endured by them in their new forest homes. How far these were embittered by mournful retrospects, it would be painful to inquire. We will not do more than merely propose the question, whether the Revolution left them with a heavier burden of bereavements, woes, and exhaustion, than was borne by the impoverished farmers and traders of the Colonies. Certain it is, that their lot was in no respect harder than that of the first exiled fathers of New England,

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nor, in many points, than that of the victors in the contest which had added the blessings of liberty to the inheritance of the Pilgrims.

The great characteristic of Mr. Sabine's Preliminary Essay is its candor, and its well-supported statement of facts. Ardent encomiasts of the friends of liberty in some of the Southern States may not be altogether satisfied with the disproportionate force alleged to have been contributed by them, in comparison with the Northern Colonies, in the contest for freedom. But while Mr. Sabine shows unanswerably that this was the case, he also gives a reason for it which is perfectly consistent with the magnanimity and patriotism of the Whigs at the South. Nor is there any attempt on the part of the author to bring together into a hideous mass accounts of the atrocities perpetrated by the Tories. On the contrary, he scans their motives leniently, and expresses doubts about some of the traditionary imputations cast upon individuals.

After this valuable and most instructive Essay comes the great body of the volume, which is in fact a large biographical dictionary. The research employed in its composition must have been immense. Nor was the task free from vexations, arising from the confusion of names, and the embarrassments originating in bad spelling and equally bad writing. The author's design has been, to give the name of every individual whom he could trace as belonging to the class of men called Tories or Loyalists. Of course, he must have felt the necessity of suppressing or curtailing many interesting particulars, in order to keep within judicious limits. Yet he has allowed himself the liberty of introducing at length some valuable documents, under the names to which they particularly relate, which had been scattered over many volumes. Thus it is, that his book alone offers no very imperfect history of the main discussions and incidents of the war of the Revolution. Under one or another title is given abundant information for general readers, and one part of the work explains other portions of it. The almost entire exclusion of reproachful epithets from his own language presents the author as a judicial umpire, rather than as an advocate on either side. Here will be found touching incidents of domestic history, interesting details of personal experience, and vivid sketches of great scenes and wild popular movements. Sometimes little more than the name of an individual,

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found upon a public document or a muster-roll, is mentioned. But even this may be of service to some descendant, who may possess papers or other information, the key to which he will find in this volume. Some names have a long history and a genealogy attached to them. The whole is enlivened from time to time by graphic descriptions and exciting narratives, which will show that it is possible to read even a dictionary in course with a sustained interest. And, last of all, the volume is a significant testimony that the Tories had all sorts of people in their ranks.

Occasion has repeatedly arisen, within the last five years, for reference in these pages to the class of men who, in various ways, adhered to the interests of the British crown during the war of the American Revolution. Such views have been presented by us, from time to time, as were suggested by the publications relating to them. As one of the prominent themes of American history, it will have a continued, if not an increasing attention. Doubtless, there are masses of private papers, journals, and biographies, which will yet appear, and meet a reception conformed to the characters to whom they relate. There are many nice shades of distinction which will be applied to the different individuals who are all embraced under one class, as more or less devoted and influential supporters of the British interests. Readers can scarcely fail to have a very different set of emotions, impressions, and sympathies awakened by the Life of Peter Van Schaack, from that which accompanies the perusal of the Journal and Letters of Curwen. Though these two individuals had a remarkably similar experience, living quietly as exiles in England through the whole war, not active against their native country, to which they had strong attachments, and permitted to return unmolested after the peace, yet the shades of distinction between them are strongly marked. Van Schaack, actuated by the noblest and most disinterested motives, which alienated him from the most devoted friendships, receiving neither title, honor, nor emolument from the mother country, went to England with a load of crushing domestic and bodily afflictions, preserved a cheerful spirit, courted no pity, asked no sympathy, received no public bounty, employed himself in affectionate labors for his friends and his motherless children at Kinderhook, and, when a way was opened for his return, stipulated for his restoration with-

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out a change of his principles, and expressed no feeling, when he first stepped again upon his native soil, but that of honest pride in its lowly structures and its simple people. Curwen was a paid agent of the crown, exiled by his fears at an early period of the strife, frequenting dinner-clubs, killing time in pleasure-jaunts, and nursing himself for hypochondria while in England, foremost in the crowd around the pension-office, apparently as little devoted to the wife as to the country which he had left, timidly feeling the way before him ere he ventured home again, taking care before he started to secure the continuance of his annuity of a hundred pounds from the British government, which he seems to have received throughout his protracted life, and when he reached the shore of his woe-worn and harassed country, yielding himself first to a very grateful sensation of amazement when he saw "how low, mean, and diminutive every thing appeared." Yet these two persons were alike highly educated, and of equal consideration in society. Faithful biographies of all the more distinguished Loyalists will not fail to engage in these different ways the sentiments and sympathies of their readers.

The notices heretofore taken in our pages of the Loyalists have not involved any long discussion of their principles, or of the course pursued toward them by the Whigs, though incidentally these general topics have been noticed. The publication of Mr. Sabine's laborious and faithful volume permits us take a more enlarged view of the subject. We shall make no attempt to argue anew the question, how far the whole course pursued toward the Loyalists was necessary, just, and effective; Mr. Sabine has not gone into the question at any length, and indeed another volume would be needed for the work. We wish, however, to state a few plain considerations suggested by the subject, which his limits excluded, and which we think have an essential bearing upon a fair view of the question.

The "Tories," as these men were invariably styled by the Whigs of the Revolution, were a most heterogeneous collection of men. This name, indeed, is the only one which will embrace all who acted on the British side in the American contest. The word has no meaning in itself, independent of party associations. The more honorable and courteous epithet of *Loyalist* has a strong odor of sentiment about it, and is morally linked to a sound spot in the human

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heart. Like the word *allegiance*, it implies principle, faithfulness to obligation, adherence to an absolute duty the terms of which are fixed. The word *Loyalist* has the effect of forestalling a main point at issue, of begging the question, and of exciting a prejudice in favor of those who assume it, as if influenced by a noble and praiseworthy sentiment. The word *loyal* belongs to a class which includes the terms *filial*, *patriotic*, and *heroic;* that is, it bears with it encomium as fully deserved for adherence to a just and pure dictate of an honest nature. Now, to however large a portion of the whole mass of men whose conduct we are considering this term *Loyalists* may have been fairly applicable, — and we are not desirous to withhold it from a majority of them, — we must maintain that it does not belong to them all, and that the term *Tories* is more appropriate for them as a class. There is no sentiment, pure or impure, hanging about that word, and it does not forestall, as the word *Loyalist* does, a very important condition in the issue. The class was composed of men of all possible varieties of character, motives, principles, and conduct. Some of them had as little pretension to what is meant by the word loyalty, as they had to sanctity. Among them were men of delicately pure and noble principles, men of doubtful moral character but of the sturdiest resolution, and men of the most contemptible selfishness and meanness of soul. There is not a motive of which the human heart is susceptible, from the loftiest to the basest, which might not and did not influence the adherents to the crown. Some felt deeply in their hearts, as an absolute religious sentiment, the sentiment of allegiance and loyalty, and looked from beginning to end upon the amount of sacrifice which they should nerve themselves to make, rather than upon any personal end to be gained, or upon any oppression of others which their faithfulness to the sentiment might require. Some were gradually involved in the fortunes of Toryism by the working of events, and by the developments of a controversy the actual result of which was not dreamed of in its beginning. Others still calculated with mean foresight the probable issue of the conflict, and made the whole stormy horizon a mirror to reflect their own persons and fortunes. If the signet of Providence is ever affixed to the issue of any strife, designating where lies the right, it is stamped upon the issue of the American appeal to

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arms. Right in the main issue leads us to look for the award of justice in the incidents which preceded and attended the war. It was right that British transport-ships should fall into our hands, and furnish our soldiers with clothing, ammunition, ordnance, and other stores. It was right that successive British generals should have been bewildered and discomfited. It was right that British counsels should have been confounded ; and it was right that the unprincipled among the Tories, like the bats, holding place between the beasts and the birds, should have been viewed as creatures of the night, — as traitors, dastards, and felons.

The line of division between the Whigs and the Tories was drawn practically before the opening of hostilities ; for though there was afterwards a more definite view of the controversy, and a gradual admission of its full dimensions, though there were many trimmers and many turncoats, still the preparatory measures were so nearly akin to the succeeding ones, as in the main to determine the party to which every individual belonged. While Colonial legislatures were thwarting imported governors, the willing subjects of British sway comforted the latter with addresses very encouraging to them, and very dispiriting, or rather inspiriting, to the patriots. Those whose names were found on these addresses were marked men. They had repeated opportunities to recant, but as matters advanced, these opportunities were more pressingly urged upon their notice, attended with threats and backed by penalties. There was just enough of preparation allowed in the preliminaries of the strife to acquaint all with the terms on which it would be waged, and to commit every individual, high or low, to one or the other party. Of course, a decision was made by all according to some principle previously admitted as a rule of conduct, or allowed as a motive of action. The honorable and the base were at liberty to act and choose by the affinities of their several natures. The influences which guided their choice were in action before they were called to a decision. A very sensible effort was requisite for a change of sides.

We must protest against the unfair opinion which is continually advanced by the descendants and approvers of the Tories, that the success of the American arms alone dignified the struggle, and proved the Loyalists to have been in the wrong. There was an eternal and immutable principle of

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right at issue, and this is never decided by any temporary position of affairs on the earth. Even a far higher measure of honorable renown would have followed the strife, had the right side failed of victory; and the present winners would have found in the lamentations of historians, and in the threnodies of the lovers of freedom, a poetic commemoration more laudatory even than the occasional orations which celebrate our independence. One thing is very certain: if the patriots of the Revolution had been vanquished, they would have received in recompense neither the pensions nor the obloquy which fell to the share of the Tories.

In various lines of historical inquiry concerning the Revolution, the interesting question presents itself, — What effect would the open and bold announcement of independence at an earlier period have had upon the result of the war? That it would have confounded the English nation, and led Parliament to concentrate in one decisive measure and in one solid force the civil and military operations which were slowly and successively employed, are some of the consequences which, as we are at first inclined to suppose, would have followed the premature demand for independence. But as we think awhile on the matter, it becomes very doubtful to us whether these effects would have followed. It is easy to imagine how events might happen under different leadings and changed circumstances, just as it is possible, in our lonely reveries before a chess-board, to play an excellent game, because, while making our own moves, we can imagine the moves of our opponent. Imagination is an excellent faculty, but it often enjoys its best hours when it has ceased to beget, and devotes itself to the improvement of the offspring already begotten. Some will tell us, that if independence had been proclaimed in place of the first appeal to the throne, it would have united the Colonies and intimidated Great Britain. Others prophesy backward; that is, pervert facts into fancies, by saying that independence was aimed at, but concealed. Others still say, that, had we announced independence before the union of the Colonies, England would have so ridiculed our effrontery as to have changed our anger into laughter at ourselves.

If it be so difficult to imagine the consequences of altered circumstances in any one case bearing upon the war, it is especially difficult to say what effect the earlier declaration of a

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purpose to be free from Great Britain would have had in altering the relative strength of the Whigs and the Tories. Beginning, as the contest did, in some expostulatory combinations and riotous movements, some who were ranked throughout with the Loyalists thought from the beginning that the strife was a mere matter of mobs, — of temporary disaffection, which would be quieted without shaking the foundations of government. That non-importation agreements and the infusion of a rather extravagant quantity of tea at one time, and for one evening assemblage, from the end of a Boston wharf, should in the course of years lead to a treaty on the part of England acknowledging her former colonies as a rival empire, did not appear among the possibilities of things, so far as we can now learn, to any one individual. Many, therefore, utterly refused to be concerned in these mobs, who had not the least suspicion of what they would come to at last. Their silent protest, or their open resistance of such acts, may have accidentally decided for several persons the side which they were identified with through the enlarging strife; the distant eddy, in which they might have perfectly controlled their motions, drew them into the vortex of the whirlpool, where they were no longer free. Among this portion of the Loyalists, there might have been some who would nobly have taken the side of their country, if, before any outrage had been committed, a bold and harmonious announcement had been made that the time had come for the enfranchisement of the Colonies.

Then, again, the violent measures taken in the early stages of the quarrel between the crown officers and the disaffected infused much bitterness into the strife. Many who were beginning to form an opinion of their own upon the merits of the controversy, and who could not reasonably have been expected to come to a decision at once, were disgusted by the popular dictation and severity. Such persons, and they were not few, were driven in self-defence to side with the crown, though perhaps they might gladly have joined in an honest and a calm resolution for independence, had the matter first presented itself for their election in that distinct and decisive form. The Tories, thinking themselves to be in the majority, were very deliberate and cool in their early movements, and had less excitability than the Whigs. At the opening of the contest, many of the Tories honestly believed that a

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change of ministry in England would right all our wrongs. The conviction, however, very soon came to all discerning minds, that the oppression of the Colonies was not a matter of ministries, and that no administration in Great Britain would offer terms which would be acceptable. A substantial revenue from the Colonies was what the English cabinet and the English people wanted, and all the enactments and repeals were but shifts and concessions to obtain it, though in a way which would be least objectionable to the tributaries. This the Whigs had no intention of conceding in any form. Every Colonist who favored the measure, or was even remotely a party to its exaction, was a Tory and a political foe, though conciliation might have been wisely tried to a greater extent to win them over to the side of liberty. The apologetic and penitent disclaimers which some official personages were compelled to sign, at the peril of their lives for refusal, were expressed in mortifying and humiliating terms. Self-respect as well as honest conviction deterred some of the best persons from signing them, while their refusal inflamed an unreasonable mob to frenzy. If the recusants had been invited to join in a bold move for independence, their self-respect, at least, would not have received so violent a shock, and some of them might have become friends of the cause. As it was, the severity practised towards them confirmed them in their delusion, that the first articulate breathings of independence here were but the echoes of seditious tumults in Great Britain, and that the first phrases of rebellion in the mouths of the Colonists answered only to the London cry of "Wilkes and Liberty."

But as soon as the contest was fairly begun, the existence of a large number of adherents of the British crown, more or less firm and influential, and belonging to all classes of society, became a feature of supreme importance in the state of affairs. Indeed, it was the most marked feature; it could not be trifled with, nor winked out of sight. One Tory in a village was an object of at least as much concern on one side, as was the little brick powder-house, standing on the edge of the burial-field, on the other. What was to be done with the Tories in town and country? The kernel of our whole theme is contained within this question. The force that England might send over, the prowess which it would display, and the fortunes of pitched battles, could not

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be calculated; but domestic foes could be numbered, and their influence could be most accurately measured. What was to be done with the Tories, who kept down the rising spirit of liberty, who flattered British officials and emissaries, who sent letters to England instigating new measures of oppression, who acted as spies, or covert enemies, or dispiriting neutrals?

Here is the question which all candid men must meet fairly, when they would do justice to the Whigs, while claiming it for the Tories. On all such matters, we are bound to argue according to the well-understood principles of human nature, with its admitted weaknesses, and its irresistible tendencies. To suppose, that, in such a crisis, ardent "liberty-men," smarting under oppression, and leagued to defend themselves against arbitrary tyranny, would not classify their neighbours, and scan them closely, and hold them to a declaration of opinion and intention, would be unreasonable. To expect that protesters, and addressers, and salaried agents, and unprincipled office-seekers, on the side of tyranny, would be treated with gingerly tenderness is absurd. A civil war, and such was the war of the American Revolution, embodies men, women, and children, even of the same household, into regiments on one side or the other. The idea of neutrality can consist only with an entire lack of influence, and not with a mere withholding of its exercise. A Tory was a man to be disposed of in some way.

It has often been asserted, that the rupture with England and the renunciation of her sway left every one in the Colonies in a state of nature, free from all civil government, and independent of all political compacts, at least till the State constitutions were in force, and that there was no authority here which could call any individual to account. Peter Van Schaack advanced and laid great stress upon this plea in his letter to the Convention. But can this argument be sustained? Was all the allegiance by which a Colonist was held embraced in his duty to the king and Parliament, and so nullified by a rupture with England? Did the man owe nothing to his fellow-citizens, to the public good, to the general interest of the land where his property was created and protected? A better argument, it seems to us, might be advanced to prove, that, in renouncing a foreign sway, all local, domestic, and patriotic bonds become more sacred,

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and more than take the place of a renounced allegiance. Would a Tory have been willing to stand his ground as really in a state of nature, an Ishmael among Ishmaelites? The plea was false; it disregarded and left out of the account those bonds of allegiance in the social state which cannot be renounced, and which not only give authority to a social compact, but survive its dissolution.

The question still is, What was to be done with the Tories? The existence of their party was known, its influence was felt in all directions, and it could not be a matter of indifference how it was to be dealt with. The presence of a large body of neutrals, hoping to share equally the benefits of either issue of the strife, would have been a most unpropitious circumstance. What effect would have been produced, if it had been known that a portion of the enemy, should they be vanquished, were to share the fruits of victory with the conquerors? The Tories could not be permitted to enjoy an equal good whichever side should triumph, nor even to avoid all punishment by shifting their course at the eleventh hour. Some explicit terms were necessary to be settled at the beginning of the strife. The very fact, that honorable men would perceive a conflict of principles, would hesitate between lawful resistance of oppression and the sacred duty of allegiance, made it all the more necessary that even the best of them should choose one alternative, and meet its consequences. John Jay said, that "the Revolution was a subject upon which men might honestly differ." But it was also a subject which required a decision of judgment and action on the one side or the other. We must ascribe much of the severity of parties to the emergency of the times. Circumstances demanded that these explicit terms, upon which every man was held to a choice, should likewise be very rigid terms; their compulsory and stringent character should make them felt.

Now, on a fair view of the actual state of things at the time, no one can deny that the prospects of the Tories in the main were the most encouraging. It seemed impossible that America could triumph; the chances were against her. If she should be compelled, after a struggle, to succumb to the British sceptre, the Tories would flourish in the multiplied honors of victors, of wise prophets, and of favored recipients of the royal bounty. For men who calculated conse-

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quences, the Tory side preponderated in temptations and inducements. Even if America won her liberty, the Tory might still flatter himself that the terms of peace would save him harmless, and that the choice would still be left to him to be a citizen or a subject. The reward was certain, if England was victor; the penalty was doubtful, if the Colonists should secure their liberties. Under these circumstances, the "Rebels" were concerned to relieve that penalty of its uncertainty, and to make it as positive and as stringent as possible. Hence the uncompromising, the denunciatory and threatening terms which were used for the intimidation of the Tories. And when the contest closed, though mercy might plead for a relaxation of these terms, good faith of a certain sort required that they should be enforced. A wrong would have been done to the suffering Whigs, had the Loyalists, with all the guilt and the consequences of treason justly chargeable upon them, been admitted to an easy pardon.

Again, it is to be considered that attempts at conciliating and winning over the Loyalists were frequently made by the Whigs, and repulsed by their opponents, while the latter never made any advances which helped to mitigate the strife. Congress, in 1778, recommended to the several States to repeal the sanguinary laws against the Loyalists, and to restore their confiscated property. Washington made several overtures for their protection. But they would not be won; their refusal tended to increase their own *malignity*, and of course to increase the irritation against them. Very many facts might be arrayed to prove how exasperating to the Whigs was the whole course pursued by their domestic enemies. The remembrance of these facts formed the chief obstacle to the exercise of mercy, and prevented any abatement from the rigidity of the terms which had been proclaimed or implied at the opening of hostilities.

One other suggestion seems to have a most essential bearing on the case before us, and to help towards a fair and candid review of the treatment of the Tories. The Whigs were compelled to outlaw the Tories because Great Britain first adopted them. From the very beginning of the dissensions in the Colonies, allurements and promises were held out by his majesty's commissioners, and by the royal governors and commanders, to all who should aid in opposing the rebels and in sustaining government. These promises of

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favor were actual bribes and advanced pay. Such, for instance, is the significance of Lord Viscount Howe's proclamation in 1776, which promised "due consideration" and "every suitable encouragement" to those who should retain their loyalty, and bring it into practical operation against the spirit of sedition. As the contest advanced, such solicitations and inducements became very common; they were often repeated, while the consideration held out in them became more tempting by increase of value. When the Loyalists, after the peace, pressed their claims for compensation upon Parliament, they recurred to these successive promises, and held Great Britain to fulfil the contract voluntarily made by herself. Indeed, it was by repeatedly urging this sound plea that the Loyalists obtained the recompense already mentioned. Lord North, most justly their advocate, described them in Parliament as men "invited under every assurance of military, Parliamentary, political, and affectionate protection," to commit their lives and fortunes to the kingly side in the great venture. Undoubtedly these repeated promises, which were perfectly sure of being honored either from the colonial or the royal treasury, had the effect of winning many to the Tory side, of fixing the vacillating, and engaging the mean and selfish by the hope of reward. At any rate, this preliminary bribery on the part of his majesty called for some opposing and counteracting measures on the part of the rebels. Hence, we are persuaded, more than from any other single cause amid the turmoil and heat of the strife, were the Tories made to suffer. The Whigs outlawed them, because the king adopted them. The Whigs refused to remunerate them, because they had been hired by the party whom they served.

We have thus reviewed what seem to us to be the more essential points bearing upon the course pursued toward the Tories. We find a warrant for the aspect in which we have presented the case, in the fact that the English government was far more generous in making compensation to Loyalists, than was our own impoverished country in indemnifying individual Whigs for their personal sacrifices.

It has been far from our purpose in these remarks to reflect upon the general integrity, the pureness of motives, or the wisdom of the Loyalists as a class. Still less is it in our hearts to revive and renew the obloquy which has been

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visited upon them, or to imitate with an inverted moral the example of the Palestine Jews, who heap stones of reproach upon Absalom's pillar as they pass through the King's Dale. Sufferers as we are in our own patrimony by the confiscation of the ancestral property of a Loyalist, we might feel some prejudice upon the suffering side. But to our minds, the experience of the Loyalists, and indeed of the Whigs, — for there was, in fact, but a slight difference of amount between their personal trials, — is good mainly as it mingles with all the dear-bought wisdom of the human race to prove that war is the heaviest of all calamities ; and, since it does not admit of any of those alleviations which mitigate the heaviest chastisements of the Almighty, that it cannot be numbered among his plagues, but must stand first amid the voluntary follies of man. England was the wrongdoer, and her exchequer has ever since borne the penalty, and will bear it so long as she is numbered among the nations. We were the sufferers ; and though we feel now no burden and no infliction from it, as we ought in justice to feel none, yet our annals and our domestic records will ever perpetuate the griefs and horrors of the civil strife which were our unavoidable portion. The most cheerful incident connected with the history of the Tories is, that while they were waiting in the British Northern Provinces for the tardy relief of the English government, their trials were lightened by charitable help sent by individuals and associations in the United States, particularly by the Quakers.

We close by asking for Mr. Sabine's volume a grateful reception, and the place to which it is entitled in our enlarging libraries.

ART. VII. — *The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England.* By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, A. M., F. R. S. E. Philadelphia : Lea & Blanchard. 3 vols. 8vo. 1847.

THE sort of biography which this work contains is entertaining, and valuable for its illustrations of character, but not

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calculated to throw much light on the history of England by reflecting to us the spirit and influences of the times in which these Chancellors lived. It is no easy matter to determine what the office was in its origin; nor is it of any importance. They might have received their name from sitting behind a screen or *chancel*, or possibly from their *cancelling* the king's writs and letters when issued contrary to law, — a piece of loyal service which few of them, except perhaps Becket, would ever have been in haste to do. In theory, they were the king's casuists; in fact, they were the creatures of the crown. As they owed their official existence to royal favor, they were not restricted in the dimensions of their authority; this was regulated chiefly by their taste and pleasure. They were churchmen by profession, but worldly enough always, and sometimes unduly warlike in their ways. As judges, they held courts of equity and common-law jurisdiction; they also presided, by virtue of their office, in the deliberations of the Lords. Various other rights and duties were associated with this high trust, which, however, are no indication of the extent of prerogative or freedom in different ages. Lord Campbell has done wisely not to spend time in magnifying the office, but has rather given his attention to the men by whom it was successively filled.

Among the Saxons to whom this high trust was confided before the conquest was St. Swithin, — who is sufficiently distinguished by that title of sacred honor, for there have been few of his successors to whom the designation would apply. His reputation, of course, is traditional, but in his own time it was surpassingly great; and as he had charge of the education of Alfred, it is natural to infer that he communicated to that illustrious person some of the elements of that wisdom and excellence for which he was so renowned. He taught his pupil to read the songs of the Scalds, with their wild and inspiring legends of the past; he also accompanied him on a visit to Rome, and pointed out the classical remains which had then attracted the attention of but few.

Of his legal proceedings but a single trace remains, which bears very little resemblance to modern processes of law. An old woman came to complain, that all the eggs in her basket which she was carrying to market had been feloniously broken. Instead of recommending an action of trespass, which might have cost the ancient person more than the eggs

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were worth, he made the sign of the cross, and restored the eggs to their former soundness, thus relieving himself from tedious forms, and sending the lady on her way rejoicing.

Either he had uncommon sympathy with the poor and lowly, or he had marvellously anticipated the republicanism of our day; for when he died, he enjoined that his body should be buried, not in the cathedral, but in the church-yard among the poor. When he was canonized, some years after, it was thought proper to transfer his remains to the high altar, with solemn forms and processions. But as soon as he found out what was in contemplation, he sent a tremendous rain, which lasted without cessation forty days, so as to damp the ardor of his admirers, and put a stop to the unwelcome honors which they intended to bestow.* Lord Campbell says there is great difficulty in distinguishing what is true from what is false in his history; we should think the limits were, as Colonel Bath, in Fielding's Amelia, terms it, "pretty transparent," though we would speak with great diffidence when such a forbearing reserve is exhibited by one of the lights of the law.

After the Norman invasion, the object of the conquerors seemed to be to displace all the old Saxon institutions by inventions of their own. The office continued in name, but was superseded in fact by that of Grand Justiciar, equivalent to chief justice; but names were of little value or significance under that base and horrible oppression, by which justice and humanity were fiercely trodden into the dust. That the post of chancellor had its attractions, after it had been shorn of its former splendor, is evident from the fact, that, in the reign of Henry the First, it was sold for three thousand pounds. This was an immense sum for the times, and one which gives us some insight into the worth of money, the freedom of the subject, and the importance attached to the weightier matters of the law. It is not clear whether this office was disposed of by private contract or public auction; but the king was the peddler who sold it, as he had

* Hence the proverb, which is still current and popular, both in Scotland and England,—

"St. Swithin's day, gif ye do rain,
For forty days it will remain;
St. Swithin's day, an ye be fair,
For forty days 't will rain na mair."

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that unfailing symptom of royalty, a desperate want of resources, without any honorable means to supply them.

But these particulars relating to the history of the office are, as we have said, of little interest, when compared with the character of those who held it; and quite early in the English annals, a chancellor appeared whose power of heart and resistless energy made him a wonder to his own times and a problem to all succeeding. We refer to Thomas à Becket, who upheld the claims of the church against the wrath and revenge of the king. Historians speak doubtfully of his proceedings, as if they were quite uncertain how far to give him credit for sincerity, and how much to ascribe to unsanctified ambition. They cannot quite determine what he was to gain by defying the sovereign, and at the same time they are not ready to believe that conscience inspired him. It was unquestionably true, that his movements were violent, insurrectionary, and sometimes in the worst possible taste. But when we consider that he was in early life the prime favorite of the king; that every path of luxury, honor, and power was open before him; that when the Plantagenet proposed to make him Archbishop of Canterbury, he entreated to be spared, foreseeing and foretelling that a faithful discharge of its duties would bring him into conflict with his royal master; it seems to us, that the obvious and simple solution of his conduct is, that he had a strong sense of duty, — somewhat dark and irregular, certainly, according to the fashion of his times; but nevertheless, deep and true. He felt, that, if he held the office, though it was forced upon him, he must be governed by its obligations; and as allegiance to the church was understood to stand foremost among religious duties, his conscience would naturally lead him to stand up for its rights, and resist all aggressions, as the surest way to establish the kingdom of heaven in the world.

This matter, of course, presents itself in a different light to us; it is not so easy now to understand how the sense of religious duty could have maintained excessive claims, and insisted on temporal privileges and powers. We are thrown still farther from the position in which we could read such men aright, by our sympathy with the military barons of feudal times. They were a coarse, bloody, and rapacious crew; while the clergy, though equally grasping, had some pretensions to refinement and humanity. And yet, strange

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as it seems, we feel as if the cause of civilization and human progress depended on the success of those bull-dogs of chivalry; we set down the churchmen who opposed them as unquestionably insolent and usurping, and whenever we see them defeated, we rejoice in their fall. With the general sympathy inclining so much in that direction, it is not strange that Becket should be misunderstood. Like much other prevailing darkness, it is owing to the shadow cast upon mankind by the traditional barbarisms of war, to which we are still in bondage, while the influence of superstition, at least in its ancient forms, is now comparatively small.

When Henry the Eighth wished to destroy the influence of Rome, he feared lest some other Becket should come forward to resist him, and to prevent this, he ordered his attorney-general to file a *quo warranto* information against St. Thomas for assuming the office of saint, and summoned him into court to answer to the charge. As it was not convenient for Becket to appear in person, the king assigned him counsel at his own expense; but, as might have been expected, he was found guilty, and the sentence was, that his bones should be publicly burned, as a warning to all other incipient Beckets, and the offerings at his shrine were forfeited to the crown. Such was the stupid precaution of the Defender of the Faith; a man, if he was a man, in whom the violence of passion was mistaken for energy of mind, and whose only real eminence was that of approaching as near to unmitigated wickedness as the infirmity of human nature would allow.

Though the evils and sorrows brought on Henry the Second by the murder of Becket taught a lesson to sovereigns, his fate may also have given warning to men of similar spirit, if any such there were, showing them that the crown of martyrdom is hard both to win and wear. We hear no more of this bold resistance; the barons of England take their ground and firmly maintain it, but the chancellors are on the other side. In fact, there is nothing remarkable either in the circumstances or character of those who bear the office, till, in the reign of Henry the Third, the great seal was intrusted to a female hand. When about leaving the country on one of his military expeditions, the king made his queen, Eleanor, lady keeper for the time; from which we may infer, that the main design was to secure the royal prerogative,

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and that the judicial duties of the office were held in but low esteem. He may have thought her better suited to be the keeper of his conscience, from having none to look after of her own. Her services, whatever they may have been, were eminently distasteful to the Londoners, who previously detested her as a Frenchwoman in all her tastes and associations. She was ingenious in devising means of extortion to plunder them under the forms of law; and they returned her favors, according to the long-established etiquette of the English mob, with volleys of abuse, sometimes with showers of stones, but more frequently with salutes of eggs in that independent state in which they have nothing to fear from decay.

Without stopping to say any thing of Langton, the ancestor of the one who was more distinguished by the respect and confidence of Johnson than his fathers by their rank and station, we find a pleasant mention of Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham in the reign of Edward the Third. He was eminent as a scholar, statesman, judge, and divine; though all these various qualifications were not so efficient in raising him to the high offices which he filled, as the circumstance that he had been tutor to his royal master. As chancellor, he presided in Parliament, when only one act was passed of which the name has descended to us, and this savors of Massachusetts legislation; it was "to regulate the herring-fishery at Yarmouth." We have no record either of his judicial proceedings; in fact, his whole heart was given to the collection and study of books, for which his desire was not less intense, and rather more intellectual, than that of bibliomaniacs at the present day.

His office and character aided him very much in making his collections; he says, that instead of presents and jewels, which had been the customary offerings, crazy quartos and tottering folios were rescued from moths, worms, and dust, to be laid at the chancellor's feet. It is edifying to witness his enthusiasm. He speaks of libraries redolent of aromatics; of flourishing green-houses of all sorts of volumes; of porticos of Stoics, promontories of Parnassus, and academic meads; from all which one would infer, that, so far as beauty and fragrance were concerned, his senses must have been steeped in some considerable illusion. For he complains bitterly of the manner in which these sacred vol-

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umes had been used; that they had been read by some clown, and marked by his dirty fingers and "the falling dew-drop from his nose"; that places of interest were marked with musty straws, and the pages ornamented with crumbs of bread and cheese, together with the liquid accompaniments of his dinner; that in his sleep, which is both loud and long, his elbows were ground into the book, displacing and tearing the leaves; and if he were smitten with a botanical propensity, flowers with the earth still clinging to their roots were stuffed into the volume, till it no longer yielded to the efforts of the closer. From this, it would seem that his passion had its abatements as well as its delights; and when he speaks of laymen, it is with a kind of asperity which is very unlike his usual tone. Laymen, he says, are altogether unworthy of communion with books; they do not know, when the volume is before them, whether it is right side up or down. How different are these matters now! In this ancient state of things the clergy may find consolation under the faith which so many now maintain, that a clergyman is *ex officio* incapable of forming a judgment on questions of business and politics, which any fool not thus unfortunately disqualified can easily see through.

One of the most respected names associated with this office is that of William of Wickham, so well known as an admirer of Gothic architecture and a generous patron of learning. It was his architectural taste and talent which first brought him forward in life. He was employed by Edward the Third to make designs for a splendid structure, in place of the mean buildings of Windsor castle; and the present age has the means of determining how well he succeeded. The king was delighted with his palace, and commemorated the event of its completion by the not very appropriate ceremony of founding the order of the garter, till it was suggested to him that there was something presumptuous in the inscription, *Hoc fecit Wichem*, which was engraven on one of the gates. The builder at once explained that the sentence was misunderstood; it did not state that he made the castle, but that the castle was the making of him; which was undeniably true, for he took orders immediately after, and preferment came in a golden shower.

But the office of chancellor, to which he was appointed, was beyond his legal knowledge; and when he had held the

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station four years, the commons and the lords temporal prayed that the seal might not be continued in his, nor any other churchman's, hands. He was not much concerned at his removal, but went on with his favorite work of building, till, eighteen years after, he was replaced in the office by Richard the Second, with the general approbation of the community, who thought his honesty quite as much to be trusted as a more extensive knowledge of the law. But whatever his faithfulness may have been, St. Mary's College of Winchester, at Oxford, is the monument which has insured his fame.

His great virtues are strongly contrasted with the character of Beaufort, who was cardinal, and four times chancellor, and who, though, according to Shakspeare, "he died and made no sign," made more while living than his generation desired to see. The son of John of Gaunt, and half-brother to the king, he had the way of preferment open before him; and as to his piety, which some presumed to question, a pilgrimage to Jerusalem had removed the doubt from all reasonable minds. He contrived to set the church against him by advising the king to make free with the ecclesiastical revenues, a thing which it was easier to advise than to do. When the king was obliged to come to him for a loan, which his great wealth enabled him to supply, he refused to furnish it, till the crown itself was lodged as security in his hands. Luckily for him, Henry the Fifth died soon after, and in the minority of Henry the Sixth, then an infant, commenced that rivalship between him and the Protector Duke Humphrey which ended in the death of the latter in a way somewhat mysterious, but universally ascribed to Beaufort's hatred and revenge. But the murderer, if such he was, did not long enjoy his triumph, for six weeks after he followed his nephew to the tomb. Some writers are unwilling to believe, that a person so high in spiritual office should have been guilty of such crimes. But history is imperative as Pilate, — what it has written, it has written; and whatever historical doubts may arise, it is not likely that the record will ever be altered.

But these names, though important in their time, cannot detain us now, when we come near the age of Wolsey, who dazzled the world with the suddenness and splendor of his elevation, and almost effaced the remembrance of his faults,

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which were many, by the depth and sadness of his fall, and still more, by the tender charm which poetical genius has thrown around it. Nothing could be more difficult than for Shakspeare to deal with names so fresh in English memories as those of Henry the Eighth and Wolsey. A slight defect in the execution of such portraits might have been a serious matter, with a stormy virago, like Elizabeth, looking over him. He appears to have evaded the delicacies of the attempt by the expedient, so new to dealers in fiction, of simply telling the truth, and painting Wolsey as he was. The future chancellor was of humble birth; at least, that he was the son of a butcher was constantly thrown in his teeth, when, such is this world's inconsistency, it might have been counted a high honor if his father, instead of despatching cattle in the shambles, had slaughtered human victims in a field of blood. It was one of the great recommendations of the church, that it enabled men of talent to overleap those hereditary bars which otherwise they could not have passed; and it is not unlikely that the haughtiness of Wolsey and other dignitaries of the church may have been assumed, not wholly from choice, but as a defence from the insolence of inferior men, who, had they submitted to indignity, would have made haste to tread them down.

The accounts of his ascension to power, which we derive from various sources, all agree in ascribing to him an influence amounting to fascination over those who came in his way. His person was dignified, and his expression of countenance fine. He had that natural superiority of manner, which art cannot imitate, and which no practice in society is ever able to form. His eloquence was always at command, both in public and private; and the effect of his address was aided by his quick and accurate discernment of the characters and feelings of men. It is not clear whether he had any natural taste for business, or whether it was assumed to recommend himself to Henry the Seventh, a dry and calculating person, better fitted by nature for a trader than for a king. The sort of business, however, in which that prince employed him, negotiating for the Emperor Maximilian's daughter, was not one which required much sedentary application. The moment Wolsey received his despatches, he set out, and returned so soon that the king scolded him for his delay, supposing that the messenger had not yet left

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home. When he was told that all arrangements had been completed, he was amazed at Wolsey's despatch, and conceived a high opinion of his efficiency, which, had the monarch lived, would have placed the highest honors within his reach. But this was not necessary; for he was equally in favor with the heir-apparent, who, at his father's death, which took place soon after, delighted much in his society, and was ready to invest him with the amplest powers.

It has been very common to say, that so long as Wolsey's influence lasted, the life of Henry the Eighth was decent and inoffensive, compared with his later days; and this is ascribed to Wolsey's management, as if his influence, so long as he flourished, was a signal blessing to that worthless king. But it is not likely that any one ever had influence over Henry's ungovernable passions; no Van Amburgh could have tamed or controlled a beast so wild and ferocious. The truth seems rather to have been, that in the early part of his reign he gave himself up to pleasures of every kind, and left the direction of public affairs in the hands of others. It was not till he was partially satiated with dissipation, and had begun to use his powers to accomplish other plans of self-indulgence, that he appeared as he really was; it was not that he had been controlled, but that he had had no call to manifest his disposition before.

Wolsey had influence enough to secure all kinds of preferment, not only deaneries and bishoprics, but such posts as that of commissary-general to the army, which was a source of vast wealth in an unscrupulous hand. To show that he was not afflicted with delicacy in such matters, it is enough to say, that he held the archbishopric of York united with the rich sees of Winchester and Durham, and farmed those of Bath, Worcester, and Hereford out to foreigners, who paid over to him a large proportion of their income, and followed his own holy example in the discharge of their duties. But grasping though he was, it was not from avarice; he was generous in his expenditures, particularly in his appropriations for the support of learning; and, however he may have been lifted up by his public honors, the attachment of his friends and servants testified that he was amiable in private life. Their devotion endured the strong trial of his disgrace, when he had lost the power to reward it, and it held on unchanged to the last.

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Not much is known of the manner in which Wolsey discharged the duties of chancellor, except on the authority of tradition, which, as it betrays a strong prejudice against his memory, may be supposed to do him no more than justice when it allows that he was just, diligent, and impartial. Governing himself in some cases by the light of his own clear understanding, and in others consulting the oracles of law, he inspired so much confidence, that the business of the office grew beyond all former bounds. Sir Thomas More says, in writing to Erasmus, that Wolsey in his performance of the duties of that office had exceeded the expectations of all, which were high, and had surpassed the greatest of his predecessors. The difficulty with him was, that he was jealous of every thing which came in the way of his own pretensions; like all others in the same pride and power, he found Mordecais in the king's gate. Unluckily for himself, he had the power, which Haman had not, to punish their contumacy; and he had never learned that moral which is so clearly taught in his own history, as well as elsewhere, that success is retribution to the unworthy, and triumph the sure prelude to their fall.

The deepest stain upon his memory is owing to his hatred of Buckingham, who, as a descendant of Edward the Third, and chief subject in the kingdom, was not disposed to do reverence to such an upstart as Wolsey was regarded. When this prince, who was extremely popular, was brought to the block for treason, his death was ascribed to the machinations of Wolsey, not because there was direct proof of it, but because every thing was thought to be controlled and directed by his will. It should be remembered, however, that Henry himself had a deadly hatred of every one who had the most distant pretensions to the throne; and the bearing of the Duke had been such as to awaken his suspicions. Considering the king's cannibal propensities, it is more reasonable to ascribe this judicial murder to him, when it was of a piece with all his subsequent proceedings, than to account for it by the influence of Wolsey, which there was no need of his exerting, and who never had betrayed a thirst for blood. On the whole, we may acquiesce in Mackintosh's safe remark, that he was not worse than contemporary statesmen, which, if not a compliment, is a defence so far as it goes. When we remember that there never was a person

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whom Satan more severely tempted by making rich, an ordeal through which few can pass unsinged, it is rather creditable to him than otherwise that he did not sink below the standard of his day.

As to the fall of this ambitious and eminent person, it is not necessary to look far for the cause of it. The king whom he served was as destitute of religion, and even of superstition, as are other beasts of prey. He had already cast a lustful eye on the revenues of the church as a means of supplying his own prodigality; and the example of worldly churchmen gave him the impression that it could be no damning sin. The causes which led to the Reformation also were in action, and the church had lost so much of its hold on the fear and reverence of laymen, that he saw it would be no difficult matter to appropriate what he wanted, if he could only find some pretext for disowning the spiritual power. It is obvious that he was determined, either to make the church subservient to his purpose, or to clear it out of his way. But he could not use the instrumentality of its leading dignitary for such a purpose; should Wolsey lend himself to such designs, it could only destroy his influence and standing, and thus disarm him of the power to be useful. Besides, as a cardinal and a candidate for the tiara, he must necessarily have other interests coming in conflict with those of his master. Henry was glad to avail himself of Wolsey's ability so long as it could serve him; but when that was no longer the case, he was easily alienated from his former favorite. When such estrangement begins, every thing tends to increase it; when displeasure exists, good reasons for it are never wanting; and thus we imagine that the faults and imprudences of Wolsey, though they were convenient reasons to give for his disgrace, and were indeed sufficiently offensive to unfriendly observers, were not the real cause of his memorable fall. The king wanted other instruments for work which cardinals could not do.

The person who succeeded Wolsey in the office of chancellor was as much before him in character and public estimation, as he was inferior in station, preferment, and those transient honors which the best minds are not ambitious to reach. Sir Thomas More, in his place as Speaker of the Commons, had firmly resisted Wolsey's attempts to override the law, for which the cardinal felt strong resentment against

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him in his heart. It was undoubtedly the sight of Wolsey's usurpations of authority, on his visit of remonstrance to Parliament, and on other occasions, which induced Sir Thomas More to sign the articles of impeachment, which did not amount to serious charges, though all the world knew how lawless and tyrannical the course of the favorite had been. It is a curious fact, that, when it seemed perfectly natural for the butcher's son to ascend by means of the church staircase to any pride of place, it should have been thought a grave departure from propriety and precedent to intrust the great seal to a simple knight, the son of a judge of the Court of King's Bench, and himself experienced and distinguished in many great public affairs. Yet so it was; and had not the universal conviction of his eminent fitness for the station made any other selection impossible, he could not have reached that office which his wisdom and virtue adorned.

The early influences under which Sir Thomas More was formed are said to have been favorable to his improvement. His father, besides being learned in the law, was also something of a wag. But one specimen of his humor has been preserved, which must have been valued by reason of its rarity, since no other brilliancy about it is obvious to the naked eye. It is a comparison of one about to marry to one who puts his hand into a bag containing one eel to a hundred snakes, where the adventurer is more likely to be bitten than to secure a prize. From the tone of this sharp jest, one would apprehend that he was among those who had been very unfortunate in their selection. The old judge kept his son very short of means in his youth, and required him to write an exact account of his expenses; all which he thought very hard at the time, though he afterwards declared that the system had been a singular blessing, saving him from foppery and foolishness, into which he would otherwise have fallen. While he was still young, and diligently engaged in self-education, he became acquainted with Erasmus, a kindred spirit, who, having come over to England, was fast diffusing a taste for classical learning. Their correspondence, which is still extant, throws much illustrative light on the tastes and attainments of these eminent correspondents, besides giving us valuable information respecting those less public matters which history does not consider it her duty, or perhaps is not able, to tell.

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In his early manhood, he made some approaches to religious enthusiasm, which one would have thought could not have been in harmony with his nature. He was so transported with the spirit and example of Augustine, that he determined to join the Franciscans; but with that good-sense which was preëminent in his life, he thought it better to make the experiment of that way of life before hazarding a final choice. Accordingly, he wore a hair shirt, scourged himself every Friday, watched and fasted often, slept on a stone bench with a log for a pillow, denying himself every indulgence, and after a long and faithful attempt to secure the spiritual good which such austerities were imagined to bestow, he came to the conclusion that they were not particularly edifying, that Christian graces might be attained quite as well without them, and that inflictions upon the body spent their strength before reaching the heart. Having given up all thoughts of the monastic life, he turned his attention to the priesthood. But he could not reconcile himself to the inconsistencies of the profession, as he saw it in the lives of the Catholic clergy; so that, on the whole, he determined to establish himself in the practice of the law, and to have domestic claims which should drive him to the necessary exertion. One Mr. Colt, who was largely blessed with daughters, offered him his choice of the assortment; the second was the fairest, and in other respects most to his taste; but when he thought what a pity it was to mortify the eldest by such a preference of the younger, he renounced his own inclinations, and paid proper deference to the claims of age. He was well repaid for his disinterestedness, for there never was a happier union. We would not speak with confidence on subjects not within our range; but perhaps one reason why the course of true love never runs smooth is, that it is not content to flow in the channels of duty, but rather delights in going out of its way to encounter obstacles, besides having a determined propensity for running up hill, which the laws of hydrostatics will not readily allow.

His popularity and reputation were such that he was soon returned for Parliament, where he soon manifested an independence not common in that day, when any resistance to the court was apt to be punished by some fatal revenge. Henry the Seventh made a large and lawless demand from the Commons; no one else dared say a word against it; but

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More spoke freely of the illegality of the exaction, and it was in consequence denied. Henry was full of vengeful rage at this resistance; but as More had no property, he could not resent it profitably except by coming upon the old judge, his father, who, for the iniquity of his child, was thrown into the Tower, and kept there till he had paid a fine to the crown. More was earnestly advised by Fox, Bishop of Winchester, to make submissions to the king. But the bishop's chaplain counselled him not to heed the instigation of his master, who, he said, would consent to the murder of his own father for the sake of paying court to the king. As this last advice agreed with his own feeling, he followed it; and it was well that he did; for when Dudley and Empson were led to execution, the former of them said to More, whom he met on the way, — "O More, More! God was your good friend that you did not ask the king's forgiveness, as many would have had you do; for had you done so, perhaps you would have been in the like case with us now." This must mean, that the tyrant could not help respecting those who held fast their integrity and neither feared nor defied his power.

It is certain that Henry the Eighth, as soon as he became acquainted with More, was delighted with the richness and humor of his conversation; and, as he never lost sight of his own interest, was also desirous to engage him as a responsible agent in those public and private conspiracies of sin, which it required no small ability to explain and defend. But More understood him thoroughly, and kept his distance as far as possible. On one occasion, Henry came to him at his house, and walked with him in the garden with his arm thrown familiarly over his shoulder. When he was congratulated on this high favor, he said, — "I may tell thee I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France, it should not fail to go."

The manner in which he discharged the duties of the chancellor's office was the subject of universal praise. Wolsey, though he was desirous to shine in that, as in every thing else, was hedged in by those minions who guard all the avenues to their master; and while he did not himself descend to mean extortion, they were so rapacious that it became a common saying, that no one could have justice in chancery unless his fingers were tipped with gold. More

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had no such retinue; he was so simple and unostentatious as to excite the wonder, not to say displeasure, of some of the nobility, who swore, somewhat profanely, when they found him singing in a church, that it would never do for him to worship God like an ordinary man.

As to his impartiality, he declared that if his father was on one side, and Satan on the other, the latter should have his rights, suffer who would. His fearlessness was manifested by his admitting the complaint of a beggar against his own second wife, a formidable Xantippe, who had bought and highly valued a little dog which had been stolen from the former. He took the dog in his arms, and directed each party to call it; upon which it left the lady and went to its former owner, to whom, much to the dissatisfaction of his wife, he commanded it to be surrendered. He was charged, in some gossiping stories, with cruelties to heretics who were brought before him; but this appears to have been a mistake, perhaps a wilful one, as it certainly was inconsistent with all that is known of his feelings. As Erasmus remarks, it is sufficient to say that no man was put to death for heresy in England while he was chancellor, though the blood of the persecuted was constantly flowing in other countries. It is, of course, not to be pretended that he understood the right and duty of toleration, which was as far from the reach of that age as Newton's theory of the solar system; but though he could not alter the law, his mercy in the administration of it was such as might have been expected from his kind and excellent heart. The unbounded liberality of sentiment which he expressed in his Utopia may have been afterwards modified by the revolutionary aspect of the times; and he began to apprehend that the principle might be dangerously extended. Still, it was never toleration which he feared, but only the abuse of it; and it is not strange that in that day, when utter darkness rested on the whole subject, he should have been somewhat startled by the agitations which it seemed to be creating in the world.

It is really difficult to conceive how an Englishman can look back without humiliation to the period in his history when such a man as this could be murdered in cold blood, under the forms of law, by the mere will of the king, while Cranmer, Cromwell, and Audley, without one vestige of conscience or manliness, were all the while subservient as a

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pack of hounds to their master. Infinite pains were taken to make Sir Thomas own the king's supremacy, that is, his power to do as he pleased; but nothing could bend his firm uprightness, though he well knew, that, when once the king had determined to be revenged, no mean submission could avert his doom. It is marvellous to see the sagacity with which he foresaw all that was to come. When one of the attempts to crush him by law had failed, from its manifest iniquity, and he was congratulated on his escape, he said that his fate was deferred, not abandoned; which soon proved sadly true. When Anne Boleyn, who was bitter against him on account of his opposition to the divorce from Catharine, was in the height of her triumph, and he was told of her revels and dances, he said to his daughter that it grieved him to think to what misery that poor soul was shortly to come; for, though at the time she could dance off men's heads like footballs, the day would soon come when her head would dance off like theirs. Even the progress of the Reformers, then in its beginning, was obvious to his calm, discerning mind; he said, that, high as the Roman church then sat, treading heretics like ants into the dust, some would see the day when the Catholics would be glad to allow them full privileges, on condition that the Reformers would leave them in possession of theirs.

It was Henry's double aim to gain More's great authority in favor of resistance to the Pope, and then to degrade him by this display of inconsistency, before he died. But the keen penetration of More, who understood the dark windings of royal art, and the firm principle which could neither be bent nor misled, defeated these machinations, and therefore hurried on his fate. It would have been impossible to find any pretext for his conviction, had not Rich, who was afterwards chancellor, become a perjured witness against him. This wretch was afterwards rewarded with the place of keeper of the king's conscience, and became the founder of a noble family, of which that Earl of Warwick who was under the charge of Addison was the last. To his latest moments, More maintained the same patient and manly composure, being earnestly affectionate to his family, having no words of reproach for his enemies, and remaining steadfast in his faith and devotion to God.

Some exception has been taken to his cheerfulness at the

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time of his execution, as if it were unbecoming at such an hour; but if properly considered, it is seen to be in his usual manner, which was easy and natural, never stilted. The whole amount of it is, that he was a genuine man at that time, as at all others, and that nothing was got up to grace his closing scene. But this subject has been so well set forth by the master hand in a familiar passage of the Spectator, that it is needless to say that his life of excellence was crowned by a graceful, dignified, and sacred close. Nor is it easy to find in the records of human character a life and death more free from infirmity or more worthy to be honored. Besides the superiority of talent which appears in his writings, he shows himself far before his age in humanity, suggesting reforms in law and in social arrangements, such as had not then entered any other mind or heart. In his wonderfully enlightened views of toleration he then stood entirely alone, believing that every one should adopt what religious system recommended itself to his conscience, and that others might use argument and persuasion to convince him of its untruth; but that nothing could be more absurd than to threaten or torment another by way of inducing him to believe that which did not seem to him true. On the whole, he was a specimen almost perfect of Anglo-Saxon character refined of its barbarism by humane and religious feeling; and perhaps the best eulogy would be to say, that he stood in the most direct and conspicuous opposition to his royal master; — More being the glory of humanity, the other its everlasting shame.

There is very little to detain a reader in the history of several succeeding chancellors, some of whom were bigots, others timeservers, and several, like Gardiner, of Smithfield memory, darkly stained with blood. This imputation rests also on Hatton, the dancer, whose graceful capers cannot atone for his share in the murder of Queen Mary, an act which Lord Campbell says "was not creditable to the English nation"; — rather a gentle tap with the fan to administer for such an atrocious deed. Sir Nicholas Bacon held the office, with reputation to himself and equally to the public satisfaction, for many years. Lord Ellesmere, also, with the exception of that courtly compliance which was apt to disgrace the station, was greatly honored in comparison with several who went before him.

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But the great form of Lord Bacon, the son of Sir Nicholas, soon appears in the procession, and, not only by his overshadowing powers, but also by the weakness and inconsistency which were so sadly associated with them, so fastens the gaze of mankind upon himself, that all other names are disregarded. It is painful to think of meanness, avarice, and ingratitude in connection with his wonderful ability; and many attempts have been made to clear his memory, but without success. The facts cannot be denied; he is only to be defended by a forced and unnatural interpretation of them. The truth is, we are often compelled to witness this unholy alliance of the highest intellectual gifts with a cold and selfish heart. In such cases, men may be raised, to a certain extent, by means of their intellectual powers; but having no conscience and no development of the moral or spiritual nature, they cannot be trusted; temptation easily reaches them, and then they employ their subtilty in justifying their conduct to themselves, so that, however degraded they may be in the sight of others, no sense of guilt or dishonor shall affect their own souls. We do much also to prepare ourselves for disappointment, and flatter such offenders into the blindest self-delusion. There is no more reason to assume that a man must have a true and generous moral nature, because he has great talents, than there is for inferring that his mind is powerful because his bodily frame is active and strong.

It was a misfortune to Bacon to be in such a condition that he was surrounded by the attractions of court life in his childhood, while his fortune, or rather his prospect of inheritance from his father, was exceedingly small. Like many others so situated, he probably overestimated the advantages of wealth which he did not possess; and as he stood where more fortunate persons were constantly flourishing their splendor before his eyes; he came into life with the impression that want of riches is want of every thing, and with a disposition to submit to any exertion or sacrifice for the sake of securing this highest good. The pious adventurer, who, when asked if he had friends, replied, that through mercy he had not been troubled with them lately, was more fortunate than he; for it was the calamity of Bacon to have an uncle, Lord Burghley, at the head of affairs, and to indulge the hope that the selfish old man would feel some sympathy for

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his relations. But it was the constant aim of the lord-treasurer to advance the interest of his own hopeful son; and as Bacon was immensely superior to Cecil, who was nothing but a cunning and unprincipled courtier, it was obvious to the father, that his nephew would be an obstacle to the fulfilment of his wishes. On this account, he did all he could to discourage and keep him back. His influence with the queen was such, that he could make her see every thing as he did, by flattery sagaciously applied; and it was evidently her impression, obtained from him, that while there was no denying the abilities of Bacon, they were rather of the speculative than the practical kind, and that, just so far as he was naturally fitted to excel in philosophical studies, he was wanting in that sound sense and efficiency which are required in public affairs. In order, however, to escape from importunity and reproach, the old lord administered to him one of those favors which whosoever receives is in no hurry to ask for another. He procured for him the reversion of an office which did not come into possession till the end of twenty years; thus making sure that he should not have a support in his poverty when he wanted it, and, calculating on the chances of life, that he might never reach the prize.

But while the aspirant for office could not induce his relations to take an interest in any thing but their own selfish aims, which they always cherished with the most affectionate regard, he found a generous and true friend in the Earl of Essex, a manly and open-hearted cavalier, whose misfortune was, that Elizabeth fell in love with him, and treated him with a sort of wolfish tenderness, which he returned with respectful deference, but without that passion which she thought her charms, which had bloomed for more than half a century, ought by all means to inspire. Bacon, like other courtiers, many of whom were ill able to afford it, made annual presents to the queen; one of his oblations was "one pettycoat of white sattin embroidered all over like feathers and billets, with three broad borders embroidered with snakes and fruitage, *emblems of Wisdom and Beauty.*" But neither this happy selection of presents and illustrations, nor the earnest good offices of Essex, could sustain him against the malignant influence of the Cecils, who were careful to prevent the wind of royal favor from filling any sails but their own.

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Essex, finding that he could not serve his *protegé* in the way he desired, insisted upon his accepting a tract of land at Twickenham, which must have been considerable, as Bacon afterwards sold it, at an under price, for eighteen hundred pounds. It is difficult to believe, that after receiving an unbroken succession of favors, bestowed not so much by a patron as a warm friend, as soon as this same noble benefactor was accused of treason, Bacon offered his services to the queen to appear against him; and at the trial, he actually confronted him with insult and injury, as if to show that no feeling of gratitude, nor sense of decency even, could bind him to those who no longer had any thing to bestow. There is no bright side to this matter; all the attempts of his apologists to defend it are pitiful in the extreme. He admits his guilt in the work which he published to prove that Essex deserved his fate. It was written at the instance of Elizabeth, who, after the death of Essex, was received by the multitude with cold and gloomy silence, instead of the applause to which she had been accustomed; and the effect of the publication was, not so much to increase the general respect for his ability, as to produce a universal feeling of abhorrence for the icy hardness of his heart.

At the very time while Bacon was intensely busy in soliciting office, and trying to recommend himself to the court by mean compliances, and even by the perversion of law, he was also engaged in writing those immortal works which, one would have thought, could only proceed from a mind dwelling in some higher sphere, above the cares and passions of the world. It is a proof, though a sad one, of the power and versatility of his mind, that he could at the same moment soar so high and stoop so low. His moral sensibilities were so dull, that conscious unworthiness did not impair his energies of mind; if he ever had misgivings as to the honor and manliness of his proceedings, he had ingenious excuses ready, which were easily accepted by his self-deceiving heart. When a threatened resistance to the crown made it convenient to sacrifice some person as an example, he takes an old clergyman, on the strength of a sermon found in his study, which was never meant to be preached, has him put to the torture in his presence, and throws him into prison, where he dies. When the murder of Overbury is brought home to the favorite Somerset, and the king is forced by

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public feeling to bring that idiot to a trial, Bacon stands ready to screen the murderer, and has a pardon ready in case he shall be found guilty. When the overbearing Villiers begins to rise in James's favor, with no other title than his stupendous impudence, Bacon takes observations of the ascending star, and hastens with the earliest flattery to humble himself before one whom he could not respect.

By thus watching every opportunity, and pulling at every string, he succeeded, after serving longer than Jacob did for Rachel, in reaching the office of lord keeper, which was the summit of his desires. As he owed this elevation to the favor of Buckingham, he was compelled to become accessory to all manner of wrong. The most iniquitous monopoly was to be countenanced, if the favorite or any other minion was interested in it. The Duke also had the impudence to interfere with the course of justice, and commanded Bacon to decide in favor of the party which had bribed him. Having once given offence to this great patron, the chancellor actually threw himself at his feet to avert his displeasure. It was the same court influence which made him consent to the execution of Raleigh, under a sentence pronounced sixteen years before. It is wonderful to relate, that while he was thus steeped to the lips in all manner of degradation, he finished his immortal work, the *Novum Organum*, and sent it forth to the surprise and admiration of the world.

No recorded life affords a more striking example than his, of retribution in the present world. Having travelled in winding ways up to this envied station, cherishing all the while an excessive thirst for wealth, and learning from the court the means by which to gain it, by way of enjoying his prosperity he launched out into lavish expenses, which the revenues of his office were not sufficient to supply. But there were means to make up what was wanting, such means as were common enough in the practice of the courtiers and favorites of that age, but which never could be tolerated in a minister of the law. The parties who had causes on trial had no delicacy about making presents to the judge; nor did he betray any unwillingness to receive them. The consequence was, that public sentiment turned strongly against him, and very soon after he had reached the station for which he had defiled his conscience, he was impeached for bribery and corruption. The king and the favorite were per-

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fectly willing to sacrifice him in order to withdraw the general clamor from themselves. When he found that he must be brought to trial, and that the court would not sustain him, he made an humble confession of those practices which he could not deny; and within four years from the time of his appointment, he was forsaken, humbled, and undone. It is true, there are worse crimes than those for which he suffered; and they seem almost white, when compared with the crimson proceedings in the courts of criminal law. But it is of itself a strong testimony against him, that, without any general prejudice against his person or any wish for his ruin, there was a singular acquiescence in the justice of his sentence. The feeling was universal, that the sale of justice was one of those offences which strike at the heart of the social system, and which no people, who care for their own well-being, ought on any account of mercy or tenderness to allow or to forgive.

Though the whole effect of Lord Bacon's worldly efforts had been to bring himself to want and dishonor, he could not resist the tendency which was strong within him; and after his fall, he indulged the hope of rising again, if rising it was, to those heights from which he had so ungracefully descended. James had pity upon him, and in substance remitted the immense fine which was imposed upon him by the Lords. Buckingham cared for his own selfish will infinitely more than for his adherents, and perhaps was aware that he had no real friends to serve. Charles, in his cold way, had manifested some sympathy for Bacon, which soon vanished, when he saw how eagerly the man who should have been a sage clung to the vain show of honor and power. But there was no real disposition anywhere to relieve him from the penalties of his transgression, because, with all men's admiration of his talents, they had no confidence in his integrity. The accession of Charles inspired him with hopes which were soon darkened by the sight of Buckingham, and the Lord Keeper Williams, his bitter enemy, flourishing in greater power than ever. Then, for the first time, the startling conviction came over him, that he had lost and wasted a life, which, if devoted to high objects, might have been prosperous, honorable, and happy. He said that he had misspent the talent which God had given him, and that he renounced those vanities which had been so dear and so fatal.

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He began to gather his garments about him in preparation for that close which was soon to come.

It is a relief to turn to the peaceful sunset which followed his changeful and lowering day. His philosophical studies he did not abandon; but he declined to attend the coronation as a peer, which he was entitled to do, and to take precedence of the ancient barons. The exciting scenes in politics which he saw passing around were matters of indifference to him; he was so far advanced in Christian charity as to become reconciled to Bishop Williams, who had done him so many ill offices, and to admit him to his friendly regard. In his will, he said, with a tone which rises into sublimity, — "For my name and memory, I leave them to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations and the next ages." The love and reverence, which he could not secure in his elevation, came to him unsolicited in his obscure retirement, to brighten his evening close. All his errors were forgotten; both his countrymen and foreigners hastened to do reverence to the great mind which was passing away. There was an evident moral in this, which, like much of this world's experience, came to him too late to be of service in the direction of his life. But it may be well for others, who are tempted with high visions, to consider how this man's ambition brought him nothing but shame and sorrow, while the small measure of happiness and the only real respect which he enjoyed came from the silent and retired exertions of his glorious and immortal mind.

His fate had no influence on public affairs; Williams was flourishing in the chancellorship, with great industry, and sufficient courtliness to satisfy the king, who had appointed him with great misgivings, not whether he would do justice, which was not much thought of, but whether he would be unscrupulous enough in support of the interests of the crown. James is reported to have said, — "By my saul, I am pained to the heart to know where to bestow the seal; for as to my lawyers, I think they be all knaves." This character one would have thought a recommendation for some part of the service which he expected them to do. He appeared at one time to think of dispensing with the office, since he attended the court himself, and conducted the proceedings in his own inimitable way. Bacon, however, who was chancellor at the time, reminded him of the necessity of hearing

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both sides; but the king said, what no doubt was true, that the case was perfectly clear to his judgment when he had heard one side, but all was thrown into mist and darkness when he came to hear the other. It seemed to him a pity to disturb the operations of his own luminous mind by any such embarrassing operation; and if it was necessary to hear both sides, he declared that he would hear neither, — a determination to which, happily for those who had suits in chancery, he adhered as long as he lived.

The account of Bishop Williams's labors while he held this office forms a singular contrast with the fashions of the present day. He held the court between six and seven in the morning, and remained there till between eight and nine, when the peers assembled. Over them he presided till twelve, and sometimes, when there was a protracted debate, did not return till past one. After a hasty dinner, he returned to finish his business in chancery, in which he was engaged till eight, when he attended to his letters and papers, and then employed himself far into the night in preparing his business for the Lords on the next day. But his time was not so much engaged as to leave no opportunity for courtly intrigues. He always looked sharply to his own interest, and if, by any miscalculation, he found it endangered, he was ready to stoop to any submission, however low. At one time, he was rash enough to attempt to supplant Buckingham; and for this unsuccessful endeavour, he was threatened with an entire overthrow of his fortunes, till he contrived to make himself again useful to that great personage, after which he was partially forgiven. But there was still a want of confidence; and as soon as Charles ascended the throne, the favorite, whose influence was stronger than ever, made use of it to displace the bishop in favor of one more tractable and complying.

After being freed from official restraint, Williams showed signs of sagacity and independence. He distrusted and opposed the proceedings of Laud, who became his bitter enemy. Well would it have been for the king, if, instead of exasperating the nation by his arbitrary course, he had adopted the counsels of this more temperate and far-seeing adviser. Laud tried hard to destroy him, and succeeded in plundering him by fines and confiscations. But he could not make him resign his bishopric, as he wished; and when the Commons

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party gained the ascendency, the circumstance that one so odious as Laud had persecuted him was of itself a passport to popular applause. How sharp-sighted he was in his judgment of character appears from the warning which he gave Charles, who consulted him much in his troubles, of the danger to be apprehended from Cromwell, who, he said, would turn out to be a most daring and formidable opponent. The smile of incredulity with which Charles received the caution was probably one of the last ever seen on his care-worn features. Though his advice was not always followed, the bishop exerted himself with the greatest energy, even levying forces in his master's falling cause; and after the king's execution, though from infirmity he kept his bed at all other times, he rose regularly at midnight, knelt at his bedside, and prayed earnestly that the short and sorrowful remnant of his life might be faithfully spent, till he should be permitted to depart in peace.

Those were times which tried not only men's souls, but also their adroitness in maintaining their position, when all the social elements were in agitation, and the waves of the people were dashing so high against the throne, that it seems mysterious that even courtiers, with the self-securing instinct of the race, should not have foreseen that the many would soon be too strong for the one. But the habit of subserviency remained; some had the impression that the throne was founded in the laws of nature; and while the king was coldly indifferent, and Buckingham despised all opposers, there were men wise enough to fill the place of chancellor, and weak enough to sell their souls for office. But they were not likely to be persons of high character and commanding powers. The Lord Keeper Coventry was one of these politicians; Clarendon says that he had "a strange power of making himself believed," a phrase which does not imply the highest compliment to the goodness of his word. But he was honor and independence itself, compared with his successor, Finch, who advised and aided to carry out the worst measures of the court, with a professed and determined regard to his own interest, as the first and last thing which he regarded. No man, he said, should ever force him to do any thing toward his own ruin. He was little aware, that, in his poor calculations to keep the royal favor at any expense of conscience, he was preparing for that ruin which

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he held so much in dread. The impeachment of Strafford dispelled his illusion; and after a vain attempt to join the popular party, who feared nothing but his friendship and therefore rejected his overtures, he escaped a similar fate by a sudden flight from the kingdom. The office of chancellor was rather to be declined than solicited. Littleton, who was taken from the bench, accepted the place reluctantly, and found nothing but trouble, mortification, and sorrow all the rest of his days. At his death, the trust was accepted by Sir Richard Lane, an able and manly person, who, perilous as the station was, maintained a high character for talent and uprightness, at a time when those gifts were not always found walking together, even in the greatest. Godliness abounded in profession, but was less largely manifested in deeds.

When the civil wars commenced, the Parliament were for a time in trouble for want of the great seal, which of course was out of their reach. In such cases, the appearance will sometimes be formidable to those who do not fear the reality; and after having assumed all the powers of the state, it seemed a serious thing to stamp sealing-wax with a new image and superscription, though every thing else bore the crushing impress of their hands. It was done, however; and having once tried the experiment, they repeated it, till, after breaking several, they got one at last which had nothing to remind them of a king. This mystic signet was then intrusted to a commission, of which Whitelock was the chief, supported by two nothings at his side.

Carlyle, in his romance of Cromwell, presuming largely on the ignorance of his readers, treats Whitelock in the same lofty and patronizing way which Dogberry extended to Verges. It is one of the arts of his brilliant quackery to shape some leading figure, not as it was, but as he chooses it shall be, and to sweep away into insignificance all those who ever came in conflict with his idols; it takes but a dash of the pen to transform them into knaves and fools. But Whitelock, though he had no taste for the poetry of one "Milton, a blind man," was a man of sense and learning, diligent in his office, and earnest in his endeavours to reform the administration of law. He saw through Cromwell's designs, which were not altogether so saintly as his ingenious worshipper is pleased to make them, and gave him advice, which was received with special disgust, because it took for granted that

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ambition which the Lord Protector designed to conceal; — a design in which, so far as his last biographer is concerned, he has triumphantly succeeded, though most other readers of history retain the use of their eyes. Whitelock was deficient in moral courage; but he dealt faithfully with Cromwell, strongly advising him to renounce that hollow pageant of royalty which was floating before his eyes, as a prize which, should he secure it, was of very doubtful value, and would be fatal to his immediate popularity and his lasting renown. For this faithful advice, which was one of the most honorable things in his history, Cromwell treated him with distrusting coldness, and Mr. Carlyle cuts him up with no very Christian spirit of revenge, and without any reason, that we can discover, except that what he said was true.

There is some comfort in turning from the list of courtiers to the great Earl of Clarendon, who has made us familiar with himself by his own writings, and to whom we are indebted for admirable portraits of the distinguished men of those times; portraits which, with some allowance for prejudice, such as can be easily made, are characteristic, discriminating, and true. He has been the subject of much criticism and censure, and there are passages in his life which no friend would willingly remember. But when we consider the heartless rowdy whom he served after the Restoration, and the base crew who had control of the vessel of state, not to speak of the licentiousness and corruption which everywhere abounded, the stains on his memory fade into snowy purity, contrasted with the Ethiopian blackness of theirs.

In his early life, Hyde commanded the greatest respect and confidence; like his friend Lord Falkland, he was a supporter of constitutional freedom, and at the same time felt bound to uphold the rights of the throne. He was not so much given to study and ambition as to neglect the graces of life. When a mask was got up by the Inns of Court, for the entertainment of the queen, he had a leading part in the arrangements, and Whitelock, who superintended the music, said, with great sincerity no doubt, that it was better than had before been heard in England. It is rather comical to think of the two chancellors thus engaged in their early history; but the scene changed into a drama sufficiently tragical, before all was done. The young man, in his professional career, showed spirit and independence. The merchants of

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London, on attempting to resist some exactions of the Treasury, could not find any among the elder advocates who were willing to plead their cause ; he undertook it, without regard to personal consequences, and his conduct was considered so daring, that Laud himself expressed a wish to see the person who was so hardy in his defiance of power. He also attacked the Herald's Court, instituted to guard the privileges of the nobility, who in general were quite able to protect themselves. Its character may be inferred from the sentence inflicted on a tailor, who, on being grievously insulted and threatened by a nobleman to whom he presented his bill, had the audacity to say that he was as good as the man that owed him ; for which enormous disrespect to his betters, he was thought to be mercifully punished by the forfeiture of the debt. Hyde did not, however, factiously oppose the crown ; he endeavoured to serve it faithfully and wisely, but was prevented by the angry dissolution of Parliament ; — one of those successive steps by which the king marched to his ruin, since it was evident to all but himself and his immediate counsellors, that each new legislature came together with a spirit more hostile to him than the last.

When the Long Parliament assembled, Hyde was a leader on the patriotic side, though he had little sympathy with gloomy and vindictive persons, such as St. John ; he was moderate, fair, and impartial, and therefore well calculated to have influence before the times of violent passion and conflict began. He took up with zeal and energy the conduct of the judges in the celebrated case of ship-money, censuring them in the strongest terms for their slavish doctrines, their denial of protection to the subject, and their open perversions of the law. The Council of the North was another of the abuses which he assailed. It was established by Henry the Eighth after an insurrection, and afterwards continued in existence, as a convenient engine of oppression, though wholly in violation of liberty and law. The celebrated Strafford had used it in that arbitrary course for which he suffered, and the memory of which was almost effaced by the loftiness and even grandeur of his bearing after his fall, — that being the term applied to ministers out of office and favor, though in every moral respect they may never have stood so high. The part which the future chancellor took in the proceedings against that nobleman is somewhat doubt-

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ful ; like Falkland, he thought that Strafford deserved punishment for his tyranny, but, like many others, he did not believe that his crimes against English liberty came within the definition of treason according to the law.

It was at this time that Hyde became an adherent of the crown, but not under circumstances which would bring any doubt upon his disinterestedness, for certainly there was nothing bright in the prospects of Charles ; he had a mere traditional feeling of loyalty on his side, while all substantial power was on the other. The king did not himself despair of prevailing by force or by such stratagems as he thought fit to employ, and which brought him nothing but dishonor ; while clear-headed men saw plainly that the spell of royalty was broken, and that the strongest efforts of the wise and good were required to keep the Parliament from growing as mighty and tyrannical as the most absolute kings had been. Charles selected Hyde, Lord Falkland, and Colepepper, as his private advisers, pledging his honor to them, that, without their assent, he would take no step in Parliament whatever. This arrangement inspired a general confidence very propitious to his cause ; but after a time, every one was struck with dismay to hear of his suicidal attempt to seize the five members of the Commons, a movement which made it manifest that his purposes were tyrannical, and also brought suspicion on the fair fame of his counsellors, who, by this act of bad faith on his part, appeared to the world as the instigators of a proceeding which they unanimously condemned and deplored. No one could have blamed them, if, disgusted by such treatment, they had renounced the service of the king. They did, in truth, almost give up the hope of being able to serve him ; and it is much to the honor of Hyde, that he should have persevered in his endeavours to sustain a falling cause by the most laborious and incessant exertions, till the time, when, after the battle of Marston Moor, the prince was given to his charge to be placed in the security of a foreign land. He did not covet this office of managing a cold-hearted and self-indulgent boy, who learned nothing by experience, and was not made serious by suffering, but remained the same, caring for nothing but play and pleasure, to his dying day. Still, it is well for the world that Hyde was thus exiled ; since it was in this retirement that he engaged in the preparation of that history which, though some

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objections on the score of prejudice may be made to it, is certainly one of the most pleasing and instructive ever written, and in its delineations of individual character has never been exceeded. To this undertaking he devoted ten hours a day; and the constant employment and interest which it afforded him relieved the weariness of a life of banishment, which was never cheered by any good news from home.

After the death of Charles the First, it followed as a matter of necessity that Hyde should take the chief direction of affairs, the young king being completely lost in disgraceful sensuality, and his favorite companions being Buckingham and a knot of similar spirits, who would have deserted his fallen fortunes very soon, if there had been any one willing to receive them. While they kept up their own and their master's spirits by frolic and buffoonery, every thing which involved deliberation and responsibility came on this wise and faithful friend. Among other anxieties, he had to provide the means of subsistence for the court. How much the exiles were reduced appears from his desponding remark: — "Every bit of meat, every drop of drink, all the fire and candles that have been used, are owed for; and how to get credit for a week more is no easy matter." Hyde contrived to keep up a show of respectability in a discreditable concern, not by bringing the king and his companions to a sense of decency, which was impossible, but by holding up his own high character before the extreme worthlessness of theirs.

At this time, the king gave him the office of Lord Chancellor, an appointment which Lord Campbell rather superfluously ascribes to his own ambitious suggestion, while he hypocritically pretended to decline it. Why such a charge should be made, in the absence of all evidence to support it, does not appear. Such an officer was necessary in any court, and particularly so in one like that of Charles, in which there were commissions to be prepared, papers to be signed and sealed, and even a greater variety of concerns to be attended to than in more prosperous days. Surely, one should be permitted to take an office, when it brings him no compensation but labor, want, and sorrow, without being charged with mercenary feelings. The court of Charles at Bruges was about the last place which men of low ambition would have chosen for their field of glory. But however Hyde

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may have reached the office, he managed the interests of the banished king with great judgment and discretion. It required considerable negotiation with Monk before that accidental dictator could ascertain his own mind, as his politics consisted in throwing up a counter, to be determined by the side which fell uppermost. He finally concluded that restoration would be more grateful and symmetrical in itself, as well as more acceptable to Charles, if it was not embarrassed with any conditions about amnesty, civil rights, and liberty of conscience, which it was then the time to impose.

After the Restoration, Hyde, as a matter of course, remained at the head of affairs. It could not be expected, that, after all his sufferings, he should retain much enthusiasm for liberty ; but his aim seemed to be, not merely to exalt the prerogative, but to make his master a constitutional king. He was somewhat corrupted by the licentious maxims of that abandoned and shameless time, yet not by avarice, for he rejected a bribe from the French court, and a magnificent grant of lands from the king. The greatest discredit attached to his memory comes from his consenting to urge the queen to receive the mistress of her husband as one of her maids of honor ; superstitious as his loyalty was, one can hardly conceive of his lending himself to such counsels of sin and shame ; but the truth seems to have been, that he yielded to Charles in personal matters, while he was firm and independent where the public welfare was concerned. We see no reason to believe, what is commonly assumed as the ground of a charge of hypocrisy, that he promoted the marriage of James to his daughter, an event which he professed to deplore. He must have foreseen that much trouble would arise from this ill-assorted union, and may very well be supposed to have looked on it with more fear than rejoicing. Besides, those who say that the anger which he manifested on this occasion was affected and hypocritical should remember, that though the parties were called husband and wife, the marriage service had not then been performed for them, so that there was reason enough for displeasure.

Hyde, now created Earl of Clarendon, was a zealot in support of the claims of the church of England, and was constantly urging on severe and oppressive measures to exalt and secure it. This course of conduct was distasteful to the king, who was himself a Catholic, because, conscious of

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his own profligacy, he wanted a faith in which he could find some absolution for his crimes. The chancellor also wounded him by his stern disapprobation of the folly and unfaithfulness in which his life was passed, while the shameless women who surrounded the king taunted him with his submission to an old and rigid master. If the integrity of Clarendon made him many enemies, it must be confessed that his overbearing spirit needlessly increased their number; though injuries are sometimes forgiven, contempt is never forgotten nor pardoned. When his influence was once shaken, his opposition to the Dutch war, and other measures tending to iniquity and disgrace, which Charles supported because they gave him a chance to pick the pocket of the nation, inflamed the king to such a pitch as to give him courage to dismiss his most faithful adviser. Lady Castlemaine also insisted upon his dismissal, and she was supported by Buckingham and all the rest of that miserable crew of which the court was composed. Clarendon was disgraced, chiefly for the reason that he was, as Lord Southampton said, "a true Protestant, and an honest Englishman; and while he enjoyed power, men were secure of their laws, liberties, and religion."

Clarendon was a man of great talents and great virtues; and though he was not exempt from many failings, though there were grievous errors in his administration and his private life, he will always deserve respect for his integrity and wisdom. Among most of those who surrounded him, he towered as a son of light. It is painful to think of him as an infirm and suffering man, a second time exiled from his country, and this time never to return, wandering without a resting-place, driven from one city to another, ordered to quit the French territory when he was too sick to leave his bed, and abused by Englishmen abroad even to the danger of his life. Yet nothing could damp the ardor of his intellectual pursuits; and while he was so weak that he could not walk without the support of two men, he diligently continued his historical studies and writings, improved himself in the French language and began the Italian, reviewed Hobbes's Leviathan and various polemical works, commenced a narrative of his own life, and even contemplated a history of England. Finding that his end was approaching, he earnestly solicited permission to die in his native land; but even this

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was denied him, and a second application met with no reply. He said that it was in nobody's power to prevent his dying, and it did not seem to him unreasonable to wish for a place in which to die; but he submitted without complaining, and simply remarked in his will, that he had never committed any fault against the king. His remains were carried over to the land which he was not permitted to see, and privately buried in Westminster Abbey. But though his two granddaughters reigned in succession in England, they had no feeling of reverence to induce them to build him a monument, nor is there even an inscription to show where his body returned to the dust.

Much is said of the thanklessness of republics; but rather a longer chapter might be written on the ingratitude of kings. In a commonwealth, the people have the impression that they are not served with perfect disinterestedness; their benefactors might adopt the language of one of the German women who came over with George the First, when she was followed by the populace of London: — "Good people, we are come over here for nothing but your goods"; — which the uncourtly mob declared they had no difficulty whatever in believing. But Clarendon in the service of Charles was disinterested as well as faithful; whatever his errors may have been, he was not, like his master, the proprietor and the victim of a cold and selfish heart.

In the ministry of the Cabal, when the moral condition of England was lower than, it is to be hoped, it will ever be again, the great seal was placed in the hands of a mere lawyer, Sir Orlando Bridgman. But, meantime, that extraordinary personage, Lord Shaftesbury, had become one of the ministry, and aspired to be something better. The opportunity was not long wanting. The king had commenced his machinations for restoring absolutism and Popery, with the suicidal Dutch war, and the London bankers had advanced him large sums, for the repayment of which orders on the treasury were issued. These bankers relied on his promise, "that he would not, on any occasion whatever, suffer an interruption of the payment of these orders." But his word was no better than he was himself; and by the direction of the Cabal, the exchequer suddenly stopped payment. This measure shook the commercial world with an explosion like that of a thunderbolt, and threw the king's affairs into irremediable disgrace and confusion.

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The bankers had borrowed the money from others, who at once brought actions against them for the recovery of their property. When they applied to Shaftesbury, who then presided in the Treasury, he remembered to have heard of such things as *injunctions*, and told them to go to the lord keeper *for an injunction* to stay all such proceedings. This officer, of course, had no authority to stay the operation of the law; but while he hesitated, not willing to give offence, and not feeling easy to violate his conscience and the law, Shaftesbury went to the king, and declared that the lord keeper was an old fool, and that he himself could discharge the duties of that station much more to the public satisfaction. The king laughed at the idea; but the rest of the Cabal, who wished him out of their way, were pleased at the suggestion. Accordingly he was appointed, though the nearest approach which he made to qualification for the duty was that of having married the daughter of the Lord Keeper Coventry.

But Shaftesbury's previous life had been such as to make him feel easy in any situation. In the Rebellion he was at first on the king's side; then, with perfect consistency, as he always maintained, he went over and fought vigorously in the field on the other. In like manner, he was for a time on good terms with Cromwell; then he quarrelled with him, and exerted himself so vigorously against the Protectorate, that Cromwell declared him the worst person to manage he ever saw. When Richard Cromwell succeeded, Shaftesbury took the oath to support the new Protector, and abjured the Stuarts; and then was soon found intriguing so as to confuse and embarrass all public movements, in order to create a necessity for the restoration of the king. For seven years after the return of Charles, Shaftesbury was quiet, which conduct remains an unexplained mystery in his life; but after this unnatural repose, he began to lay plans to ruin Clarendon, in which he at last succeeded, by using all manner of arts, and even contriving to throw on the old chancellor the odium of the Dutch war, which he had always steadily opposed.

The king pronounced Shaftesbury the weakest and wickedest man of his age; but he was not entitled to either distinction, for his talents were various and brilliant, and in those days of corruption he had never received money from France, which could be said of few English statesmen.

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When he danced from one side to another, he was always amazingly conscientious on the subject of betraying the confidence of the former party. When he left the service of Charles the First for the Parliament, that body rejoiced in the expectation of learning all the secrets of the royal camp; but he refused to speak a single word. This faithfulness after the manner of Dalgetty was somewhat better than none. On one occasion, Charles complimented him by saying that he considered him the most profligate man in his dominions; his easy reply was, — "Of a subject, Sir, I believe I am." But even this could not be said with truth, when so many were destitute of every vestige of decency and shame. Still, his history and reputation, combined with an entire ignorance of law and other matters which chancellors are supposed to know, were not very auspicious to his success in discharging the duties of the office.

Though Shaftesbury was a member of the Cabal, the other ministers had no affection for him; and their jealousy, together with the king's want of confidence, made him rather disposed to form a cabal by himself. In his contrivances to gain influence, his sagacity led him, against his taste, to fall in with the tendencies of the times towards political freedom. Nothing could exceed his sharpness of discernment in all public and private affairs. When he dined once with Clarendon, he found out, from a certain deference of manner on the part of her mother, the secret of Anne Hyde's marriage to the Duke of York, which was then unsuspected by others; and so, in all public concerns, it was impossible to conceal any thing which he was interested to know. He saw that the commercial interest was growing in importance, and that more toleration in matters of religion must soon be granted. He therefore became a sort of patron of the merchants, and carried his favor to the Dissenters so far as to procure a declaration of indulgence for them from the king. Charles was not firm in maintaining his ground in opposition to the Commons, who questioned his right to issue such a declaration; and Shaftesbury, who had secretly encouraged their proceedings against it, said that he should not advise persisting against so august a body.

The monarch hated and feared Shaftesbury, longed to get rid of him, and yet doubted whether his powers of annoyance might not be increased by his dismissal from office.

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He concluded, on the whole, to follow his inclination and take away the seals ; but he could not deprive the dismissed chancellor of the reputation of being the head of the Protestant party. Though it was very doubtful if he believed in revelation, he was held up as the saviour of true religion ; and though no man had carried royal pretensions farther, he was welcomed by acclamation as the leader of the liberal party. It was not greatly to the credit of any patriotic or religious body to be under the marching orders of so unscrupulous a chief ; and it was necessary for them to look well to the path and the direction in which he would have them go. But he showed such courage and resources, his tactics in managing the Parliament and people were so brilliant, and, above all, he was so well qualified and disposed to resist the king and the Duke of York, that all seemed glad to arrange themselves under his banner, though there was so much in his character and proceedings which no one could approve.

It was Shaftesbury's great distinction, that he forced himself into a leading ministerial office in opposition not only to the known wishes, but to the strenuous efforts, of the king. The same thing has happened since ; when George the Third was compelled to receive Fox, whom he hated, as his minister, it was thought a great victory of freedom ; and so it was. But kings had by that time learned to put up with much that was distasteful ; while in Shaftesbury's day it was a novelty strange and fearful, " with fear of change perplexing monarchs," to have this cup of vinegar held to the royal lips by a subject's uncourtly hand. It should be remembered, too, that to Shaftesbury the English nation is indebted for the Habeas Corpus act, by which the liberty of the subject has been since so effectually guarded. Partly by argument, and partly by that Parliamentary management in which no man was a match for him, he carried the measure against the coldness of the Lords, and the resistance of the court party. Charles happily had not the courage to refuse his sanction, and the act has ever since been regarded as the glorious and happy union of English liberty and English law.

It was marvellous to see the fearlessness and talent with which Shaftesbury braved the court, not hesitating to offer the most grievous affronts, though he was conscious of the tremendous powers which, after all that had been gained to free-

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dom, still remained in the royal hand. He openly attempted to pass an act excluding the Duke of York from the succession, and threatened to have the Duchess of Portsmouth removed as a nuisance, which would have been a proper and decent measure. But meantime he was in the condition of De Retz, whom he otherwise resembled; the moment the court laid hands upon him, the spell of his influence was broken, and his adherents began to take thought for themselves. When he was arrested and carried to the Tower, a friend by the way said, — "God deliver you from your enemies!" He replied with a smile, — "They have more reason to pray that he would deliver them from me." He applied for the benefit of his own Habeas Corpus act; but it was refused, on false pretences. Still, it was necessary that he should be indicted by a London grand jury, and they refused to find a bill. But the court left no stone unturned to change the public mind; not only pamphlets, addresses, reports, and falsehoods were put into circulation, but the king suggested to Dryden the writing of a poem to aid the work; and Absalom and Achitophel was the result.

It is impossible to tell how long Shaftesbury could have maintained his position of defiance; he was induced, partly by the desire of troubling the court, and still more by his own restlessness of spirit, to take part in the rash designs of Monmouth. But the public mind, though it welcomed agitation, was not ready for another downfall of the throne; and the general feeling swung back in such a manner, that the king became absolute. Shaftesbury fled from the kingdom; Russell and Sydney died without creating excitement; and the hopes of liberty were adjourned to a future day, under the direction of that Providence which generally moves in darkness, but which shone forth encouragingly in the subsequent revolution, that swept the Stuarts for ever from the throne.

Such a man as this could not be fairly estimated in his own times, and hardly in those which followed; for the distinction of Whig and Tory, which then began, lasted, with all the passions connected with it, through many following generations. His private morals would not bear examination, except in comparison with those of his associates in that most depraved of courts; and yet it is easier to believe that he should have been misrepresented, than that such a wretch as he is sometimes described should have enjoyed

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the respect and esteem of Locke. As to his enthusiasm in favor of liberty and toleration, he appears to have regarded them not as ends, but rather as means to make himself formidable. Still, whatever were his motives, his efforts were of service to the great cause of mankind. As a Parliamentary orator, he was without a rival or any approach to rivalship; he was clear in comprehension, eloquent in language, and sometimes powerfully sarcastic in reply; witness his cool remark to a hostile bishop, who, when Shaftesbury was speaking, wondered, in a loud undertone, when he would be done preaching: — "As soon as I am made a bishop," was his easy and indifferent answer. His great passion was a restless craving for political excitement; while most men are disturbed in the gloom and danger of such tempests, he was like a petrel, serene and happy in all the thunders of the storm. The same thirst for intense action went with him to the moment when, having left his country, he was welcomed to the United Provinces, where the hospitable attentions which were paid him probably brought on the sudden attack of gout in the stomach which terminated his life, bringing, it is to be hoped, that peace and rest of which he knew nothing before.

After Shaftesbury came the Earl of Nottingham, who was content to be an humble servant, and not a rival, of the king. Whenever he was called upon for the purpose, he was submissive enough to the arbitrary pleasure of a monarch, who, having gained the ascendency by a strange turn of public feeling, was determined to use the advantage to the utmost of his power. The reputation of this chancellor stands high with judicial writers; Lord Campbell quotes "the great Chancellor Kent," and Judge Story, who speak of him as having made equity a regular science. However eminent he may have been in that department, in matters of state he does not stand clear from the reproach of slavish compliance with his master's lawless will.

But he was decency and honor itself, compared with the Lord Keeper Guilford, who seems to have been appointed because Jeffreys, by all acknowledgment the basest of mankind, was not yet ready for the station which he afterwards so infamously filled. Lord Guilford was early instructed in the art of hypocrisy by his mother, a sanctified vixen, who made her children practise "praying by the spirit" in their

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earliest childhood. His father kept him very much restricted in his resources, which, as soon as he became a lawyer, he improved by residing with his grandfather, a most tyrannical old man, whose humors he bore patiently, avenging himself meantime by all manner of legal extortion. By steadily paying court to every one who could advance his interests, and never suffering any thing like sympathy or generous feeling to turn him for a moment from his object, he succeeded in getting forward fast in his profession, allowing himself no recreation except music, on which he wrote some very poor essays, occasionally hearing Hugh Peters, and, as his biographer says, by way of climax, indulging himself at times in "a petit supper and a bottle," for the law was by no means as dry then as it has been in later years. By stepping forward to argue against reversing the sentence of Hollis and other members of the Commons in the reign of Charles the First, he attracted the attention of the court, as one likely to be sufficiently able and unprincipled, and in due time to become lord keeper of the great seal. After defiling his conscience by silence in the delusion of witchcraft, and suffering his brother judges to murder the victims who he knew were innocent; by pursuing the same policy in the case of Oates's plot, where he was equally free from delusion; by observing silence also when Stafford was executed, though in private he condemned the proceeding; by taking part in the judicial assassination of College, simply because it would be pleasant to the king; by attempting to pervert justice in order to bring ruin on Shaftesbury, which crime was prevented by the firmness of the jury; by engaging actively in the successful conspiracy for disfranchising the city of London; by his acquiescence in the cruelties of Jeffreys, which, as Hallam says, is proved to be true, though Roger North denies it; — by these and various other degrading compliances he reached the highest honors, but only to be torn down at last by his detested rival, whose success, however, has since been a shield and blessing to him, by holding up before him a memory more infamous than his own.

He was succeeded by Jeffreys, who had long been browbeating and insulting him on all occasions, with a view to drive him from the office; but he refused to resign, out of a manly spirit, as his brother maintained, though what was the spirit and manliness of remaining where he was not wanted

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it is not easy to discover. The name of his successor is spelt in eight different ways, of which "Jeffreys" is found in his patent of peerage. He was a person of superior talents and attractive manners, which unfortunately covered from observation his inherent brutality, and aided him to gain that influence which he afterwards so fearfully abused. In his youth, his father had discernment enough to foresee his tendencies, and sometimes complimented him, more in sorrow than in anger, by expressing the fear that "he would die with his shoes and stockings on." But he contrived to make himself everywhere acceptable by his social powers, and when he came to the practice of his profession, had the art of seeming to know every thing; and as his talents for conversation brought him into acquaintance with the great, he was able, at the early age of twenty, to give the impression of one who was to take a distinguished part in public affairs. He had also a bold aspect and a commanding voice, and as he was wholly destitute of every thing like a sense of shame, he passed for a man of great energy and resource, being aided, too, by the good word and the services of his bacchanal companions, who were all the trumpeters of his fame. The hard drinking in which he constantly indulged not only recommended him to a wealthy and influential citizen of London, who loved him for being able to drink and smoke when all the other lights of the festive board were extinguished beneath it, but served him equally well in fashionable circles, where licentiousness was accompanied by its kindred vices, and all in their worst excess. But what was most in favor of his success in life, he became well acquainted with Chiffinch, the pander to the vices of the king, who, by a natural instinct, took to him as a bird of a feather as dark and infamous as his own.

When he reached the office of Recorder, which he gained by the aid of the Whig party, whose power he had courted, he renounced every thing like patriotism, and abused his former friends. For a time he was thrown into obscurity by the Popish plot, which Shaftesbury, though he did not invent it, used for his own purposes. Jeffreys suggested to the government, that they had better hold Shaftesbury answerable for it if it should come to nothing, and, meantime, that they should profess the strongest Protestant zeal, without the least regard to the innocent blood which he knew it would cause

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to flow. This mean and villanous advice they had no scruple in adopting, and he immediately addressed himself with vigor and delight to the wholesale murders which followed. For this service he was made chief justice of Chester, an appointment which even Charles could not think of without some sense of shame, and which had the effect to make him so insolent that the English spirit was roused. He was confronted by members of juries, and treated with contempt by the other judges, before whom he continued to practise in order to increase his income. The feeling rose so high in the city of London, that he was compelled to give up the office of recorder, much to the displeasure of the king. It only made him more ferocious in his conduct at the time of the Rye-house plot, and the trial of Lord Russell, whom he was the means of convicting. It is hardly possible to conceive of any thing more vile and outrageous than his bearing on those occasions, and really it is only to be accounted for by the never-ceasing drunkenness in which he passed his nights and a great proportion of his days. As some of his associates wanted nerve in Russell's trial, and there was more work of the same kind to be done, he was made chief justice by his abandoned master; and when he had taken the life of Sydney, and afterwards of Sir Thomas Armstrong, he was greatly endeared to Charles, who presented him with a ring of value, which he had most appropriately called his *bloodstone*.

Having already exceeded our limits, we shall not trace any farther the rise of this wretch to power, nor moralize upon his miserable end when he was at last overtaken by popular vengeance. Like most others who are overbearing in prosperity, he was weak and timid in his fall. He died in prison, of what disease it is not easy to tell. One of his friends says that he died a Roman death, which he explains by saying that he killed himself by drinking an enormous quantity of brandy. We were not aware that this death was particularly Roman; but it was a fit termination of the career of the greatest scoundrel that ever held high judicial office in England.

Lord Campbell's work contains much valuable information, but the literary execution of it is not of the highest order. Such words as *earwigging* may possibly be English, but they belong to no family of that language which we have ever had

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the honor to know. We shall look with much interest for the second series, which will afford the author better subjects for his biography, and which he will probably bring down to our own times.

ART. VIII. — *Tancred, or the New Crusade, a Novel.* By B. D'ISRAELI, M. P., Author of "Coningsby," "Sibyl," "The Young Duke," &c., &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847. 8vo. pp. 127.

THE world of the conventional novel is peculiar and apart. It lies somewhere in the same parallels with the land of Cockaigne and the Paradise of Fools. It cannot be far from that district of Spain so thickly dotted with castles erected by non-resident proprietors. The Barbary coast of the piratical cheap-reprinters lies within easy sail of it. Its existence is religiously believed in by thousands who would contemptuously overwhelm one with scientific confutations of the reality of the Lycanthropi and Patagonians. To those whose broad views of life are taken from the speculative heights of the boarding-school attic, or from behind the isolating rampart of the circulating-library counter, it is far more real than Boston or Cambridge. To them, the manners and customs, the language, costume, and diet, of its inhabitants are more familiar than those of their own neighbours and fellow-citizens. The shameful gibbet of the upturned nose is erected at once for such unworthy persons as are ignorant of its politics and morals. Yet is it a land of comparatively recent discovery. What we know of it is due wholly to modern science and energy. Hackluyt and Purchas are quite vacant in regard to it. We search for it vainly in any *Orbis Depictus*. Peter Martyr tells strange stories, but has described no nation so peculiar. It may possibly have formed part of Mercator's projection, but with him it went no farther than a mere projection, if so far. There is no mention of it in Harris or Pinkerton. Even the voluminous Mavor, the delight of our boyhood, caught sight of it, if ever, only from some Pisgah's top.

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The most accurate delineation of it may be found in the works of Bulwer and D'Israeli. Dickens, for a writer of novels, is shamefully uninformed in this particular; Mr. Monks, in Oliver Twist, is the only one of his characters who gives us any direct hint that he is aware of its existence. In general, they impress us as the acting of Garrick did the disappointed and indignant Partridge. We need not look into novels for such; we can meet them every day in the street. It is to the two distinguished authors above named, then, that we are indebted for whatever precise knowledge we have gleaned of this *terra incognita*. Not that they have enriched us with a professedly exact and minute description of it. We must construct our theory of its social peculiarities, as we recreate the private life of the Greeks, from the incidental *data* let fall by those in whose eyes objects had lost their sharp outline by familiarity. So much of preface seemed necessary to excuse the too evident incompleteness of our sketch.

The first peculiar characteristic of the inhabitants of this shadowy region is their longevity. They realize what was, at best, only theoretic with Pythagoras. This antediluvian prolixity is accompanied, and perhaps deprived of its monotony, by a Cerberus-like capacity of being several gentlemen at once. Thus, the identical False Messiah of the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy" turns up again, after several centuries of withdrawal into private life, in the person of Vivian Grey. Again we encounter him, with scarcely even an attempt at *incognito*, performing contemporaneously the functions (fortunately not very onerous) of Coningsby, Sidonia, Tancred, and we know not how many others. We are quite confident that we detect him as Mr. Leander, the culinary artist of the New Crusade. In the same manner, Eugene Aram, of whom the last penalty of the law would seem to have rid us in a constitutional and thorough manner, reappears again as Zanoni, and we afterwards find that he had in the meanwhile imposed himself on a too facile public as something new, under the several *aliases* of Paul Clifford, Pelham, and Maltravers. To be sure, as Zanoni, he offers a lame kind of apology for his conduct, by professing to have discovered the *aurum potabile*; but he can hardly expect to escape much longer the vigilance of the literary police.

The distinguished authors from whom our examples have

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been taken seem to have forgotten, in their familiarity with this patriarchal tenacity of life, the impoverished and more limited date of their readers. They have unconsciously adapted themselves, in the profusion of their works and the rapidity with which one follows another, to a style of living which finds its nearest modern parallel in the famous Countess of Desmond,

> "Who lived to the age of a hundred and ten,
> And died by a fall from an apple-tree then."

The writing of books of this kind is comparatively an easy matter, but the reading demands a more liberal outlay of energy and persistency. Had the crowning labor of Hercules been to keep pace with the pen of an author like Mr. G. P. R. James, he would probably not even yet have seen his name gazetted for a place on Olympus. It is possible, that, among the improvements of science, a machine may be invented for the more rapid perusal of this kind of literature. Delusive hopes have sometimes been awakened in us by seeing advertisements of "Reading made easy." Babbage's calculating-machine supplies very creditably, in scientific circles, the places of some score of mathematicians, but the remedy for our especial complaint is not to be found in the pharmacopœia of mechanics. The great want of an age always foretells, and in some sort defines, its great invention; and we may therefore look pretty confidently for the speedy introduction of a labor-saving engine, which shall meet the demands of an overworked public. Formerly, authors were more considerate. It is plain that Richardson calculated his Sir Charles Grandison for the longest period of years attainable in his day. No other reason is assignable for the story's ending where it does, or indeed at all. To a lover of statistics there is something touching in a concession like this to the tables of longevity. The matter assumes something of a grand and Roman aspect, when we picture to ourselves the Stoical conscientiousness with which he brought his work to an end, lest any reader, who might fall a little short of the required period, should miss the conclusion, and die feeling defrauded of his proper pennyworth.

We cannot be expected to give any thing more than a meagre sketch of the interesting race of beings of whom we were treating at the other end of our digression, and to whose consideration we now return. It may be well to premise,

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that, besides the particular names with which they are labelled for the sake of convenient distinction (a precaution rendered necessary by their singular family-likeness one to another), they are also known by one universal patronymic. Each male is called a Hero, and each female a Heroine. It may be, that, in common with all races who have achieved eminence, they ascribe to themselves a mythical inception. Generally, the fable typified the character of the people. The she-wolf's milk would not out of the Roman blood, and the Athenian could trace the transmitted qualities of his ancestral grasshopper in his own fickle and mercurial temperament. The tribe under consideration may claim an origin in the famous intimacy of Hero and Leander, assuming the name of its maternal ancestor, according to the principles of the common law, for want of a marriage certificate. The early demise of Hero furnishes no valid argument against this theory. Every day we see genealogists of enthusiasm and fortitude cheerfully surmounting far more serious obstacles. At least, if this be not the true solution of the problem, a just deference to the principles of language will allow us to seek it nowhere else. No recognized definition of the word "Hero" will meet the wants of the case.

It has been assumed too rashly by ethical writers, that no race of men can be found among whom there does not exist some idea, however rude, of a deity, a future state of existence, and a moral law. Wilson detected traces of a sense of justice even among martins; and we remember reading in some book of travels an account of a funeral procession of apes, concluding with an *éloge* pronounced at the grave by a distinguished member of the Simial Academy, — which learned body, like other foreign scientific and literary societies, has doubtless its corresponding members in the United States, though we have hitherto failed to detect its *insignia* in the mystical abbreviations of title-page literature, or in the Ciceronian Latin of college catalogues. However this may be, we have been unable to find any distinct recognition of a God or a code of morals among the peculiar people whose habits we are investigating. The only symptom of respect even for the prejudices of society which they exhibit is to be found in their almost invariably claiming a descent from some ancient and generally noble family. It is not impossible that the goddess Vacuna may be worshipped among them.

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They are generally said to be learned and philosophical; but the possession of these qualities hardly comports with their habits of life, and the story wants ampler confirmation than we have yet seen. It certainly is not at all sustained by any of their reported speeches or deeds.

If what we have surmised of their longevity be true, it will elucidate another circumstance otherwise mysterious. We allude to the indefiniteness of their ideas concerning time. Those little items in the expenditure of this precious commodity, over which a man would hesitate whose income was determinable by the seignioral whim of death, are quite lightly esteemed by those whose lives are not dependent on the ordinary contingencies of mortality. Thus, in their books, we constantly meet with statements like this: — "On a fine afternoon in the year 16—, a youth whose &c. &c. *might* bespeak him to be of the age of twenty-five or thereabout"; — or, "On a breezy September afternoon in the year 18—, a man whose immaculate boots suitably terminated a costume of singular &c. &c. *might have been* seen." In this way we are provokingly arrested on the very threshold of precise knowledge, and the conditional expression leaves us in a painful state of suspense. Every thing becomes at once vague and phantasmal, like the banquet of a Lamia, and the illusory viands which had satisfied our intellectual appetites, as long as we partook of them in good faith, gripe us with a retrospective starvation.

Several physiological peculiarities are sufficiently well established in regard to the subjects of our somewhat erratic investigation. We know theoretically that all mankind naturally behold objects reversed, and only correct this apparently needless optical ceremony by an unconscious act of reason. This process of reasoning is rejected by these people as superfluous and artificial; and there is something not unrefreshing to a mind accustomed to our conventional distinctions in noting the impressions and studying the mental habits of those to whom all objects, especially in morals, present themselves invariably upside down. While upon the subject of optics, we may remark, also, that their looks always contain a volume of meaning (certainly not one of the volumes of either of the famous authors from whom we chiefly draw our information), a compensation doubtless intended by even-handed Nature to make up for the preternatural

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vacuity of their speech. One other fact is singular enough to be commented on here. All their male children are born with silver spoons in their mouths. This accounts for their always marrying heiresses, or succeeding to immense estates early in life, and throws all the responsibility for a seemingly unequal distribution of material blessings upon the ample shoulders of natural causes. It has been supposed by many, that these curious appendages of nativity are ladles, or at least spoons of more Homeric dimensions than any we are familiar with. This may, however, be merely a theoretic adaptation of antecedent to consequence, arising from an effort of logical minds to graduate the size of the spoon to the amount of the luck contingent upon it. It should never be forgotten, that this sublime species are not amenable to any of those influences which are dominant in our more limited organizations. Certain it is, that none of them possess the happy faculty of being poor. No translation would make intelligible to them the

"vitæ tuta facultas
Pauperis."

We have not been able to discover that they devote themselves to any of the professions which are considered reputable among us. The life of a brigand is clearly not liable to reproach among them, and they not infrequently present examples of dandies with immeasurable aspirations, æsthetic assassins, and thieves from a devotion to the sublime and beautiful. Within a few years they have begun to adapt themselves to the general tendency toward Reform; and here they have exhibited an almost celestial unselfishness, appropriating all their efforts to the defects of their neighbours, and leaving their own to divine interposition and providential ravens. Their women differ not greatly from the other sex. Perhaps the profound author of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" designed to typify them under the class of women of "electric organizations," concerning whom she utters many mysterious oracles. Perhaps the laws of this phenomenal society forbade her being more definite. In Silliman's Journal there was published, several years ago, an account of a lady in Vermont who emitted sparks whenever she approached any metallic substance. A closer analysis of this case might possibly throw some light on the matter.

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It may be, that there is no particular locality inhabited by this interesting tribe, where they constitute a distinct people, governed by their own laws, and free to carry out their own principles of action. It has sometimes occurred to us, that they might possibly exist among ourselves, like the Jews in Spain, or like the brethren of the mysterious Vehm and of the Rose Cross in Germany, subjecting our more commonplace existence to the criterion of their sublimer ideal. They resemble the Rosicrucians in using a kind of cryptography totally destitute of meaning to the unilluminated eye, but differ from them again in regard to the sacred numbers, holding only Number One in peculiar veneration. We have fancied sometimes, that we could detect, in the countenances of young gentlemen who measured us a yard of tape, what would be called by their cabalistic writers a mysterious something, indicating a sense of awful responsibility, and a half-melancholy, half-contemptuous superiority to the drudgery whose convenient disguise they have assumed. It is not unlikely, that members of the guild may be found among that lazzaroni class of our population who fish from the bridges and wharves, or more probably in those who watch and criticize the piscatory endeavours of others. This surmise finds confirmation in their entire want of any useful employment whatever, in their use of a dialect semi-unintelligible to the ordinary hearer, and their sublime indifference to those limited theories of government and reform which obtain in the community of which they consent to appear members. Their hands are commonly thrust deep into their pockets, as if in contemptuous defiance of the primal curse, or in tacit assumption of some higher than an Adamite original. Their costume, also, is at once negligent and graceful, and less indicative of a slavish dependence upon the tailor, than of the inventive embroideries of private taste and original views in art. — But we must leave this tempting theme, and let ourselves down gradually to the subject of our present article.

The palmy days of the novel are gone for ever. Its age is passed, like that of chivalry, whose decadence Burke could lament, but whose precise place in history he would have been puzzled to define. The world is not what it was when Byron wrote to England for the last Scotch novel, and lazy Coleridge felt grumblingly constrained to read it by a kind of Ancient Mariner's spell. The invention of printing, which

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brought down the apple of knowledge within the reach of all, seems to have entailed likewise upon mankind a laborious curse akin to that which ensued from the original bite, and it is only within a few years that men have begun to ask themselves why they read. The patience of mankind in this particular makes Job no longer exceptional. "Chappelow on Job" is a sorer trial than ever visited the patriarch himself. A modern degeneracy wonders at the heroic age which took "Calvinus *in Prophetas*" and "Vitringa *in Esaiam*" as matters of course. That men should have conquered Dwight's Conquest of Canaan seems now as prodigious a thing as the great achievement of Cortés himself; and the journal of some worthy Bernal Diaz who took part in the enterprise would be an interesting record of devotion and courage. We ourselves once, infected with Wertherism, began to peruse Morse on Suicide, as a convenient, and not inadequate, substitute for the thing itself. We are apt to look upon such books as the megatheria of literature; but the race of dodos survives to connect us with an otherwise extinct epoch. Have we not our commentators upon Shakspeare? Have we not our almost hourly novels? Have we not our periodic inflictions, from the daily newspaper up to the quarterly, the multicaulis of the species? Nevertheless, the reign of the novelists was over, like that of the Barbary corsairs, as soon as Christendom began to inquire whether there was any foreordained necessity for submitting to their exactions. Literature has taken what is called a useful direction, and the romantic fiction of the traveller is gradually crowding out that of the novelist.

In point of fact, also, the gradual exclusion of the novelist from the improbable, and his confinement to the region of every-day life, amount to a kind of prohibitory statute against all but men of genuine creative power. We can show nothing now that will compare in kind with the romantic dreams of our ancestors. The exploration and settlement of this Western world, while they have added myriads to the circle of the story-teller, have at the same time robbed romance of one of its widest and most enticing fields. The age of expectation is past. It is true that English travellers among us have endeavoured to ignore the silent flight of centuries and the uncompromising advance of exact knowledge, and have continued to write in the imaginative strain of those voyagers

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who adventured at a period when geography and general science were in a state of more fortunate obscurity. But the mariner no longer hoists confident sail for El Dorado. No Ponce de Leon ravishes the virgin silence of embowered rivers in believing search for the fountain of youth, a fountain in whose existence the ever-young fancy of that unskeptical age might almost tempt us to put faith. No English crew, trailing with sleepy canvas through those sun-steeped seas,

> "Where the remote Bermudas ride
> In the ocean's bosom unespied,"

can dream of the Marquis of the Valley, and of empires overrun by a handful of Buccaneers, with any substantial hope of emulating that Aladdin-like fortunateness, nor can they bring home tales out of which such "golden exhalations of the dawn" as Ariel can be created. Stephens, to be sure, with a praiseworthy endeavour after such precious credulity, tells stories of undiscovered cities in Central America, incapable of entrapping our boys of the lowest form. The discovery of a new plant, bird, or insect is the sole reward of modern adventure. We must perforce be content that an addition to our authentic Flora or Fauna shall repay us for the loss we suffer in the diminished empire of the unknown and mysterious. The mere potential possession of those wondrous efficacies which were once believed to dwell in plants and minerals, of those untraversed empires ribbed with gold which waited for conquerors, was in itself a great estate to be born to, the loss of which finds but a beggarly compensation in any accession of preciser science. The index to Browne's Vulgar Errors is a meagre inventory of those vast possessions out of which the advance of knowledge has juggled us. Even among the stars, speculation is no longer safe. The astronomer, drifting on his telescope through the sea of space, finds every gleaming continent, every nebulous Polynesian group, already taken possession of in the name of some European power.

The present age, we are constantly assured, is an age of criticism and inquiry, quite barren of the beautiful, childlike faith of the bygone time. We are well content that it should be so, while we can see a higher and more saving grace gradually unfolding itself. We shall not feel that there is any loss, so long as a faith in the present and the future, in man and his true destiny, takes the place of the old religion.

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Out of the decay of no system can we reproduce its original type. There is nourishment only for a fungous and inferior life. One epoch is but the sheath which envelopes and protects the flower-bud of the next; the expanding blossom detrudes it. Experience may be the best schoolmaster, but where is the instance in history of a generation in whom his birch implanted any wisdom? At best, his qualities are negative, and he teaches rather what to avoid than what to do. Yet there is in England a political party, or a spasmodic attempt at one, based upon the dogma that all salvation dwells in the past. Mr. D'Israeli the younger is one of the Coryphæi of this sect, and Tancred is one of its canonical books. It calls itself "Young England," and we should be inclined to consider it very young indeed, if we might judge by the clearest apprehension we have been able to attain of the principles by which it professes to be governed. It claims to be the friend of reform, but seems to look upon progress as something of the same nature with the refractory charge of an Irish pig-driver, and pulls it back stoutly by the leg in a direction precisely the reverse of that in which it would have it advance. Coningsby, Sibyl, and Tancred are samples of its literature. Of its Parliamentary oratory the staple seems to be a series of assaults upon Sir Robert Peel for the wisest act of his life, in yielding to the progress of events. These onslaughts are of the style usually called "withering"; but from his remarks on the Irish question, we should suppose the late Premier to be as verdant as ever.

The "Young England" party is apparently made up of something like a dozen middle-aged gentlemen, either members of Parliament, or conceiving themselves eminently adapted for a seat in that assembly. They are persuaded that there has been, at some time or other (they are somewhat vague on this point), a golden age in England. They are satisfied that John Bull must be made a boy again, that all work and no play have made Jack a dull boy. But in what Medea's caldron they would boil the allegorical old gentleman we are not informed. That the result of the experiment would not be more fortunate than that of the daughters of Pelias, we can readily believe. They do not define exactly the happy oasis in the desert of history to which they would return. Perhaps it may be located not far from the

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time of the publication of the Book of Sports. They would restore the happy days of the peasantry, by setting them to climb greased poles, or race in sacks. An occasional game of skittles would at once elevate the condition and fill the bellies of the operatives. Squires Butler, Smith, and Cook, otherwise rather unendurable country-gentlemen, would be transformed into liberal and enlightened citizens, as Messrs. Boteler, Smythe, and Coke. Hollow-cheeked want and abysmal ignorance, in a frieze jacket and corduroy smalls, would become plump satiety and Arcadian simplicity, in a doublet and hose. They seem all to have been born under the dominance of Cancer, and, walking steadfastly backward, would persuade us, like Cacus, to take the direction of their footprints as ample evidence of an advance the other way. They have an appearance of wisdom sufficient to captivate the greener sort of boys. The enunciation of the simplest fact wears with them the air of a discovery, and the words must begin with capitals to be adequate to the occasion. They suppose an ignorance in their readers which would perhaps have overtaxed that humility of the old philosopher who considered his education complete when he had learned at last that he knew nothing. They talk of absolute principles as familiarly as a snob quotes his distinguished acquaintances, his nearest intimacy with whom, perhaps, has been the writing to them for an autograph and getting no reply. They criticize the present condition of affairs, and, when asked for a remedy, their answer is as satisfactory as that with which contemptuous boys refer the snowballed passer-by, who proves refractory, to the town-pump for sympathy and redress. They find the pulse of the body politic alarming, and prescribe ten drops of the tincture of the Middle Ages. Alas for poor Sancho, if once seduced into a trial of this Quixotic balsam! Is Ireland starving? They would order iron, by way of tonic, and prevent any recurrence of unfavorable symptoms by a strong infusion of railroads, beginning nowhere, running nowhere else, and carrying nothing but a conviction of the imbecility of government. Like a barometer from an auction-sale, they inflexibly indicate a storm brewing, nor can any length of sunshine avail to mollify their contumacious vaticination of foul weather. They have a prodigious command of phrases. They affirm this and that, and deny the other, of any given subject, and, after wholly

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bemuddling the too trustful reader, who, with open mouth and shut eyes, sincerely expects something to make him wise, complete their victory and his mortification by naming the process a rigorous analysis, — emulating the hardihood of that equestrian nominalist who

> "Stuck a feather in his hat
> And *called* it maccaroni."

They overwhelm us with "objective" and "subjective," with "combinations," "problems," and "developments," till we are fain to believe in our own ignorance rather than credit the boldness and profundity of theirs. They are of the school of Diphilus the Labyrinth, whom we met once in Lucian's Lapithæ. Their truths are invariably stranger than any but their own fictions. Their method of argument reminds one of my Lord Humevesne's plea: — "If the iniquity of men were as easily seen in categorical judgment as we can discern flies in a milk-pot, the world's four oxen had not been so eaten up with rats, nor had so many ears upon the earth been nibbled away so scurvily." They, however, do not appear to have undergone any such auricular curtailment. They profess an entire confidence in the efficacy of Faith, and charge all the world's troubles to a backsliding in that particular. This Faith they seem to regard as something capable of manufacture, and not beyond the cunning of Manchester or Sheffield. Their best type in America is Mr. Brownson (*male tutæ mentis Orestes*), who, nailing at length his weary weathercock to the mast, and gulping down with an equable countenance œcumenical councils, cardinals, popes, whole hecatombs of papal bulls, and (more than all) his own previous writings, would persuade the public, by an exhibition of his own marvellous feats in that kind, to the more hazardous experiment of swallowing himself and his pretensions.

But Mr. D'Israeli is not a gentleman of sufficiently assured position to wait patiently in the antechamber, and it is time that we should apply ourselves personally to him. He is a great believer in the idiosyncrasies of race, and the peculiar tendencies and faculties implanted in the different families of mankind. He himself furnishes an unconscious illustration of his own theory. Seldom has the inner life been so aptly symbolized in the outward as in the case of the Jews. That the idolaters of ceremony and tradition should

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become the venders of old clothes, that the descendants of those who, within earshot of the thunders of Sinai, could kneel before the golden calf, should be the money-changers of Europe, has in it something of syllogistic completeness. The work by which the elder D'Israeli will be remembered is the old curiosity shop of literature. He is merely a cast-clothes-dealer in an æsthetic sense. The son, with his trumpery of the past, is clearly a vender of the same wares, and an off-shoot from the same stock.

In Coningsby and Tancred, Mr. D'Israeli has interwoven a kind of defence of the Jewish race against the absurd prejudices of a so-called Christendom. The Arab proves his unmixed descent by the arch of his instep; and, unless we conclude men mad as sturdy old Burton argues them, we must suppose that the pleasurable sensation of pedigree has somewhere its peculiar organ in the human frame. With proper deference to the opinions of other physiologists, we should be inclined to place the seat of this emotion in the Caucasian race near the region of the toes. Tribes of this stock, at least, have always seemed to consider the keeping of somebody or other to kick as at once a proof of purity of lineage, and a suitable gratification of those nobler instincts which it implants. In Europe, the Jews have long monopolized the responsible privilege of supplying an object for this peculiar craving of the supreme Caucasian nature. The necessity of each rank in society found a vent upon that next below it, the diapason ending full in the Jew; and thus a healthy feeling of dignity was maintained from one end of the body politic to the other. In America, the African supplies the place of the Hebrew, and the sturdiest champion of impartial liberty feels the chromatic scale of equal rights violated when the same steam is employed to drag him and his darker fellow-citizen. Civilization has made wonderful advances since the apostle Philip mounted the chariot of the Ethiopian eunuch. It must be remembered, however, that Ethiopians do not keep chariots nowadays.

For once, Mr. D'Israeli seems to be in earnest, and we respect both his zeal and the occasion of it. The pen is never so sacred as when it takes the place of the sword in securing freedom, whether for races or ideas. But the earnestness of a charlatan is only a profounder kind of charla-

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tanism. The moral of Tancred, if it have any, is, that effete Europe can be renewed only by a fresh infusion from the veins of Asia, — a nostrum for rejuvenescence to be matched only out of the pages of Hermippus Redivivus. According to Mr. D'Israeli, all primitive ideas have originated, and must for ever originate, in Asia, and among the descendants of Abraham. He would have us go to school to Noah in navigation, and learn the nicer distinctions of *meum* and *tuum* from Ishmael. He would make us believe that the Jewish mind still governs the world, through the medium of prime-ministers, bankers, and actresses. The chief excellence of this arrangement is, that we are profoundly ignorant of it. We are provided for by the supreme Arabian intellect, and at the same time have all the pleasure of imagining that we manage our own affairs. The dispersion of the Jews (a nation so eminently successful in controlling their own political interests) was no doubt intended by Providence to supply Christendom with administrative intellects.

In simple truth, it seems to have been a provision of nature that divine ideas should have been committed to the Jews, as great fortunes come to unthrift heirs, because they were unable to keep possession of them. The world is indeed too much governed by the Jewish mind, though not in the sense Mr. D'Israeli intended. Instead of the absolute truth, it accepts the corrupt Hebrew gloss. The Jews were never able to look an organic truth full in the face. They could not even behold clearly the countenance of their first great lawgiver, for the brightness that encompassed it; much less could they discern the more purely effulgent lineaments of Jesus. The Gospels are still too often read backward, after the Hebrew fashion.

Mr. D'Israeli would be more endurable, if he himself thoroughly believed in the theory he promulgates. But it is evident that he only assumes his position for the sake of writing what one half of May Fair shall pronounce brilliant, and the other half profound. An original kind of originality has lately been discovered, which consists in asserting sheer nonsense, and then compassionating the incredulous reader's want of brains. The old scientific writers used to define white as *disgregativum visûs*, something which dissipated and puzzled the sight. A kind of writing has obtained of late which realizes this definition. It is called the brilliant style,

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and has at least this property of brilliancy, that the eye strives in vain to settle upon and clutch any definite object. The natural philosopher would be posed to find a substance in which the mass bore so small a proportion to the volume, or, to speak more properly, the number of volumes. It is painful reading. The wearied attention can alight nowhere. Getting through books constructed on this principle is like crossing a stream upon blocks of ice, each one of which admits of being skimmed lightly over, but where a pause insures hopeless submersion. Arrived on the other side, we have no distinct consciousness except of being over, and can only congratulate ourselves upon our happy preservation. It is a feat which demands as much presence of mind in the reader as it implies an absence of that quality in the writer. When such productions are called works of fiction, we cannot complain of being cheated. They have been subjected to no natural period of gestation, and acknowledge no received laws of birth. They are constructed after the manner of Paracelsus's *homunculus*, and are as near of kin to true works of art as the trees in apothecaries' jars are to the pines on Katahdin. There is enough artifice, but no art. Dryden, in a letter to Dennis, says, — "I remember poor Nat Lee, who was upon the verge of madness, yet made a sober and witty answer to a bad poet who told him, 'It was an easy thing to write like a madman.' 'No,' said he, 'it is very difficult to write like a madman, but 't is a very easy thing to write like a fool.'"

We should not be so severe in our exactions of the novel, except that it no longer professes to amuse, but to instruct. This is the age of lectures. Even Punch has got into the professor's chair, and donned the doctor's cap. The novel has become a quack advertisement in three volumes. Formerly, we could detect the political economist at a reasonable distance, and escape him by a well-contrived dodge. Now, no sanctuary is inviolate. Adam Smith gets us inexorably by the button in the corner of some shilling novel, and Malthus entraps us from behind the unsuspected ambush of the last new poem. Even the tragic Muse drops her mask, and behold, Mr. Ricardo! It is getting past endurance. Chandler's History of Persecution supplies no instance more atrocious. The novelist has turned *colporteur* to some board of political missions, and the propagandist of every phi-

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losophical soup-and-bread society assumes the disguise of a poet. The times are wellnigh as bad as those a century and a half ago, when our forefathers were fain to carry their firelocks to meeting. Everywhere are surprisals. One cannot saunter down what were once the green lanes or deep withdrawn woodpaths of literature, without being set upon by a whooping band of savages, who knock one on the head with the balance of trade, or tomahawk one with merciless statistics. Everywhere pure literature seems defunct. Art for the sole sake of art is no more. Beauty is no longer "its own excuse for being." It must have a certificate of membership from the Anti-something or Anti-everything Alliance.

Let us not be misapprehended. Divine is the marriage of beauty and use; them God hath joined. The crowning and consummate grace of the Muse is the pouring of wine and oil. She has walked before every higher aspiration, every more generous hope of humanity. Fetters which the dumb tears of ages have not availed to rust in twain have fallen asunder at her look. What she has done has been from a beautiful necessity of her nature. But a Muse with an enforced sense of duty! A Muse in a Quaker bonnet! A Muse who quotes McCulloch! *Quousque tandem?* And the only consolation vouchsafed us is that ours is an age of transition. Let those draw comfort from the thought of belonging to the miocene period who are capable of such cosmogonic satisfactions. To us, it is no relief that we shall have our shelf hereafter in the geologist's cabinet; we covet no fossil immortality.

Mr. D'Israeli began his literary career as an amusing writer merely. He was no unmeet Homer for a dandy Achilles, whose sublime was impertinence. His Vivian Grey, no doubt, made some score of Sophomores intolerable in the domestic circle; his Young Duke tempted as many Freshmen to overrun their incomes. Nature is said to love a balance of qualities or properties, and to make up always for a deficiency in one place by an excess in some other. But our experience of mankind would incline us to doubt the possible existence of so large a number of modest men as would account for the intensity of Mr. D'Israeli's vicarious atonement. It is painful to conceive of an amount of bashfulness demanding such a counterpoise of assurance. It would seem that he must have borrowed brass, that he must be support-

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ing his lavish expenditures *ære alieno*, when he assumes the philosopher, and undertakes to instruct.

His "New Crusade" can be undertaken by no one short of a duke's only son. It would doubtless be considered a highly revolutionary interference with the vested rights of the aristocracy to allow so great a privilege to a commoner. Tancred is a young gentleman of extraordinary genius and acquirements, just coming of age when the novel opens. His father, the Duke of Bellamont, wishes him to enter Parliament, but he has already resolved on undertaking a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Fathers are among the inconvenient necessities of our fallen nature, but an unmanly yielding to them is not one of the weaknesses of the "New Generation." It is probable that they would not be put up with at all, were it not for certain facilities they afford as bankers. Young England respects the fathers of the church vastly more than its own. Tancred, of course, has his own way, and the Duke surrenders at discretion.

The old painters wrote under their honest, but often unsatisfactory, attempts at imitating nature the names of the objects they intended to represent. The moderns have a convenient fetch to accomplish the same end, by means of descriptive catalogues, so that we can assure ourselves at once, that this indescribable phenomenon is the "portrait of a gentleman," and that inscrutably dark canvas, with a dab of white putty in the centre, is "*after* Rembrandt," and can form our own conclusions as to whether it is likely to overtake him. This expedient, as it were, shifts the burden of proof, and taxes rather the imagination and faith of the beholder than the skill of the artist. Yet even here a kind of remote verisimilitude is demanded. Mr. D'Israeli forgets this. He assures us that he is about to introduce a most extraordinary man, a kind of admirabler Crichton. We prepare our minds adequately for the encounter, and then — enter Mr. Sidonia. We are reminded of a placard we once saw, announcing the rather anomalous exhibition of "Colonel Spofford, the *great* Virginia dwarf." We are outraged at so Barmecide a fulfilment of a bill of fare which would have made even Mrs. Glasse search her coffers round. We had always conceived of nature as somewhat economical and housewifely in her management, expending nothing but for some adequate return. What object she could

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have had in endowing Mr. Sidonia with so many rare and exceptional qualities, we are at a loss to discover. He talks and acts very much like any other quite ordinary person. His vast faculties seem as superfluous as the five horses which the circus-rider contrives to use at the same time, when one would serve his turn as well. Shakspeare wrote on quite another system. He lets us know, indeed, that Hamlet is "fat and scant o' breath," but leaves Hamlet's genius to speak for itself. Mr. D'Israeli is like the Irish gastronomer, who invited his friends to partake of a rich soup which he was to concoct out of a miraculous pebble. The entertainer liberally placed his whole mineralogical cabinet at the service of his guests, merely asking of each in return a *pro ratâ* contribution of a bit of beef, a trifle of pork, a few onions, a sprinkling of salt, and a kettle wherein to try the thaumaturgic experiment. Mr. D'Israeli's characters are such wonderful pebbles. It is quite too heavy a tax upon the reader to expect him to fill up, with their appropriate lights and shades, the colossal outlines sketched by the author.

Tancred is one of these remarkable men, but there is nothing very remarkable in what he says or does. In the same way that old Gower enters as Chorus, and gives us to understand that we are now in Tyre, Mr. D'Israeli begs to inform us that we are now to enjoy the privilege of communion with a mind capable of vast "combinations." But Tyre turns out to be the same little canvas castle which was Tharsus a moment ago, and the vast combinations amount to the adding of two and two, and producing the surprising result of four. We had calculated upon ten, at the very least. Tancred goes to the Holy Land to fathom the great "Asiatic problem," carrying, one cannot help fearing, a line hardly long enough for the purpose. Arrived there, he pays his devotion to the Holy Sepulchre, undertakes a pilgrimage to Mount Sinai, is taken prisoner by a tribe of Arabs descended from Rechab (the temperance reform may be allegorically typified in this incident), is liberated, visits the Ansarey, a somewhat anserine people who maintain the worship of the Grecian divinities, and the novel ends by his declaring his love for the daughter of his Jew banker in Palestine. The conclusion is characteristic. Mr. D'Israeli, like the cat transformed into a lady, drops all ceremony at once,

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and makes a joyous spring after the first mouse he encounters. The novelist gets the better of the philosopher.

If the book were intended as a satire, the end would be pertinent enough. But in the present case, it is as if a man, with infinite din of preparation, should set sail for a voyage round the world, and get no farther than a chowder on Spectacle island. At the beginning of the novel, we nerve ourselves for the solution of the great Asiatic problem, and, as long as *X* remains an unknown quantity, we feel a vague sort of respect for it. But when we arrive at the end of the demonstration, and Mr. D'Israeli, after covering the blackboard with figures enough to work out the position of the new planet, turns round to us, and, laying down his triumphant chalk, says gravely, — "Thus, Gentlemen, you will perceive that the square of the hypothenuse, &c., &c., Q. E. D.," we feel as if we might have found our way over the *pons asinorum* without paying him so heavy a fee as guide. He finds a prototype in Lilly the astrologer, who, commending his own calling, asserts roundly, that "the study required in that kind of learning must be sedentary, of great reading, sound judgment, which no man can accomplish except he wholly retire, use prayer, and accompany himself with angelical visitations." This impresses us considerably, till we reflect that all this machinery is put in motion, not to produce a *Novum Organon*, but to track a stolen spoon, or to estimate the chances of recovering an absconded sixpence.

The value of any book, after all, is not in the entertainment it affords for the nonce, though this is something, but in the permanent residuum left in the mind after reading. The times are too much in earnest for abandonment to simple recreation. Were this not so, the imitations of Punch, *at* which, would answer the same purpose as Punch itself, *with* which we laugh. The solid residuum we speak of depends upon the amount of thinking which the book has demanded of us. That which the old epitaph affirms of worldly goods holds true here also, — what we gave we have. The intellect seeks food, and would reject all the pearls in the world for a single grain of corn. Art is only conscious nature, and nature has always her ulterior views, creating nothing but with an eye to some desired result. But Tancred cannot be esteemed a work of art, even if that term may be justly

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applied in the limited sense of mere construction. There is in it no great living idea which pervades, moulds, and severely limits the whole. If we consider the *motive*, we find a young nobleman so disgusted with the artificial and hollow life around him, that he sacrifices every thing for a pilgrimage to what he believes the only legitimate source of faith and inspiration. We cannot, to be sure, expect much of a youth who is obliged to travel a thousand miles after inspiration; but we might reasonably demand something more than that he should merely fall in love, a consummation not less conveniently and cheaply attainable at home. If the whole story be intended for a satire, the disproportion of motive to result is not out of proper keeping. But Mr. D'Israeli's satire is wholly of the epigrammatic kind, not of the epic, and deals always with individuals, never with representative ideas. An epigram in three volumes post octavo is out of the question. The catastrophe has no moral or æsthetic fitness. Indeed, there is no principle of cohesion about the book, if we except the covers. Nor could there be; for there is no one central thought around and toward which the rest may gravitate. All that binds the incidents together is the author's will, a somewhat inadequate substitute for a law of nature. Every thing slips through our fingers like a handful of sand, when we grasp for a design. A true work of art is like a tree. Its shape, its law of growth, its limit, is irrevocably foreordained in the seed. There is no haphazard in the matter, from beginning to end. The germ once planted, every thing then tends simply to the bringing about of one end, — perfection in its kind. The plot which it has to fill out is definite and rigid. The characters and incidents balance each other like the branches, and every part, from the minutest fibre of the root to the least leaf, conspires to nourishment and so to beauty. The grand, yet simple poise, the self-possession, so to speak, is what impresses us with a sense of dignity and permanence. We come to criticize it, and feel as if brought before it to be criticized rather. It turns the tables upon us and demands our credentials. But to call upon Mr. D'Israeli for a work of art is to set a joiner to build an oak.

For want of due discrimination, such writers as Mr. D'Israeli are called *imaginative* authors. It is the same narrow view which has confined the name of poets to the

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makers of verse. Imagination is truly the highest exercise of that august faculty from which it is vulgarly esteemed so distant, — namely, reason. It is the instinctive (if we may so call it, in the absence of any readier term) perception of remote analogies ; in other words, of the unity of truth. It has been said of Shakspeare, the greatest imagination in the history of literature, that as much reasoning faculty was required for the production of one of his dramas as for that of the *Novum Organon*. According to our view of the matter, Bacon's great work indicates the presence of an imagination only second to that which found its natural outlet in Hamlet and Lear. Many examples, were it necessary, might be brought to prove that the great mathematical or scientific mind is not so different in kind from the poetical as is generally taken for granted. It will be enough if we merely mention Pascal and Davy. The theory had its rise among a race of third-rate rhymers, who found it convenient to persuade the world that the payment of debts and the possession of genius were two luxuries whose simultaneous enjoyment was impossible. A generation which tolerated such poets might easily be put off with such crambo stuff for philosophy. Swedenborg, whose imaginative powers will hardly be questioned, is just beginning to be understood as the profoundest scientific writer of his age. Any one who reads him will perceive that he is wholly wanting in fancy. Voltaire, a writer of pure fancy, with no trace of imagination, and whose mind therefore detected incongruities well enough, but could never rise to the perception of harmonic laws, naturally applied to Shakspeare the ludicrous epithet of *bizarre*. The same term would have served him equally well for the solar system. Imagination made the one, when he chose, a great satirist. Fancy, which places side by side in piquant comparison remotely allied images, not ideas, made the other, whether he would or no, a great epigrammatist.

Imagination has been truly and wisely named "the shaping spirit." It is this that gives unity to the otherwise formless mass, and inspires it with one decisive and harmonious will. Without it there may be great power, but no unity, — only agglomeration. Herein lies the distinction between Shakspeare and Marlowe. The latter is commonly labelled by the critics as a poet of wild and lawless imagination, a definition

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which seems to us as idle as if one should say a wild and lawless definition. For nothing is great or beautiful which is lawless, and we must be careful that we do not name that so which is truly subjected to some law so high or so refined as to transcend or elude the ordinary apprehension. The imagination acts within certain prescribed and absolute limits, and we believe that in all literature no instance of its pure exercise can be adduced, which is not at the same time an example of the highest reason. We do not mean to assert a paradox when we say that the versification of Shakspeare often displays imagination, while the sentiment embodied in it is purely fanciful; since it is this faculty which gives form, and subjects expression to those higher principles of order and unity of which fancy is altogether incapable. It is from a want of fixed ideas as to the operations of this attribute of the profoundest intellect, that the fallacy of great wit being nearly allied to madness has arisen. For the imagination necessarily oversteps the narrow limits which circumscribe the general mind, and therefore seems something abnormal and erratic. A more exact astronomy teaches that the long ellipse of the comet is governed by principles as exact, and characterized by periods as uniform, as the seemingly more regular planetary orbits. The mental organization of great reformers has imagination for its basis, but in them it is rather a quality than a faculty, and they are convicted of being men of one idea by a populace which is often not fortunate enough to possess even one, because they are constantly testing what is by what ought to be, and subjecting the fugitive forms of society, in which Truth disguises herself for a time, to the touchstone of absolute reason.

There is a kind of criticism which judges books by their own aim, and which answers very well where the having any definite intent may be predicated of the book in hand. But this has been perverted from its true scope to cover the defects of every false and empty school of literature that has ever arisen. It is then called liberal criticism, a term which, like liberal Christianity, often means either a very illiberal criticism or none at all. Thus plentifully infused with water, the test is applied, and accommodatingly indicates the presence of whatever quality is desired. It is like the gimlet of Mephistopheles, and draws wine of any predetermined color and taste out of the woodenest things. An author is pro-

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nounced brilliant, profound, fascinating, or what not, and is never asked that most important question, the answer to which can alone determine his right to be an author at all, — Do you *mean* any thing ? No distinction is made between bookwrights who write because they choose, and those who write because they were born to that precise avocation and no other. If a book be merely the safety-valve for that superfluous activity which might have found an equally satisfactory outlet in the manufacture of a shoe, it is no book at all, and no criticism, how liberal soever, can make it any thing other than so many pages of printed paper. The truth is, that the phrase liberal criticism is purely a misnomer. There can be no such thing, any more than there can be a liberal inch or a liberal ell. Nor, on the other hand, can there, in strict definition, be such a thing as illiberal criticism. If it incline either way from rigid justice, it is either eulogy or detraction. We might as truly call that a balance where short measure is made full by a thread run through the counter. Criticism is the unbiased application of certain well-defined and self-existent principles of judgment, and the first question to be put to a book is, whether it satisfies any want of the time, or, better still, any want of human nature which knows no time, or whether it were honestly intended so to do. They who cry out for liberal criticism are like those worthy Poundtexts who went about proclaiming the accession of King Jesus when they were really only the unconscious heralds of King Log, they, of course, forming the cabinet. Cromwell saw their drift better than they did themselves, and quietly suppressed them before they had a chance to suppress every thing else.

For our own part, we cannot see any use that is to be answered by such books as Tancred. It is as dumb as the poor choked hunchback in the Arabian Nights, when we ask it what its business is. There are no characters in it. There is no dramatic interest, none of plot or incident. Dickens, with his many and egregious faults of style, his mannerisms, and his sometimes intolerable descriptive passages, is yet clearly enough a great genius, a something necessary to the world, and the figures upon his canvas are such as Emerson has aptly termed *representative*, the types of classes, and no truer in London than in Boston. Mr. D'Israeli, when he undertakes to draw a character, sketches

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some individual whom he happens to like or dislike, and who is no otherwise an individual than by the mere accident of being an actually living person, who has a name on the door in some street or other, who eats, drinks, and like the rest of us is subject to death and bores. For example, we perceive that Mr. Vavasour is intended for Mr. R. M. Milnes, an excellent person and no mean poet, but in no way so peculiar and distinct that this sketch of him presents any definite image, except to those who chance to know the individual intended.

In Tancred there are one or two excellent landscapes, and some detached thoughts worth remembering. There are a vast many girds at Sir Robert Peel, who, after all is said, has shown himself capable of one thing beyond Mr. D'Israeli's reach, — success, which always gives a man some hold or other, however questionable, upon posterity, and arms him in mail of proof against sarcasm. Mr. D'Israeli uses him as a militia company sometimes serve an unpopular politician. He sets up a rude likeness of him for a practising target; but, no matter how many balls may perforate the wooden caricature, its original still walks about unharmed, and with whatever capacity a politician has for enjoying life undiminished. We are introduced to some Arabs who talk very much in the style of Mr. Cooper's red men. It seems to be a peculiarity of savages (if we may say it without derogating from the claims of civilization), to utter a variety of nothings in a very grave and sententious way. These, at least, are as solemn and as stupid as allegories on the banks of the Nile, or anywhere else. One of them recites a poem which we fancy will never be translated to a place among the Moâllakât. But we cannot undertake to give a sketch of the principal events in Tancred. Such attempts result usually in something like the good monk's epitome of Homer in the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.* In this particular case, whenever we attempt to call up an individual impression of the book, our memory presents us with nothing but a painfully defiant blur. Moralists tell us, that every man is bound to sustain his share in the weight of the world's sorrows and trials, and we honestly feel as if we had done our part by reading Tancred. If our readers have faithfully got to the end of our article, we cry quits.

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ART. IX. — *A Year of Consolation.* By MRS. BUTLER, late FANNY KEMBLE. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1847. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE invention of that modern figure in the dance of life, the grand tour, of which the trip to Rome is an aliquot part, has wrought a total change in the condition and character of Italy. The annual migration of birds of every feather to the banks of the Tiber, who return to caw, croak, or chatter about the Seven Hills or the Carnival, has reduced that ill-used country to the level of a fashionable watering-place. The classical enthusiasm which which we once hung on the reports of those favored pilgrims, who in their own flesh and blood had stood under the dome of St. Peter's, or climbed the sides of the Coliseum, has long since evaporated; and the journals of travellers in Italy are taken up and laid aside with as little concern as the last trip to Bath, or bulletin from Saratoga.

> "Nota magis nulli domus est sua, quam mihi lucus Martis."

In fact, Italy has been most mercilessly rummaged and ransacked. Not a brook, a glen, or a ruin, not a rite, a pageant, or a saint, not a picture, a column, or a symphony, that has not first been plucked in a hand-book, and then hashed to death, and after death, in what is bitterly called a descriptive style. "That which the palmer-worm hath left, hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left, hath the canker-worm eaten; and that which the canker-worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten." That the caterpillar has left something for a future grub, we have no doubt; for Rome is eternal, and so is human vanity.

Human vanity will doubtless have its way, as it always has done. We, at least, will not presume to quarrel with it. It is as omnipresent as dust; and to attempt to lay it by beating it is unphilosophical. If Italy has become fashionable, the more 's the pity; but what will you do about it? Submit, in the first place; and then modestly propose a compromise. Cockneys, *parvenus*, and amateurs are as necessary a part, we admit, of the human, as wasps, moths, and musquitos of the insect creation.

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They must unquestionably enlighten the sphere they move in; else how should it be illuminated? We would only, in the most respectful terms, advise them not to be too lavish of their tapers. If, instead of burning daylight, they will stick to their own firmament, their importance will be none the less apparent, and they can settle the matter amicably with the sun, moon, and stars. Prudent fireflies are noted for keeping proper hours. In a word, we go for a just division of labor. Let the great wits take the great topics, and the little wits take the little topics. Scholarship and taste will be fully satisfied with a quiet corner in this ample field, and flippancy and coxcombry can stray at large over the rest. Under such an arrangement it will cease to be necessary that what has been reverently approached by an Addison or a Goethe should be pertly handled by some conceited spark, who treats Italy as his debtor, and offers Vesuvius an opportunity to smoke in his journal "one day more." He might still dive, we care not how deep, into the mysteries of the Carnival; but he would spare us the recital of his impressions and emotions in the Sistine Chapel or the Forum.

All this, we are well aware, is stale and musty. Travelling is no longer what it was; it has caught the subjective tendency of the age. Every body knows about Rome; that is brute knowledge; to make it human, we want revelations of feeling. Rome is the city of the soul. Mere description is topographical, physical, sensuous; feeling is universal, infinite, spiritual. Hence the punctilious minuteness with which the universe is informed, that, on such an hour of such a morning, such a fountain imbibed the tribute of Laura Matilda's tear; hence the dying cadences in which Amanda Malvina celebrates her swoon at the first sight of a genuine Etruscan vase; and hence the guardian care with which certain watery stanzas, the fruit of an ill-omened drive on the Campagna, are rescued from the oblivious recesses of Fanny's portfolio. All these seductions do not wean us from our antiquated heresy. When 'feeling for all mankind' comes to mean 'feeling that all mankind may know it,' we are superannuated enough to suspect that here also ignorance may be bliss; and so unchristian, too, as to call to mind the moral to the fable of the chariot and the fly.

The enigmatical and somewhat affected title of Mrs. Butler's volumes does her injustice. In the phrase, "A Year

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of Consolation," there is a threat of those gratuitous confidences and revelations, which may be endurable, and even precious, from great men or from characters endeared to us by peculiar ties; but which under other conditions are obtrusive and burdensome. It is in the dialect of that communicative grief which bares its wounds indifferently to the gaze of any one who will pay his paltry dollar for the sight. It savors of the cant of those self-centred tourists in whose inmost souls, as at the gilt pillar in the ancient Forum, all the roads of Italy terminate. Mrs. Butler might have dispensed with an *alias* for her book. The plain words, "Travels in Italy," may have, naturally enough, grown somewhat unmarketable; but they suggest a definite subject; whereas "A Year of Consolation" is as blind as "A Year of Life"; and there is enough in the volumes before us to save them from the fate of the common herd of travels. The book would, indeed, have lost nothing by the suppression of certain dark allusions to private griefs, capriciously interpolated, for the most part in a metrical form, and scarcely intelligible without a biographical commentary.

On the 20th of December, 1845, Mrs. Butler, accompanied only by one female attendant, left Southampton for Rome. On her arrival at Paris, instead of following the main road to Lyons, she took a cross route through Nevers to Chalons-sur-Saone, which had been recommended to her by some friend who had tried it in summer. In midwinter she found it extremely inconvenient, and considerably obstructed by a heavy fall of snow. She seems to have made the most of these scanty materials, and, having been thoroughly frightened, slightly quizzed, and roundly cheated, has worked up her sufferings into a melodramatic romance. The whole account is sufficiently amusing, — partly, it must be confessed, at the author's expense. The extravagant air with which these opening pages are turned off is rather ominous for the simplicity of the rest of the book; but it may be intentional, as it certainly affords some scope for the exercise of powers of description, which Mrs. Butler possesses in no ordinary degree. Nothing escapes her vigilant eye, which is as keen to detect personal peculiarities as to note the beauty of natural scenery. To a quick sense of the ridiculous she joins also a humane interest in the condition of her fellow-men. If to this we must add, among

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the traits by which this book is marked, a degree of frankness sometimes rather more than feminine, and in a few cases running almost into coarseness, we shall perhaps surprise no one. If the author chooses to call a spade a spade, she has a right to do so; but why speak of spades at all? She wonders that she passes for a brave woman, being, as she says, one of the most cowardly women she ever knew. Yet it is not strange that people should infer bravery from boldness; and few women, we hope, besides Mrs. Butler, would be bold enough to talk of climbing into a diligence "by three horrid hoes, that scraped my shins to death"; or even, under the terrors of a Siberian journey in the barbarous wilds of central France, and the vexations of a country inn, to speak of "the devilish conductor and conveyance who had brought me to this horrid hole." The phrase "to blow up," used neither in the pneumatic nor the chemical sense, but with a purely oral application, is introduced by Mrs. Butler with all the ease of a current idiom, and without the apology of quotation.

From Chalons our traveller proceeded to Marseilles, where she was to embark for Italy. Her fellow-passengers in the diligence from Avignon to Marseilles were two French merchants, and the conversation turned on that too familiar subject, the national credit of the United States. We quote her very judicious remarks.

"It is impossible to conceive any thing more painful and mortifying to one, either by birth or adoption an American, than the contemptuous and reproachful comments which any mention of the United States is sure to elicit. The commercial and financial delinquencies of some of the States, but principally of Pennsylvania, have created an universal impression throughout Europe of utter want of faith, honor, and integrity, on the part of the whole nation. The Florentine millionaire, the Lyons antiquary, and these Marseilles merchants, all within three days, have uttered opinions respecting the character of the Americans, which, however mistaken and exaggerated in some respects, have quite foundation enough in fact to occasion bitter annoyance to any one loving America, and wishing to honor her. It is the most difficult thing in the world to make these people comprehend the complex movement of the Federal and State governments, or to explain to them, that while in certain of the States, from real inability, and in others, perhaps, from positive dis-

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honesty, the public securities have turned out no securities at all, there exist others, again, whose credit, both financial and moral, is as solid, whose investments are as safe, as any in the world: — it is impossible to make them understand it; the general government appears to them responsible for the State insolvencies. The United States Bank is, to their apprehension, a government institution, instead of a private speculation; and President Polk and Nicholas Biddle, and Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts, and South Carolina, are all involved together in one broad sentence of national dishonesty and want of faith. If there had been no dishonesty and no want of faith, of course these sweeping judgments could not have gone forth.

"The Americans console themselves for the strictures of Englishmen, by attributing them to national jealousy, envy, or prejudice; but I have heard in France more severe animadversions upon their delinquencies than any since the days of Sidney Smith's indignant addresses to the Pennsylvanians." — Vol. I. pp. 37, 38.

The edge of this passage is not blunted by the fact that it is from the pen of an Englishwoman. For Mrs. Butler, proud as she is of her English birth, and ever ready to bear witness to the virtues of her countrymen, has lived too long in America to be the slave of the vulgar prejudices on this subject. "I thank God," she says, "that I was born in England, and shall live in America." On all occasions she generously acknowledges the merits of our political and social institutions, and if she finds fault with us, does not spare the faults of her countrymen.

On several occasions she is led to compare the manners of Frenchmen with those of Englishmen and Americans. The glorious days of July have, in her opinion, contributed quite as much to freedom of manners among the French people as to any other sort of liberty.

"It is now twenty years since I was in France; and the common opinion of English people, and of the French themselves too, is, that they have very much departed from the affable and courteous manners which were once a sort of national characteristic among them. If my present progress from one end of France to another, in every variety of public conveyance, affords any opportunity of judging, I should certainly incline to that opinion; there appears a total absence of the reference to other people's convenience and pleasure, which certainly formerly did distinguish French people of every class. The desire of

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pleasing, which exhibited itself frequently drolly to a stranger, but often in very graceful expressions of courtesy and kindness, appears to have given way to a selfish disregard of others, which manifests itself in a rudeness of deportment quite as offensive as the sullen mixture of pride and shyness which so long distinguished the travelling English, wherever they were met with. While losing the graces of their (perhaps superficial) politeness, the French have acquired none of the decorum and decency of deportment, the absence of which was always severely felt in the midst of their most courteous demonstrations; and while acquiring something of the morose, selfish carriage of our own people, they have failed to adopt one particle either of their cleanliness or propriety of person, language, or manners. Thus, a Frenchman hawks and spits close to your cheek, blows his nose like a trumpet in your ear, and yawns and coughs under your nose. Their language is frequently positively exceedingly indecent, and the tone of it always more or less borders upon what Englishmen would consider unwarrantable freedom. I do not wonder Frenchwomen do not travel much, but I sincerely hope that before long they may be induced to do so, as nothing else, probably, will render Frenchmen tolerable travelling-companions to the women who at present have the misfortune to be thrown in public conveyances into their society. Englishmen are the only men I know who, met thus accidentally on the road, are generally perfectly inoffensive in their persons, manners, language, and deportment: on the other hand, courtesy, civility, or any species of assistance, is not to be expected from them; they will take care not to insult or annoy you, but as for assisting or entertaining their chance companions, that is certainly not their *spécialité*. The very cheap rate of travelling in America, which enables *every body*, without exception, to travel, and the absence of all distinctions of place or price in the public conveyances, which compels *every body* to travel together, of course brings refined and fastidious pilgrims into most painful proximity with their coarse and unpolished brethren; and from the uncouth deportment and strange manners of the lower classes of people from half-civilized districts, infinite annoyance, as well as amusement, is derived by those whom the unrespecting providence of American railroads and steamboats compels to consort with them upon a footing of at least travelling equality; but (and I have said my say in my time upon the subject of American tobacco-chewers, cigar-smokers, and question-askers) a woman cannot possibly travel in any part of the world with equal security as in America; the law of the land — public opinion — secures to women the first choice of accommodation on every road and at

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every inn; a look, word, or gesture of intentional impertinence will not assail her, nor a single offensive expression reach her ear, in passing from one corner to another of that vast and half-savage continent. So great and universal is the deference paid to the weaker vessel, indeed, in the United States, that I think the fair Americans rather presume upon their privileges; and I have seen ladies come into crowded steamboats and railroad cars, and instantly assume the seats that have been as instantly resigned by gentlemen upon their entrance, without so much as a gracious word or look of acknowledgment; so certain is the understanding that every accommodation is not only to be furnished, but *given up*, to them, — and this not to young, pretty *ladies*, but to *women* old or young, pretty or ugly, — of the highest or the lowest class. Though the virtue on the part of the American men is certainly very great, I think it has made their women quite saucy in their supremacy, and altogether unblushing in their mode of claiming and receiving it. In churches, concert-rooms, and theatres, no man keeps his seat when women appear standing; and on board the splendid steamboats of the North and East Rivers, state-rooms secured by gentlemen alone cannot be retained, if women come on board and desire to have them. This, it must be allowed, is pushing courtesy to the very verge of injustice, and though one of the profiting party, I think this is more than the largest construction of the 'rights of women' requires." — Vol. I. pp. 40 – 43.

We quote a paragraph from her journal at Marseilles, because it is a fair specimen of the profuse luxuriance of her descriptive style, and the theatrical manner with which it is now and then unpleasantly checkered.

"Towards three o'clock, Mrs. ——— called for me to drive with her on the Prado. We set forth together, and drove under the golden light of a most glorious afternoon along a fine avenue, planted with trees, and bordered with houses of such various forms and fashions as to redeem, by the agreeable variety of the whole, the slightly fantastic appearance of many of them individually. On each hand a noble range of hills, with clean, sharp outline, scooped the exquisite sky; and at the end the Mediterranean, in all its glory, rolled a sea of molten gold almost to our carriage-wheels. The declining sun burnished the level ocean, so that its proverbial sapphire hue was lost in the blaze of light; wave after wave, as it curved to the shore, upheaved a crystal vault of golden green, through which the sun shone as through a huge wall of the delicate Bohemian glass. The sound, the sight, the present beauty, the intense longing of

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many years fulfilled, all combined to excite and touch me most deeply; the rocky promontories, with their deep-jagged outlines, stony and stern in their unvarying beauty, contrasting with the curving, undulating, yielding, exquisite element at their feet, canopied with that limpid sky, whose richness and softness lent tenderness and brightness to the whole. It was only less beautiful than the moral glory I had contemplated in my conversation in the morning, and I devoutly thanked God for both: O great and good Father, all thy works praise thee; especially doth the soul of man, thy noblest work, praise thee, when it shows forth thy will and walks in thy way! As we were turning away for the last time from this scene of enchantment, I could not resist the desire to dip my hands in the clear waves; and, stopping the carriage, ran down to the shore. The golden waters with their silver fringe rolled in gorgeous sheets up the sand. I gathered one handful of the Nereid's crown that lay at my feet, and having baptized them in one far-reaching wave, ran back with my trophy to the carriage." — Vol. I. pp. 47, 48.

At Marseilles, our traveller embarked for Civita Vecchia, *viâ* Genoa and Leghorn. After suffering the customary dose of discomfort and extortion, which she has set off in her usual unsparing style, she was safely landed in the patrimony of St. Peter, and, with no further tribulation than the petty trials of a diligence, arrived in a somewhat way-worn and jaded condition at her sister's residence on the Pincian Mount. The eleven months of her stay in Rome and its vicinity were divided between her city home and a summer retreat at Frascati. A year in Italy is of course a year of sight-seeing; and, with due allowance for slight differences of taste or variety of profession, all travellers see the same sights. You may here and there find an individual, like Arnold or Sismondi, who neither has nor pretends to have an eye for works of art. Another, looking on the ancient world as *un fait accompli*, sees nothing in Hadrian's Villa, or the Baths of Diocletian, but old rubbish, of which he left enough at home. But few travellers, however heterodox on these points, dare openly to dissent from the established faith; and, with guide-book in hand, and patient, melancholy feet, plod their weary way around the mill-horse circle prescribed by decency and fashion. Happy the stranger who finds himself at Rome on the death of a pope, or at Naples during an eruption of Vesuvius. Such godsends come to few. The bulk of foreigners must be satisfied with the

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crambe repetitâ, as they can get it. Thanks to the methodical habits of superstition, the seasons are not more inevitable in their return than the reappearance of the pomps and pageants of the Romish Church. The same old ruins, too, remain, with the annual deduction of a hundred or two of bricks, and decay creeps over Raphael's frescos as slowly as on the cheek of an antediluvian beauty, brilliant yet in her fourth century. The luxuriant desolation of the Campagna is the eternal proverb of economists, and the Appian Way will not wear out. A studio more or less may vary the total of objects of interest, and fill a day of the traveller's time or a page of his journal. But nature and art offer nearly the same banquet to every comer, fresh indeed as a sylvan fountain to him that drinks of it, but a little less delightful to absent friends, who partake of it by proxy. Of news, properly so called, that is, of such news as implies the occurrence of an event, or the existence of any shape or spectre of progress, no one dreams in Italy, — or did dream, till within a twelvemonth. How long the black swan of reform will venture to stretch her neck in the presence of the eagle of Austria, Guizot and Metternich must determine. We fear that the loud song of the adventurous bird is ominous of her speedy fate. We congratulate Mrs. Butler and ourselves on the rare luck which found her at Rome at the accession of the good Pope Pius the Ninth. Her narrative of the first events of the new pontificate, written as they occurred, and on the spot, is much the best account we have yet had of a period of great interest, and is altogether the most valuable and entertaining portion of her book.

Observation is Mrs. Butler's *forte*, and she is equally at home in a natural scene, a living group, and the pageantry of a festive day. Her remarks on the national and individual characteristics of the Italians are striking and just, and her hearty way of expressing her liking or aversion gives an agreeable air of honesty to many of her sketches. She is chargeable, it must be owned, in several instances, with an appearance of exaggeration. The description, for example, of the iron-works near Tivoli is quite too Vulcanian for a modern forge. Other passages, we have no doubt, have suffered from too full a brush. Nothing, indeed, is more difficult for a traveller than to write simply even in his private journal. A grand object of nature or art never makes its

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total impression at once. Reflection sharpens imagination, and by the time the traveller is ready to make the entry in his journal, he is wound up to a pitch of excitement, which drives him into an overwrought strain of description. His *enthusiasm*, as the lawyers say, relates back to the moment of actual vision; and the mind imposes on the senses. This unconscious extravagance is not likely to be subdued by the prospect of publication. Mrs. Butler confesses to "a shallow and easily exhausted fund of reflections." This fund is too often drawn upon. Of the prose portion of the book, nothing is in worse taste than the moral, religious, and sentimental ejaculations, or rhapsodies, which are introduced as episodes or tail-pieces to her spirited sketches. Our censure applies, of course, only to the want of tact and propriety in these passages; their sincerity we have as little reason as desire to call in question. For these volumes are marked throughout with a religious tone, which commands respect, without seeming to invite it. We recollect but one exception, where the description of a garden is wound up in this manner: — "'There is neither sound nor speech,' *&c.*" The printer should have omitted the character which we have Italicized.

We have already alluded to our author's talent for description. Page after page might be quoted in illustration of this. As a fair specimen, we extract a paragraph from the narrative of a visit to Monte Gennaro.

"Upon the very summit of the mountain, above its precipices, its huge sloping shoulders, the dwarf, stunted shrubbery clinging to its skirts, and the stony rifts opening in its ample sides, lifted up close, as it seemed, to the blue sky and silver clouds, and propped upon the everlasting foundation of the hills, — a long, *soft, sunny meadow spread itself*; the turf was more elastic, closer and finer-grained, than that of the most carefully kept lawn, — its color fresh, tender, and vivid. On either side, rising from it with a regular symmetry, that proclaimed beyond mistake their ancient office of banks to the fair lake which once spread itself over this magical carpet of verdure, swelled the softly-rounded mountain crests, which here were covered with a lordly growth of magnificent forest-trees. Over this bright and lovely wilderness, thus high uplifted above the earth's common level, herds of cattle strayed, who, with their keepers, are the only inhabitants of these beautiful solitudes, which during the summer afford them abundant pasturage; the winter drives

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them downwards towards the neighbourhood of man, and leaves these scenes of summer loveliness to the stern dominion of the deep snows that cover them, over whose glittering and forbidding surface the eagle sweeping through the heavens alone throws a living shadow." — Vol. II. pp. 136, 137.

From its place between a filthy sketch of a filthy spot and a theatrical apostrophe, we cull this pretty picture.

"We found ourselves on the very top of the Basilica Maxentia, whose huge, wondrous arches rose beneath us, and seemed now as though they reared themselves so high and vast into the sky only to carry the delicate fantastical foxglove, that sprung out from their rifted brick-work, and nodded its lilac bells at the tiny Roman people down below." — Vol. I. p. 68.

A short passage, at the close of her account of the illumination of St. Peter's, strongly reminds us of Jean Paul.

"Our carriage rolled slowly, or rather waded, through the crowded streets at a foot-pace, and when we came to the Ponte Sisto we beheld another illumination, which turned the pageant we had just seen into a splendid, tawdry toy. The full moon hung above the river in a sea of mellow light, indescribably soft and powerful; the purple line of the Alban hills was distinctly visible against the pearly horizon; while the roses in the gardens, near the bridge, showed their colors as though by day, so potent was the moonlight, — with us, so wan and colorless. Opposite this great and lovely glory, St. Peter's flamed in the distance like a huge gold filigree thimble. The pageant vouchsafed to us nightly is a fine thing; it is well to see it confronting the yearly pageant of the great church of Rome, to be reminded how fine, — what an insensible, brutish, dull, irreverend thing is custom. Coming home, we found a perfect opera congregation of carriages on the Pincio, a sort of Haymarket and King Street row. The view of St. Peter's is very fine from here, and many people had driven up to enjoy it. I went to my stand on the terrace of our charming little garden, and here looked up at the moon and down at St. Peter's, till the rolling wheels had all rattled away, and the shuffling feet all departed, and the sound of the fountain in the Piazza di Spagna came up to answer the tiny tinkle of the fountain in the garden, whose roses and orange-blossoms and thousand cups of incense were sending up fragrance into the night air like prayer." — Vol. II. pp. 6, 7.

Something more, however, is often necessary to make a style picturesque, than exuberant diction or mosaic detail.

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Elaborateness itself may crowd and confuse the fancy with a whirl of images, which leave no complete impression behind. Instead of a full and harmonious picture, the mind succeeds in seizing only broken and hazy snatches, like the fragments of an ill-remembered dream. Mrs. Butler sometimes writes as if she thought that luxuriance and variety of scenery demanded similar qualities of style. On the contrary, we believe that the more complicated the object to be represented, the greater is the need of a few simple, suggestive strokes. They must, indeed, be master-strokes; a great poet reveals more in a line, or even a word, than a feebler one in a stanza. The account of the rides on the Campagna overflows with single beauties of expression and picturesque points, but fails, as it seems to us, in its general effect. On the other hand, the sketch of the hurly-burly and harlequinade of the Carnival, even to its pathetically ridiculous close, is admirable. In either case the failure and success are easily explained. A landscape may be dissected, and the parts successively ranged before us; but all the parts put together will not make the whole. Whereas a pageant is made up of successive portions, each of which may be more or less happily described. The original had its consecutive parts, and admits of consecutive exhibition.

We have spoken of our author's singularly keen eye. Indeed, she sees altogether too much, and not only will not shut her eyes, but cannot hold her tongue, — weaknesses for which, it is to be hoped, her sex will forgive her. The physiological remark about fauns and satyrs (Vol. II. p. 34) would have been pardonable in a professedly medical work, — but might have been omitted here, since it is as beggarly in point of wit as of decency. Her account of a friend's experiments (Vol. I. p. 76) on tarantulas is so loathsomely faithful, that she must be believed, when she adds, that "a more disgusting or hateful spectacle cannot be conceived." A lively sketch of the "beautiful beastly creatures," with splendid heads and shoulders, and elf-locks, who lounged on the steps below her lodgings, would have been incomplete, we presume, without a coarse allusion which absolutely crawls on the page. But our author's impartiality is not confined to the sense of vision; her pages abound in passages which would furnish no inappropriate commentary to Coleridge's epigram on the city of Cologne.

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We cannot complain of these volumes for classical or artistical parade. In this respect, they are worthy of all praise. When Mrs. Butler refers to ancient Rome, it is in a natural manner, and almost always without any attempt at fine writing. And this, as any one may see, is not for lack of knowledge or taste. The author frankly owns her want of education as a connoisseur, and gives us her impressions of works of art, not in a dictatorial and conclusive tone, but with great simplicity and moderation. Her interest, indeed, in such objects seems to have increased very rapidly during the closing weeks of her stay at Rome, and she left the Vatican for the last time with tears. Richter says of Raphael, that the first draughts from his magic cup only cool the blood, while the last send a southern fire through all the veins. We believe that this would describe the experience of many of our travellers, if they had Mrs. Butler's frankness to avow it. We think she makes too much fuss about her disgust at artistical representations of physical pain. She absolutely preaches her aversion. We must quote a passage from her journal of a visit to a gallery of sculptures, because of its decided *naïveté*, an article of which there is no glut in these volumes.

"I admired extremely two statues of exquisite grace and beauty, called Mars, and representing the God of War in different attitudes of repose. The ease and nature of the position, the lightness and beauty of the limbs and figure, and the charming expression of perfect quietude thrown over the whole countenance and person, render them certainly the most attractive representations of this divinity that I ever saw. I incline to think the likeness must have been taken during his *liaison* with Venus; there is a softness and almost tenderness about them otherwise unaccountable." — Vol. II. p. 146.

The portion of Mrs. Butler's work which relates to Pius the Ninth and his plans of reform has been already alluded to. The liberal, benevolent, and conscientious character of this Papal prodigy is portrayed very pleasantly and intelligently, and with an enthusiasm which does honor to our author's head and heart. We should be glad, if our limits would allow, to transfer to our pages one or two characteristic sketches and anecdotes.

The poetical pieces, which project from the surface of these volumes with a boulder-like irregularity, require a pass-

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ing notice. Too many of them relate so exclusively to the author's private experience and peculiar feelings, that we are astonished that she could ever have thought of publishing them. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and sorrow parts with somewhat of its sanctity, when it surrenders its privacy. Even the pathetic lines "Upon a Branch of Flowering Acacia," though much more naturally introduced than other pieces of a similar tone, are almost profaned by being cast adrift upon the world. The painful effect of verses of this character is only heightened by their sudden introduction after passages with which they have little apparent connection. So frequent are these monodies, that the cheerful import of the graceful stanzas entitled "Torre Nuovo" surprises the reader, who was beginning to wonder what was meant by "A Year of Consolation." Generally speaking, Mrs. Butler's poetry is inferior to her prose. It wants compactness and finish. Some of her pieces, however, have considerable merit. "The Landgraf," for instance, is excellently versified, and the lines on "Genius and Love" are very spirited. We find "Amphitrite" and "Aphrodite" reduced to trisyllabic dimensions, to meet the Procrustean necessities of English rhyme. We doubt if two so powerful goddesses will take this treatment kindly from one of their own sex.

The close of these volumes is in keeping with the kindly and generous spirit which pervades them.

"On Monday, the 7th of December, I went to the fountain of Trevi, — for those who drink of its sweet waters return, it is said, to Rome. It was a dark and gloomy day, and raining fast; but I knelt, nevertheless, upon the edge of the beautiful fountain to drink to my return.

"DEPARTING.

"Pour we libations to the father, Jove,
And bid him watch propitious o'er our way;
Pile on the household altar fragrant wreaths,
And to th' auspicious Lares bid farewell,
Beneath whose guardianship we have abode.
Blest be the threshold over which we pass,
Turning again, with hands devout uplifted;
Blest be the roof-tree, and the hearth it shelters;
Blest be the going forth and coming home
Of those who dwell here; blest their rising up,
And blest their lying down to holy slumber;

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Blest be the married love, sacred and chaste ;
Blest be the children's head, the mother's heart,
The father's hope. Reach down the wanderer's staff, —
Tie on the sandals on the traveller's feet :
The wan-eyed morn weeps in the watery east :
Gird up the loins, and let us now depart.

" On Thursday, the 8th of December, I left Rome." — Vol. II. pp. 170, 171.

ART. X. — *The Knickerbocker, or New York Monthly Magazine*, for June, 1847. Article on Professor C. C. Felton's *Edition of the Agamemnon of Æschylus.* New York : John Allen.

WE have seldom had occasion of late years to make any allusion in this journal to what has appeared in the pages of a contemporary periodical, whether American or foreign. An article in a magazine or a review is at best of but temporary interest, and it is seldom worth while to recur to it, after the lapse of a single week from the time of its publication, for the purpose of explaining, verifying, or refuting its statements. Especially have we avoided any thing like dispute or a protracted discussion of a single topic, either with another public journal, or with a pamphleteer, controversy being as unwelcome to us as it is wearisome or disgusting to most readers. We have not the slightest intention of changing this rule now, or of entering into any debate with the Knickerbocker upon abstruse points of philology, or upon the merits of an edition of a Greek classic. Our present object is only to expose the character of an article so remarkable for its violation of the laws not only of politeness, but of decency, for its unprovoked personalities and gross invasion of the sanctity of private life, that the writer of it deserves public rebuke and disgrace. He shall have the notoriety which he seems to covet, so far as the circulation and influence of this Review can give it to him. As he has affixed his initials to the article, and had announced quite generally, some months before its publication, and even, as we happen to know from several independent sources, some

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weeks before he had seen a copy of Professor Felton's edition of the Agamemnon, that he intended to prepare a criticism on it which would annihilate the editor's reputation for scholarship, we are at liberty to point him out by name as Mr. Charles A. Bristed, of New York. He is quite young, having just completed his studies at one of the English Universities, where he acquired some distinction for his proficiency in Latin and Greek. Obtaining a prize or two at college has not infrequently had an unhappy effect on a young graduate who was not previously remarkable for discretion and good-sense; but certainly we were not prepared for such an exhibition of vanity and impertinence as is now before us from one who has received even the elements of a liberal education. But Mr. Bristed shall speak for himself, that our readers may form their own opinion of his taste and manners. The following is taken from the commencement of the article.

"The Bostonians are proud of themselves, and justly so, on many accounts. Their high standard of morality is undoubted; equally undoubted are their social virtues; their enterprise is most commendable, and few would be disposed to deny them a large amount of general information and much learning, of the 'Society-for-the-Diffusion-of-Useful-Knowledge' sort. Unfortunately, the best of men often fall into strange delusions. The inhabitants of 'the American Athens,' setting up for universal geniuses, have, among other things, assumed to be the classical instructers of the whole American community; while it is notorious that there is not a man among them who can write three pages upon any subject involving real scholarship without exposing himself egregiously. And not only do they claim to be *the* classics of this continent, but the *only* classics; affecting to despise New-York scholarship, which is really very respectable, as far as it goes, and not altogether contemned on the other side of the water; Professor Anthon's books being extensively read and republished in England and Scotland. And all this they profess to do, quite ἐν παρέργῳ. Here, for instance, is Mr. Felton, who, we have no doubt, from all that has been told us of him, is a very excellent citizen and agreeable man; a nice, pleasant gentleman, who knows a little of every thing, including a little Greek; took the Greek Professorship at Harvard because it happened to be vacant, and could have filled any other chair with at least equal success." — p. 543.

It is hardly conceivable that a young man of highly re-

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spectable family and connections, who has had the amplest opportunities for instruction, and has moved in good society, could so far disgrace himself as to write in a strain like this. The affected jauntiness of expression, the exquisite pertness and self-conceit that appear in every line of this passage, would disgrace the vainest coxcomb that ever attempted to inflict himself upon gentlemanly society. Is he foolish enough to believe, that the true representatives of scholarship and literature in the two cities are influenced by so pitiful a feeling as local jealousy, — that such men as the late John Pickering, the present President of Harvard College, the historians Sparks and Prescott, are actually envious, not indeed of each other, but of their brethren and compeers who happen to reside in a neighbouring city, — and, though there is a constant interchange of good offices among them, of sympathy, congratulation, and hospitality, that they really pine in secret at each other's success, and stoop to the low arts of intrigue and detraction, in the hope of destroying their rivals' fame, and the reputation of the good city of New York? If Mr. Bristed believes this, he is not only the most credulous of mortals, but is wholly incapable of understanding or appreciating honorable and gentlemanly conduct. Is he not aware, that Professors Edwards, Sears, and Felton, residing at a distance from each other, belonging to different literary institutions, and separated from each other by great differences of theological opinion, have been associated for years on the common ground of letters and scholarship, — that their names have appeared on the same title-page, as joint authors of an excellent work on Classical Studies, — and that President Woolsey, Professor Champlin, Dr. E. Robinson, Mr. Owen, and half a dozen others whom we could name, have long coöperated with them quite as heartily, and in a manner hardly less intimate? It is quite possible that a few ignorant pretenders in either city, though equally contemned in both places, may be scourged with rather more freedom at a distance from their homes than in their immediate vicinity, partly because the *clique* to which they belong may have some influence in deprecating home criticism, and partly, as in Mr. Bristed's case, because some of them may have respectable connections, whose feelings no one who is near them would wish to wound. But whatever may be the case with them, does he suppose that his fellow-citizens gener-

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ally will be gratified, when a youth fresh from college — from an *English* college — assures them, with a very lordly and patronizing air, that "New York scholarship is really very respectable, as far as it goes, and *not altogether contemned on the other side of the water*"? Really! Who will say, after this, that Punch's illustrations of "The Rising Generation" are only caricatures?

But we have graver matters than these to settle with Mr. Bristed, and we invite the special attention of our readers to the following passage from his article, coming immediately after the one already quoted. That it may be understood, it is necessary to mention, that, in September last, Professor Felton was married, a second time, to an amiable and accomplished lady belonging to a family of the highest respectability in Boston.

"Last autumn a dark rumor reached us that, emboldened by previous impunity, he was about to lay pen upon Æschylus; and happening to be in Boston soon after, we took pains to inquire whether such a fate was actually impending over the venerable poet. But the knowing ones waxed mysterious and uncommunicative; finally it was hinted that the Professor's editorial labors were suspended indefinitely, by reason of a happy event that was speedily to take place; whereat we were glad, for the Professor's sake — and still more glad for that of Æschylus. So Felton's Agamemnon lay in abeyance till last month, when it burst out upon us in all its brilliancy. Truly, it would have been well for the Eliot Professor's reputation, and for the reputation of American scholarship generally, could Joe Duggins's 'good time that 's coming' have been so far anticipated as to allow him to marry half-a-dozen times over, provided it had in each instance insured a half-year's postponement of this Æschylean and Herculean publication." — p. 543.

If such a passage as this had appeared in one of the infamous newspapers which, under the name of "The Satirist" or "The Scourge," have been published occasionally in London and New York for a few weeks, till the police could hunt them out and destroy them, we should not have been surprised. But we cannot express our astonishment that it should have been written by one whose education and position in society seemed to prove that he was a gentleman, or that it should have been allowed to appear in a magazine *once* so respectable as The Knickerbocker. Has Mr. Bris-

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ted any excuse to offer for this coarse and brutal invasion of the domestic life of a gentleman whom he never saw, who has never given him any offence, and whose high character and standing are as universally recognized in New York as in Massachusetts? What was his purpose in inserting this passage in the midst of a pretended criticism upon an edition of a Greek classic? Did he mean to cast a slur upon the marriage, or to make an insinuation affecting the respectability of the parties to it? Let him offer some explanation of his motives and conduct, or submit in silence to the severest judgment which honorable men can form of them.

We gladly pass from this disgusting passage to the body of Mr. Bristed's article, and to an examination of his pretended scholarship. As Professor Felton would hardly thank us for an attempt to defend *him* from the assaults of such a critic, we shall look to the article only for illustrations of the writer's own pretensions and character. The arrogant and domineering tone which this boy-critic assumes throughout is as characteristic of him as the flippancy and impertinence of his language. We shall give a few specimens of his mode of speaking, not merely of the editor whom he professes to review, but of some of the veteran critics and philologists of Germany and England, — men who were teaching and writing Greek before Mr. Bristed was born. All the persons spoken of in the following citations have edited a portion or the whole of Æschylus; most of them are distinguished German scholars.

"Mr. Felton's favorite commentator is *Klausen;* an ingenious editor, certainly, but one given to *ex cathedra* dogmatisms, and utterly unsafe to depend upon. *Peile* the Eliot Professor seems to have half read, and not quite half understood. . . . . And while attaching great weight to *Schneider*, indubitably the worst editor of Æschylus extant, and notorious as such throughout England and Germany, he seems absolutely ignorant," &c.

"Never mind what the sense or nonsense is according to *Schneider;* there can be very little doubt that the construction of *Peile* and *Klausen* (and *Paley*,) is the proper one."

"In default of something better we would suggest, &c., &c., — a conjectural emendation which we find pencilled in the margin of our lecture-room copy of *Peile*. Not being able to discover it in any of the commentators, we make bold to take the credit of it ourselves, till a claimant shall appear."

"Dear ingenious *Schneider!* How clever it is!"

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"'That eminent Hellenist,' (as *Felton* calls *Mitchell*,) has made one of his usual slips."

"It is not at all surprising that Messrs. *Schneider* and *Felton*, should have mistaken the construction here, but somewhat singular that *Klausen* and *Peile* should have done so."

"*Boves locuti sunt!* *Schneider* and the Eliot Professor are actually right for once!"

These extracts speak for themselves. If a veteran scholar, of long-established and unquestioned reputation, should write thus, it might only be said of him that he showed very bad manners and bad taste; but when such language is used by one of Mr. Bristed's age and pretensions, it is simply ludicrous, if not disgusting. This stripling, fresh from college and elated by the applause of his tutor, assumes all the airs, the brutality, and arrogance of a Bentley or a Wolf, without any of their genius. We shall attempt to teach him a little modesty by exposing a few instances of his dishonesty and ignorance.

Mr. Felton says, "The opening scene represents the palace of Agamemnon, at *Argos*"; upon which Mr. Bristed exclaims, with his usual flippant impertinence:—

"*Mycenæ*, Mr. Professor, *Mycenæ! Mycenæ!!* This error, which we have noticed as a common one among tyros and *dilettanti*, arises from confounding the *territory* of Argos with the city of that name."

If so, it is quite remarkable that Æschylus himself nowhere mentions Mycenæ, while in this play he twice alludes to Argos. In fact, though Homer constantly places the residence of Agamemnon at Mycenæ, the tragic poets generally confound the two cities, Sophocles alone observing any distinction between them, and he not invariably. In proof of this, we cite Strabo and the author of the Greek Argument of the Electra,—two authorities whom we suppose Mr. Bristed will hardly overrule in so decisive a manner as he does all modern editors. Strabo says, *Διὰ δὲ τὴν ἐγγύτητα τὰς δύω πόλεις ὡς μίαν οἱ τραγικοὶ συνωνύμως προσαγορεύουσιν· Εὐριπίδης δὲ καὶ ἐν τῷ αὐτῷ δράματι, τοτὲ μὲν Μυκήνας καλῶν, τοτὲ δὲ Ἄργος τὴν αὐτὴν πόλιν, καθάπερ ἐν Ἰφιγενείᾳ καὶ Ὀρέστῃ,*—*The tragic poets speak of the two cities, on account of their nearness, by the same name, as one; Euripides even in the same drama calling the same city sometimes Mycenæ, and sometimes Argos, as in the Iphigenia and the Orestes.* And

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in the Argument of the Electra, another play relating to the family of Agamemnon, the writer says, ἡ σκηνὴ τοῦ δράματος ὑπόκειται ἐν Ἄργει, *the scene of the drama is laid in Argos.*

And the modern editors, almost without exception, are of the same opinion. Stanley's language is, "*scena fabulæ* Argis *constituitur.*" Schütz says, "*scenam dramatis* Argis *esse, ante Agamemnonis regiam,* Æschylus ipse *diserte annotavit.*" Lest Mr. Bristed should reject the opinions of these two critics with as little ceremony or reason as he shows in pushing aside Klausen and Schneider, we will cite C. O. Müller, whose authority even this young iconoclast will hardly venture to reject. We quote from the English translation of Müller's Dissertations on the Eumenides of Æschylus, page 118.

"The very fact that Mycenæ no longer existed enabled poets, who delighted in connecting the realities of the present with the reminiscences of the past, to substitute Argos in the place of Mycenæ. Indeed, the Argives along with their conquest of Mycenæ had, so to speak, won the mythic and heroic splendor and glory of that famous city; and moreover the indefinite use of the word Argos by the earliest poets, sometimes in the extended, and at other times in a more limited sense, contributed its share to the transfer. In fact, *Æschylus is in this particular the most consistent of the tragedians; in his extant tragedies he never mentions the name of Mycenæ, but in the spirit of mythic fiction concentrates upon Argos all the dignity and splendor of the old legends;* whereas the other two tragedians are more lax in this respect, making Argos and Mycenæ sometimes distinct and sometimes identical."

Our readers are probably convinced by this time, that, in this instance, Mr. Bristed's ignorance is fully equal to his impudence.

"170. 'The ships were assembled in the harbor of Aulis, opposite to Chalcis, in *Bœotia.*' Annexation being the order of the day, Mr. Felton has stuck the very respectable island of Eubea bodily on to the continent! We wonder if the 'pocket editions' of the classics, which Boston *scholars* are said to delight in, have any maps in them?" — p. 549.

This comment is dishonest, the writer of it wilfully seeking to make others believe what he knew to be untrue. Having occasion to speak of Aulis, Mr. Felton incidentally and very briefly reminds the student of its position, as "oppo-

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site to Chalcis, — in Bœotia"; just as one might hurriedly describe the situation of the town of Pawtucket as "on the opposite side of the river from Providence, — in Massachusetts"; — meaning thereby certainly, not that Providence is in Massachusetts, but that Pawtucket is. Perhaps the meaning would be a little clearer, if the position of the two clauses of the sentence were inverted; but every schoolboy knowing that Chalcis is not on the mainland, just as well as he knows that Providence is in Rhode Island, and not in Massachusetts, the editor did not guard against so obvious a blunder. Still, if Mr. Bristed had censured the note for a trifling inaccuracy of language, the criticism would have been fair enough, whatever might be thought of its importance; but in commenting upon it as a gross mistake in geography, he makes what he knows to be a false charge. Of course, the phrase *opposite to* would have no meaning, if Chalcis were not on the other side of the channel; if Mr. Felton had annexed Eubœa to the continent, Chalcis would be *adjacent to* Aulis. And as this channel, the Euripus, is described at length in this very note, the absurdity of the charge of "annexation" is still more manifest. It will be observed that Mr. Bristed himself, in this very passage, misspells the name of the island; but should we be justified on this account in accusing him of ignorance both of the orthography and geography of Eubœa? He has no more perception of the demands of fairness than of truth.

"262. '*πορευτοῦ* has, I suppose, the usual meaning of the verbal; *πορευτὸς λαμπάς*, then, is *a torch to be passed on, to be forwarded.*'

"That would be *πορευτέος*. *Πορευτος*, in its passive sense, means *travelled on, passable*, applied to roads. (We cannot now quote some desiderated passages from Polybius, but will engage to look them up before the congregated might of Boston shall have found answers to half the points in this review.) But here it has its active meaning, *journeying*." — p. 550.

This criticism shows nothing but the writer's ignorance. If the meaning were that the torch OUGHT *to be passed on*, or MUST *be passed on*, then it would be *πορευτέος*, or with the neuter *πορευτέον* = *δεῖ πορεύειν*. As Mr. Bristed apparently does not know the meaning of verbals in *τος*, we will refer him to so common a book as Kühner's Greek Grammar, § 234. 1. (i):— "Those in *τος* denote either a completed

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action . . . . . or the idea of possibility, *which is their usual signification.*" Thus, from ὁράω, *to see*, verbal ὁρατός, *to be seen, visible;* and from πορεύω, *to send on, to set in motion* [Mr. Bristed seems not to know that the active form has this meaning], the verbal πορευτός necessarily means *to be set in motion*, or *capable of being set in motion* or *forwarded.* The "desiderated passages from Polybius" he will doubtless be able to find, as they are referred to in most dictionaries, to illustrate that peculiar and later signification of the word.

"339. '*τείνοντα.* Butler has *τείναντα*; the present is better, for it describes the continued steady aim of Zeus; whereas the aorist would mean simply *aimed.*'

"Is it possible that the Eliot Professor can be ignorant of the *frequentative* sense of the aorist?" — p. 551.

Of course, it is not possible; but it is certain from this passage that Mr. Bristed himself is entirely ignorant of an important limitation of the fact or principle to which he here alludes. The frequentative use of the aorist does occur in the indicative mood, *but not in the subordinate moods or participle;* and if it did, it could not apply here. The image as it stands, and as it is explained by all respectable commentators, is impressive and sublime; while the frequentative aorist — if such an aorist participle were possible — would make it ludicrous; for Zeus would then be represented as *drawing his bow frequently at Paris*, or as not hitting him till after repeated attempts. Every schoolboy knows, or should know, the frequentative sense of the aorist, as it is luminously explained in Kühner's ordinary "School Grammar," § 256. 4. (b). Mr. Bristed unwisely attempts to parade his knowledge of this familiar principle, and in so doing betrays his ignorance of its extent or limitations. We refer him for instruction to Coray, whose acute observation on the *Πανηγυρικός* of Isocrates, § 31, with Bremi's remark upon it, shows conclusively that there is *no* frequentative sense in the common aorist participle, unless a frequentative adverb is joined.

"484. '*τῇ κατείργασται πέδον. πέδον* may be taken as the nominative or accusative; perhaps the nom. is better here.'

"*Rather* better, inasmuch as *κατείργασται* is passive." — p. 552.

If this remark means any thing, Mr. Bristed intends to say

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that κατείργασται is necessarily and always passive. A grosser blunder than this can hardly be imagined; for κατεργάζομαι is a *deponent verb*, and its perfect κατείργασμαι is used either in an active or passive sense. Any dictionary will supply instances enough of its active signification, like this, from Xenophon's Memorabilia (111. 5): τοὺς μέγιστα ἔργα κατειργασμένους, *those who have accomplished the greatest works.*

"666. 'ἀγάλακτον, *without milk*, brought up by hand and attempted to be tamed.'

"ἀγάλακτον means *a foster-brother.* The α is *conjunctive* not *negative.*" — p. 552.

To this we oppose the meaning given by Pape, who says, on the authority of Hippocrates, that the word signifies *milchlos*, "without milk." Referring to this passage in the Agamemnon, Pape defines it *der nicht mehr saugende, von der Mutter getrennte*, "that sucks no more, that is separated from its mother."

"816. βουλὴν καταῤῥίψειεν. Two interpretations have been given to these words; *should form a desperate scheme*, Blomfield, Schneider, and others; and, *to overthrow the senate;* i. e. the council of elders, who may be supposed to have been invested with the powers of government during the absence of the king. This is the view of Schütz, Butler, Wellauer, and Klausen. The objection to the former is, that it requires a forced meaning to be assigned to καταῤῥίπτειν, i. e. *to form rashly*, or *to push on desperately*, whereas its usual signification is *to cast down.* The objection to the latter is, that it is an abrupt and unprepared introduction of the council of Γέροντες, without the article τήν. May not the difficulty be removed by taking βουλήν in its usual sense of *counsel, deliberation?* Then καταῤῥίπτειν βουλήν would be to do just what a mob is most likely to do, *to cast down counsel;* to reject authority and scorn deliberation." — *Felton*, pp. 143, 144.

"Blomfield's interpretation does *not* require a forced meaning to be assigned to καταῤῥίπτειν as any one may see who will take the trouble to look at his note on Theb. 1030. καταῤῥίπτειν βουλῆν is *periclitari consilium*, the metaphor being taken from throwing dice." — *Knickerbocker*, p. 554.*

The note to Theb. 1030 does not touch the question, ex-

* In all these extracts, we have allowed the accents, breathings, &c., to stand precisely as they are placed, or rather misplaced, by Mr. Bristed. Accentuation is probably not taught in the university where he studied; he is almost as invariably wrong in this particular as a cockney is in pronouncing the aspirate.

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cept to show, from Photius and Suidas, that κίνδυνον ἀναῤῥίψαι means, as every body knows, *to run a risk*, or *stand a hazard*. But Mr. Bristed's assertion, into which he was led by an inadvertence of Blomfield, of "the metaphor being taken from throwing dice," is wholly indefensible. The words used in this game are βάλλειν, ῥίπτειν, and ἀναῤῥίπτειν, but *never* καταῤῥίπτειν. The ancients played games of this sort in the same manner as modern gamblers "shake props," by casting them *up* into the air from the palm of the hand; hence the use of ἀναῤῥίπτειν. This is finely illustrated by a beautiful picture engraved in the *Antichità di Ercolano* (T. I. tav. 1), where the players are represented in the act. Until Mr. Bristed can show that ἀνά is the same as κατά, that *up* means *down*, he cannot prove what he so dogmatically asserts. The game of dice is often spoken of, both literally and metaphorically; the passages where ἀναῤῥίπτειν is used are innumerable, the other more general terms being less frequent. In the Anthology, we find ῥίπτειν qualified by ὕπερθεν, so as to be equivalent to ἀναῤῥίπτειν. Ignorance of these games of chance is perhaps commendable in so young a man as Mr. Bristed; but whenever he feels old enough to study them, as they were practised by the ancients, we recommend him to read the treatise of Bulengerus on the subject, in Gronovius, Vol. VII., and Julius Pollux, IX. 7.

"944–949. '*Τὸ . . . ἐπαείδων; but the mortal blood of a man which has once fallen before* [already] *on the ground, who can by incantation again recall?* — *Οὐδὲ . . . ἐνλαβέια. Nor with delay did Zeus stop him who knew aright to raise the dead*' [*! !*]

". . . . . In Klausen's first example, ἐσώζετ' ἂν τὴν ἐνλάβειαν may be *loosely* rendered *cunctabunda mansisset;* but it is not what a scholar would call an accurate version, nor has ἐνλάβεια *properly* any meaning but *caution* or *precaution*. And by no possible concatenation of circumstances can ἐπὶ have an instrumental force. Ἐπ' ἐνλαβείᾳ *is by way of precaution*. Cf. Aristoph, Vesp. 511. ὀψωνεῖν ἐπὶ τυραννίδι. *To buy fish with a view to* (establishing) *a tyranny*, where 'that eminent Hellenist,' (as Felton calls Mitchell,) has made one of his usual slips; and Lysist, 577–8, τοὺς πιλοῦντας ἑαυτοὺς ἐπὶ ταῖς ἀρχαῖσι. *Those who mat themselves together for the purpose of getting offices.* Οὐδὲ here means *else not*. All this is clear from the context, as we shall see on translating the whole passage. *The abundant gift of Zeus indeed, copious and from perennial furrows, is*

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wont to dispel the affliction of hunger; but the dark blood of man that has once already fallen upon the earth in death, who can call up again by incantation? ELSE WOULD NOT ZEUS BY WAY OF PRECAUTION *have put a stop to him that knew aright how to bring back the dead.*" — p. 555.

We have omitted, at the beginning of the comment on this note, some of Mr. Bristed's usual flippant impertinence, which has nothing to do with the passage to be explained, and have retained only what is essential to show the meaning of his criticism. Now, as εὐλάβεια signifies *precaution*, *delay*, ἐπ' εὐλαβείᾳ may mean either *by way of precaution*, or *in the manner of delay*, — that is, *with delay* (*cunctanter*, as Klausen interprets it), *cautiously*, *hesitatingly*; and this latter rendering is the one adopted by Mr. Felton in the note. Mr. Bristed is so incredibly dull as to understand "*with* delay" to mean "*by* delay"; hence his emphatic declaration of the well-known fact, that "by no possible concatenation of circumstances can ἐπὶ have an *instrumental* force." Of course, it cannot; but it may often have the force of *with*, as in the phrase ἐπὶ δακρύοις, *with tears*, and a thousand others. As to Mr. Bristed's translation of the passage, it requires a different reading from that in the text; namely, that in Peile's edition, Ζεὺς ἂν ἔπαυσεν ἐπ' εὐλαβείᾳ; while the reading in Felton's edition is, Ζεὺς ἀνέπαυσεν ἐπ' εὐλαβείᾳ. This difference Mr. Bristed dishonestly or negligently fails to notice; that is, he first grossly misunderstands Mr. Felton's explanation, trying to make it appear that he is inaccurate in not giving the version that he actually has given; and then presents a translation of his own, founded on a different reading from that in the text.

Of a very obscure passage (950–954) Mr. Felton first gives at length the several explanations offered by Klausen, Peile, and Butler, and then adds: —

"I should translate it literally, *Did not fixed Fate hinder me from receiving fate more from the gods, my heart, anticipating my tongue, would be pouring out these things;* i. e. did not the established order of things hinder me, a common man, from knowing, any further than mere conjecture or suspicion goes, the hidden purposes of the gods, I should, &c., — if I could win from the gods some further knowledge of what my heart forebodes, indeed, but cannot predict for certain, &c.

"Since writing the above note, I find this view of the mean-

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ing of the passage confirmed substantially by Hermann. He says that the sense of it, in brief, is, Since one cannot know what is appointed by the gods, I dare not speak out expressly my suspicion, that Clytemnestra is preparing to murder Agamemnon. See Blümner über die Idee des Schicksals, pp. 37, 38, n. 6."

In commenting upon this explanation, Mr. Bristed leaves out all after the passage in Italics; that is, he stops short at the end of the *literal* version, which was hardly expected to be intelligible, and omits both the clear and full explanation of it which immediately succeeds, and the decisive confirmation of this rendering by the unimpeachable authority of Hermann. A more glaring instance of dishonesty and deceit it would be difficult to find in the writings of one who has any pretensions to scholarship or gentlemanly character. But let us see how he deals even with this garbled quotation.

"'I should translate it literally, *Did not fixed Fate hinder me from receiving fate more from the gods, my heart, anticipating my tongue, would be pouring out these things.*'

"*Φερειν to receive!* The diametrically opposite sense of the word, which always has the idea of *bearing from one*, not *of taking to one*. *μοῖραν πλέον ἐκ θεῶν. Fate more from the Gods!* What Greek! what Greek!! This Professor will be the death of us!

"There is no reasonable doubt as to the general correctness of Peile's interpretation which is now usually received. Cf. Prom. 515, sqq."

"About *πλέον φέρειν* however, we have an idea of our own, viz., that it should be translated not *to lend assistance*, but *to prevail* (= *πλέον ἔχειν*) like *πλέονος φέρεσθαι* in Herodotus. Not being able to support this conjecture by any parallel passages we merely throw it out for what it is worth." — p. 556.

The remark on *φέρειν* shows how shallow are Mr. Bristed's ideas of the laws of language and the principles which regulate the expression of thought by words. The radical signification of *φέρειν* is *to bear*, — either by *carrying from* one, or by *bringing to* one, according to circumstances. One might safely say *a priori*, then, that it must sometimes mean *to receive*. Any lexicon will supply instances of this meaning, as in the phrase *μισθὸν φέρειν*, for *μισθοφορεῖν*, *to receive pay*, found in Aristophanes and Thucydides. Illustrations abound also in the tragic poets. We happen to remember two, and shall look no farther, as they are so clearly

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to the point. In the Antigone (Woolsey's ed. 463, 464), the noble-hearted sister exclaims, —

ὅστις γὰρ ἐν πολλοῖσιν ὡς ἐγὼ κακοῖς
ζῇ, πῶς ὅδ' οὐχὶ κατθανὼν κέρδος φέρει;
For one who, like me, lives in many ills,
How does he not, by dying, receive *gain?*

And in the Electra (Woolsey's ed. 1485, 1486), —

τί γὰρ βροτῶν ἂν σὺν κακοῖς μεμιγμένων
θνήσκειν ὁ μέλλων τοῦ χρόνου κέρδος φέροι;

For of mortals involved in woes, what gain can that one who is going to die receive (or, as Mr. Woolsey translates, *derive*) *from delay?* And now, what can be said of Mr. Bristed's dogmatical assertion, that this word "ALWAYS has the idea of *bearing from one*," except that it shows his scholarship to be on a par with his manners and his honesty?

"979. '*Θυράιαν τηνδε, here at the door; τήνδε* the demonstrative is idiomatically used for the adverb *here.* The accusatives agree with *ἐμέ* understood, referring to Clytemnestra.'

"The slight objection to this construction is, that it leaves *πάρα* utterly unprovided for." — p. 556.

Mr. Bristed is so ignorant of the most common forms of expression among the Greek tragic writers, that he does not know that *πάρα* stands for *πάρεστι.* So frequent is this, that one can hardly read a page of one of them without encountering it. Thus, in the Antigone, 1179,

ὡς ὧδ' ἐχόντων τἄλλα βουλεύειν πάρα — i. e. *πάρεστι.*

And, three lines farther on,

ἤτοι κλύουσα παιδὸς ἢ τύχῃ πάρα — i. e. *πάρεστι.*

Of course, the construction proposed by Mr. Felton is, *οὗτοι σχολὴ πάρα* (i. e. *πάρεστι*) *ἐμοί, (ἐμὲ) τρίβειν τήνδε θυραίαν.* There is certainly another construction, though the one proposed by Mr. Bristed is quite forced, if not untenable. The choice lies between that of Mr. Felton and the following: — *οὗτοι σχολὴ ἐμοὶ τρίβειν παρὰ τήνδε θυραίαν, there is no leisure for me to waste time by this foreign woman.*

"1221. '*Ο δ' ὕστατος . . . προσβέβηκεν.*' Schneider says, '*Ο δ' ὕστατος τοῦ χρόνου,* for *ὁ δ' ὑστατος χρονος,*' i. e. *the longest* (latest) *delay is best.*'

"Bad Greek; it would be *τὸ ὕστατον τοῦ χρόνου.* The common interpretation is the correct one." — p. 557.

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A more unlucky remark was never hazarded by one professing to be acquainted even with the elements of Greek. Schneider's explanation, on which Mr. Felton's version is founded, rests on one of the most frequent idioms in the language; far from being bad Greek, it is particularly pure and idiomatic. Mr. Bristed may find the principle laid down in any school grammar; for his instruction we quote from Kühner, § 264, R. 5, c. "The adjective is in the singular, and takes the gender of the substantive which it governs, instead of being in the neuter, e. g. ἡ πολλὴ τῆς Πελοποννήσου instead of τὸ πολὺ τῆς Π." Among the words thus used, he enumerates "πλεῖστος *and other superlatives.*" Mr. Bristed's dogmatism is so shallow, that he might be corrected by any schoolboy. What intolerable presumption is it, then, on his part, to pronounce magisterially upon the meaning of difficult passages in Æschylus, and to overrule by a word the opinions of the most learned critics in England and Germany!

But it is tiresome and humiliating to continue this examination of an article, the writer of which has put himself out of the pale of literary courtesy, and below the notice of respectable scholars. Till Mr. Bristed has made full reparation for the gross offence he has committed, till he has atoned for the reproach he has brought upon the very profession of classical studies in this country by this lamentable exhibition of petulance, ignorance, and bad taste, he will not be able to gain even a hearing in the world of letters. This public rebuke may teach him a useful lesson; let him digest it in silence, and try to remember for the future that modesty and ingenuousness are no less essential elements of the youthful scholar's reputation and success than zeal and industry. Till he has learned this fact, he had better return to the primary department of instruction, and become a pupil of the very men whose labors he now ignorantly presumes to criticize. Professor Felton has not deigned even to notice this indecent and unprovoked assault upon his good name, and his friends will imitate for the future this dignified reserve. His gentlemanly character, kind heart, and genial manners are as widely known and highly respected as his varied accomplishments and accurate scholarship. He can afford to despise the flippant and ignorant attack of an unmannerly boy. A repetition of Mr. Bristed's offence, or an attempt to justify or palliate it, will not be noticed in this

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journal, and will probably be treated with contemptuous silence in every other quarter.

Thus far, it will be observed, we have sought only to expose the critic's blunders and impertinence, without saying a word of the merits of the work which has been the object of this outrageous assault. No scholar needs to be told of the extreme difficulty of editing and interpreting Æschylus in a satisfactory manner, owing to the corrupt state of the text, and to the lofty style, gigantic imagery, and abrupt and harsh transitions of this great poet. The Agamemnon is pronounced by F. A. Wolf to be the most difficult of all his plays; and Salmasius speaks almost with despair of its obscurity, which he pronounces to be greater than that of the sacred books with all their orientalisms. A crowd of able scholars have labored upon the emendation of the text and the interpretation of the more difficult passages, but with only partial success; for in many cases no two of them agree in opinion. They are driven either to desperate conjectures in correcting the text, or to rendering in accordance with the general sense of the connected passages. Of course, every variety of speculation and opinion occurs, and dogmatism is so singularly out of place, that any editor who manifests it may be pronounced at once to be unfitted for his undertaking; he cannot understand the nature of his task.

Mr. Felton's object was to furnish only a manual edition for the use of colleges, instead of an elaborate and perfected one for scholars. This purpose is sufficiently evident from the dimensions of the volume, which is a thin duodecimo, though printed with large and handsome type. The annotations show abundant learning and acuteness, without a trace of pedantry or arrogance. The results of the labors of other scholars are very freely set forth, though the editor does not slavishly follow in their track, but often propounds with frankness and modesty the independent opinions and conjectures which he has formed, after a careful study of the text. The only criticism we have now to make relates to two trifling faults of manner; the one is, that his exuberant humor sometimes overflows in passages where it is not quite in place; the other, that the habit, formed by long practice in the recitation room, of confining the student to a very close and faithful version of the text, has sometimes misled Mr. Felton into giving a translation of a difficult passage which is *so*

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literal as to be ambiguous and obscure, or to violate the idiomatic proprieties of our language. In most cases, it is true, this crooked and involved literal version, which follows the Greek idiom more than the English, is immediately succeeded by a free and perspicuous paraphrase which brings out the exact meaning with great distinctness. But it sometimes stands alone, where it hardly tends to clear up the learner's difficulties. We have seen what advantage may be taken of this light fault by an illiberal and dishonest critic, whose only object is to misrepresent and to wound.

It would be idle to expect that all the opinions and conjectures put forth in the execution of such a task would be received by scholars without comment or objection. Professor Felton was far from entertaining so arrogant an expectation; he looked for criticism, and welcomed it when it appeared. A fair and discriminating notice of the work, written with great candor, learning, and ability, was published a few weeks since in "The Literary World" at New York; it expressed difference of opinion on many points, but in a proper and courteous manner. Though ignorant even of the name of his critic, Mr. Felton immediately wrote to him, under cover to the editor, to express his thanks for the gentlemanly tone of the article and for the general commendation of the work, and his equal obligations for the criticisms he had made; remarking, that although the points noted had of course been fully considered while the notes were in preparation, they should be revised again before the book passed to a second edition, and the animadversions of the critic should receive that respectful attention to which they were fully entitled. The letter was answered in the same spirit in which it had been written, and the foundations of friendly intercourse were thus probably laid between two accomplished scholars by circumstances which in other cases, operating on persons of less frankness and magnanimity of spirit, have too often caused alienation or personal hostility. We are taking an unwarrantable freedom, perhaps, in lifting the veil from this incident of private life; but the temptation was irresistible to lay before our readers so agreeable a specimen of the amenities of literature in strong contrast with the scandalous conduct which it has been our duty in this article to expose.

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Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — 1. *Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar, Fourteenth Edition, as revised by* Dr. E. Rödiger. Translated by T. J. Conant, Professor of Hebrew in Madison University. *With the Modifications of the Editions subsequent to the Eleventh,* by Dr. Davies, of Stepney College, London. *To which are added a Course of Exercises in Hebrew Grammar and a Hebrew Chrestomathy,* prepared by the Translator. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1846. 8vo. pp. 320 and 60.

2. *Hebrew Grammar of Gesenius, as edited by Rödiger, translated, with Additions, and also a Hebrew Chrestomathy.* By M. Stuart, Professor of Sacred Literature, Theological Seminary, Andover. Andover: Allen, Morrill, & Wardwell. 1846. 8vo. pp. 360.

3. *Defence of the Hebrew Grammar of Gesenius against Professor Stuart's Translation.* By the original Translator. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 53.

Professor Stuart is, by universal consent, entitled to the honor of having taken the lead in Biblical studies and Hebrew scholarship in the United States. It is owing to him more than to any other man that the language and literature of the Old Testament are now studied among us with zeal and earnestness, and that all the means and appliances of philological literature, embracing both the examination of the Hebrew language itself and the comparison of it with other kindred dialects, have been brought to bear upon the illustration of the Jewish Scriptures. His ardent love of learning, the contagious enthusiasm of his nature, his eloquence, and his indefatigable industry have acted with electrical effect upon this department of theological learning all over our country. In the lecture room and through the press, by conversation and correspondence, in youth, in middle life, and now in revered old age, a Nestor of sacred scholarship, he has been the Coryphæus and the soul of Hebrew studies; he has formed the minds of an army of scholars, who have changed the whole aspect of these studies in the United States.

It is not unnatural that a mind of rapid and intuitive glance like his, more inclined to press forward than to linger over and make sure of acquirements already achieved, should occasionally fall into errors, where minute and patient labor is necessary for accuracy. We think we have noticed this trait often in Pro-

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fessor Stuart's writings; and though this must diminish the value of his labors, if considered in the light of authoritative results from elaborate researches, it does not detract from his merit as an ardent and eloquent advocate of liberal and comprehensive learning.

Mr. Stuart's writings in Hebrew grammar and criticism have been of vast importance to sacred studies in the United States, and their influence has extended to those studies in England. The circulation of numerous editions of his Hebrew Grammar has attested the opinion universally entertained of its superiority over any work of the kind which had preceded it. Mr. Stuart has done much towards opening to the theological student the treasures of German erudition, and his example has been ably carried out by that most accurate and faithful scholar, Dr. Robinson. But it would be superfluous to enumerate the manifold directions in which Mr. Stuart's influence has exerted itself and has produced abundant fruits.

Among the recent cultivators of Hebrew philology, no one has been more successful than Mr. Conant, Professor of Hebrew in Madison University. In the year 1839, this gentleman published a translation from the German of the eleventh edition of Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar. Gesenius stood undoubtedly at the head of the Hebrew scholars on the continent of Europe, if not in the world; and Mr. Conant proved a worthy interpreter. This translation was distinguished by clearness, elegance, and accuracy; and its excellence was at once appreciated by the learned world. The work was immediately reprinted in London. In Germany, edition after edition of the grammar was called for, each receiving some improvements upon its predecessor. The fourteenth edition was published after the death of Gesenius, by Dr. E. Rödiger, his friend and pupil. A work purporting to be a translation of this edition, by Professor Davies, of Stepney College, London, appeared in England. The translator, in his preface, acknowledged "very valuable aid received from Professor Conant's excellent translation of the eleventh edition." Upon examination, it was found that the "important aid" consisted in taking word for word Mr. Conant's translation "(with here and there a change too trivial to be noticed except for its infelicity), including corrections and additions silently made from Gesenius's other works, and notes bearing the mark of the translator."

The American republication of this work having been advertised, the publishers made a compromise, as they were bound to do, when convinced of the true state of the case, with Mr. Conant, who had been the first to introduce Gesenius's grammar to

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the English reader, and the new American edition bears very properly upon its title-page the name of Professor Conant, with an acknowledgment of the contributions of Professor Davies.

To make the conflicting claims of literary rights still more complicated in this grammatical *mêlée*, Professor Stuart, being invited by his publishers to prepare a new edition of his own Hebrew Grammar, the sixth edition of which had been exhausted, and finding that the remodelling of it would cost about as much labor as to translate Rödiger's edition of Gesenius, finally determined upon the latter course; and, accordingly, his version of the work in question, with his modifications and additions, came out from the Andover press last year. And between the two Dromios, Hebrew students have been at a stand-still which to choose.

How the matter was dealt with between the parties interested we are not precisely informed. Mr. Conant's having translated the eleventh edition of Gesenius is evidently no legal bar to another gentleman's translating the fourteenth; but we should suppose a liberal literary courtesy would have left the task to Professor Conant, if he chose to assume it, especially as he had shown himself so competent to its performance. But for some reason or other, this course was not taken, nor do we feel called upon to pass any further judgment upon the proceeding. Since the publication of Mr. Stuart's translation, Mr. Conant has printed a pamphlet of fifty-three pages, in which he exposes Mr. Stuart's errors with a considerable degree of minuteness. The Andover professor can find no ground of complaint in this. The charges are clearly and strongly put, and supported by the incontrovertible evidence of the original mistranslated passages. We have examined them carefully, and must say that the errors of Mr. Stuart are such that honest criticism could not pass them by. They materially diminish the value of his work, and show indisputably that he ought to give it a careful and thorough revision; otherwise, the rival translation, which has the highest excellence of which such a work is susceptible, will altogether supersede it. Professor Conant indulges occasionally in a tone of bitterness which we regret. Personalities, innuendoes, and broad charges of ignorance or unfairness seldom help the critic's cause, and Mr. Conant's ground was firm enough without them. We suppose Mr. Stuart, in the pressure of other duties, and under the burden of ill health (it is wonderful how much labor he has accomplished, though an invalid for many years), hurried through his task with such rapidity, that these numerous mistakes wholly escaped him; if he had paused upon his steps long enough to look about him, he would inevitably have detected and corrected them; but failing to do so, he pays the penalty of haste (it is haste

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alone) in having his inaccuracies exposed by a skilful and accomplished rival.

This is not the place or time to discuss the merits of Gesenius. They are acknowledged wherever the voice of sacred learning is heard. Our only object has been to state the case fairly as it stands between Mr. Stuart and Mr. Conant, both of whom have deserved so well in the common cause of Hebrew scholarship.

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2. — *The Statesman's Manual: the Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, Inaugural, Annual, and Special, from* 1789 *to* 1846; *with a Memoir of each of the Presidents, and a History of their Administrations.* Compiled from Official Sources, by EDWIN WILLIAMS. New York: Edward Walker. 1846. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1627.

THESE two ponderous volumes are enough to make an American look with envy on the conciseness of such speeches as Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe are wont to deliver, at the opening of a session, to the legislatures of their respective countries. These royal addresses, it is true, are very unmeaning, language being used in them chiefly with a view to conceal the thought. But in a very few minutes the reader of one can convince himself that it means nothing, while, in the case of a president's message, he is obliged to wade for hours through long columns of languid and verbose disquisition in order to arrive at precisely the same conclusion. We cannot see what right a person has, simply because he has been chosen President of the United States, to inflict so much of his tediousness upon the public. It is a very ungrateful return for the kindness shown to him by his suffering constituents. The evil appears quite a serious one, whether we look to the comfort of the present generation, or to the interests of posterity. What is the future historian to do, if he is expected to ransack such loads of rubbish before he can pronounce sentence on the character and conduct of any administration? He will be swamped in his labors by the apparent abundance, but real poverty, of his materials. And the prospect before him becomes still more terrible, when he considers that the length of these formidable documents has been constantly increasing ever since the formation of our government. All the messages and addresses of Washington, during the eight years

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of his administration, occupy less than fifty pages of this compilation; those of Jefferson fill seventy; the loquacity of Mr. Munroe extends to a hundred and fifty; and that of General Jackson to two hundred and sixty-six. President Tyler brings up the rear, and if he had been allowed to finish as he began, three hundred and twenty pages would not have sufficed for him. Luckily, the patience of a much abused people gave way, and his administration was cut short at the end of a single term, when he had written much more in four years than the first three presidents united had done in twenty. We advise Congress to pass a formal declaration at their next session, that the garrulity of our presidents has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

It is absurd to call this ponderous compilation The Statesman's *Manual;* but its heaviness is not the editor's fault. His own portion of the work is executed with considerable labor and care, though his biographical sketches of the presidents and his memoirs of their administrations might have been compressed to advantage into one half the space they now occupy. The tabular and statistical information at the end of the second volume has been borrowed almost exclusively from the American Almanac, a work which has furnished nearly all the original matter of this sort, relating to the United States, that has been published for nearly twenty years, and which has therefore been mercilessly pillaged by the bookmakers. But Mr. Williams, for the most part, makes acknowledgment of his obligations, and is therefore not to be ranked with the unblushing booksellers' hacks, who have made piracy the common law of literature on both sides of the Atlantic. His volumes, on the whole, are quite convenient for reference, and in a country where every man, woman, and child is a politician, they can hardly fail of meeting a ready sale. No one in his senses would think of reading them through, but they may often be consulted to advantage by those who would watch the present course of political events with some reference to the recorded principles and professions of the past. It is no small recommendation of them for such use, that they are printed on good paper with fair and legible type.

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3. — *Elementary Course of Natural History, being an Introduction to Zoölogy, intended for the College and the Parlour. Elements of Ornithology.* By Charles Brooks. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 324.

Of all the branches of natural history, if botany is the most fascinating to be studied from the great volume of nature in the open field, ornithology is the most interesting to be learned from books. We have serious doubts, indeed, whether it be lawful to pursue the latter study in any other way than on the printed page, or by observations so imperfect as the timorous habits and swift flight of the winged denizens of the air will permit. To kill them, or even to disturb their nests, for the mere purpose of scientific investigation, should be declared felony without benefit of clergy. The ancient epicures, who feasted on nightingales and larks, ought to have been baked in their own ovens; and the modern *gourmands*, whose eyes twinkle at the mention of snipes and woodcocks, should be sent unarmed to spend a few weeks among the cannibals of the Feejee islands. Possibly they might gain some new ideas there about the pleasure of being caught, roasted, and eaten. True, such a book as the one before us could never have been written without the sacrifice of life or liberty by some of the feathered tenants of our groves and fields. But the work once done needs not to be repeated, and no truant schoolboy or idle undergraduate should be allowed to ramble about with a fowling-piece on his shoulder, under pretence of emulating the labors of a Wilson or an Audubon. To shoot a robin or a woodpecker ought to be ranked among high crimes and misdemeanours, or to be visited by a punishment no less ignoble than a liberal application of the birch. The sight of its flutterings on the ground, and of its pretty plumage all dabbled in blood, would bring sharp twinges of conscience to any one less obtuse than some blockhead of an English nobleman or country squire, who boasts of *bagging* a hundred brace of pheasants in a day.

We are quite incompetent to pronounce an opinion upon the scientific merits of Mr. Brooks's volume. He seems rather to have selected his materials from books, than to have gathered them from observations in the country; but according to the principle just laid down, this is a merit instead of a fault. The general design of the book, and the spirit in which it is executed, are deserving of all praise. The author's purpose has been to point out the bearings of the subject upon the great truths of religion, and to turn the warblings of the birds, in the ear of every

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human listener, into a song of praise to their great Creator. He has endeavoured, also, to unite an interesting collection of facts respecting the appearance and habits of birds with so much detail of the scientific principles of ornithology, as to form a convenient text-book for commencing the study of zoölogy in our colleges and common schools. The kindness of M. Milne Edwards having placed at his disposal complete copies of the plates on which the illustrations of this distinguished naturalist's great work on the same subject were engraved, Mr. Brooks's volume is more richly and beautifully illustrated than is often the case with books designed for use only as manuals of instruction; and as it is offered at quite a moderate price, it comes within the reach of most pupils, and is well adapted to inspire them with a taste for the study of natural history. It has some faults of method and style, but these are balanced by much liveliness and perspicuity of language, so that it affords very attractive reading. The modest tone of the preface, with the sincerity of feeling and purity of sentiment that are manifested throughout the book, deserves warm commendation. More labor has evidently been given to it than is often bestowed on the compilation of text-books, and we hope that the writer's diligence and excellent intentions may be kindly appreciated by the public.

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NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Over Population and its Remedy; or an Inquiry into the Extent and Causes of the Distress prevailing among the Laboring Classes of the British Islands, and into the Means of remedying it. By William Thomas Thornton. London: Longmans. 1846. 8vo. pp. 446.

A Greek Grammar, for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By E. A. Sophocles, A. M. A new Edition. Hartford: H. Huntington. 1847. 12mo. pp. 324.

Poems, by George H. Calvert. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16mo. pp. 125.

The History of Sunday Schools, and of Religious Education, from the Earliest Times. By Lewis G. Pray. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847. 16mo. pp. 262.

Morning and Evening Meditations, for every Day in a Month. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1847. 16mo. pp. 294.

A Manual of the Principles and Practice of Road-making, comprising the Location, Instruction, and Improvement of Roads (Common, Macadam, Paved, Plank, etc.) and Railroads. By W. Gillespie, A. M., C. E., Professor of Civil Engineering in Union College. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 336.

Free Thoughts on Protestant Matters. By the Rev. T. D. Gregg, M. A. Second Edition. Dublin: W. Curry & Co. 1847. 12mo. pp. 452.

Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed, Military Secretary of Washington at Cambridge, Adjutant-General of the Continental Army, Member of the Congress of the United States, and President of the Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania. By his Grandson, William B. Reed. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 1847. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Evidence of the Genuineness of the Gospels. By Andrews Norton. Volume I. Second Edition. Cambridge: John Owen. 1846. 8vo. pp. 261 and cclxxvii. Additions made in the Second Edition of the First Volume of Norton's Evidences, printed separately. Cambridge: John Owen. 1846. 8vo. pp. 52.

Literary Studies, a Collection of Miscellaneous Essays. By W. A. Jones. Vol. I. New York: Edward Walker. 1847. 12mo. pp. 160.

The Massachusetts State Record and Year Book of General Information for 1847. Boston: James French. 1847. 12mo. pp. 280.

A Blind Man's Offering. By B. B. Bowen. Boston: Published by the Author. 1847. 12mo. pp. 432.

Fifteenth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Perkins Institution

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and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind to the Corporation. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 55.

Valedictory Address to the Graduates of Geneva Medical College, January 26, 1847. By Charles Alfred Lee, A. M., M. D., Professor of General Pathology. New York: S. W. Benedict. 1847. 8vo. pp. 23.

Ægri Somnia, Recreations of a Sick Room; and Vacant Hours, a Sequel to Recreations of a Sick Room. By Ezekiel Bacon. Utica. 1845. 16mo. pp. 107 and 61.

Four Essays Reprinted: The Science of Political Economy, Political Economy and Industry and their Relations, Impolicy of Protective Duties, and The Position of the Friends of the High Tariff examined. Philadelphia: King & Baird. 1847. 8vo. pp. 47.

A Sermon of the Dangerous Classes in Society, preached at the Melodeon, January 31. By Theodore Parker, Minister of the 28th Congregational Church in Boston. Boston: C. & J. M. Spear. 1847. 8vo. pp. 48.

The American Drawing Book, a Manual for the Amateur, and a Basis of Study for the Professional Artist, especially adapted to the Use of Public and Private Schools, as well as Home Instruction. By J. G. Chapman, N. A. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1847. 4to.

Drawing Copy Book, accessory to Chapman's American Drawing Book. No. I. Primary and Elementary. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1847. 4to.

White Slavery in the Barbary States: a Lecture before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, February 17th, 1847. By Charles Sumner. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 8vo. pp. 60.

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